













THE LETTERS OF  
LORD AND LADY WOLSELEY







• *Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley*  
• *1833-1913.*









*Countess Helene*  
1843-1920



# THE LETTERS OF LORD AND LADY W O L S E L E Y

1870-1911

EDITED BY

SIR GEORGE ARTHUR

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LORD KITCHENER"



22 c

---

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN



## EDITOR'S NOTE

SHORTLY before her death, Lady Wolseley asked me to read, sift and arrange, for the purpose of publication, the correspondence between Lord Wolseley and herself which had extended over a period of more than half a century. Of these letters, upwards of two thousand in number, some have been reserved for the *Life of Lord Wolseley*, for which Sir Frederick Maurice and the present Editor are responsible ; some are of a purely domestic character or otherwise inappropriate for public perusal ; some, written by Lord Wolseley in his latter years, show all too sadly how heavy had been his military burden, how strained and sore the shoulders which had accepted and carried it. Of the remainder, endeavour has been made to choose those which seem most apt to illustrate the relations of Lord and Lady Wolseley with one another, and with the world in which they moved. Of their own relations it can be briefly said that they were wholly and continuously interdependent. The closest scrutiny of their correspondence must fail to detect the slightest puff of cloud overhanging a union of unalloyed happiness and unstinted love. Lady Wolseley never allowed herself to intrude by a single step or for a single moment into the arena of her husband's official duties, but she enjoyed his unreserved confidence ; she was his partner in all his hopes and cares, in his triumphs and in his troubles.

Among his difficulties there seems to have loomed largely the opposition offered by the Commander-in-Chief to military changes which Wolseley held to be imperatively and immediately necessary for the well-being of the British Army.

The Duke of Cambridge, rooted alike in the confidence of the Sovereign and the affection of the Army, stood four

square for military methods which even the Crimean War had done little to disturb. He took infinite pride in parade drill, infinite pleasure in "set" field-days; he distrusted the modern idea of a General Staff; he deprecated any promotion other than by pure seniority. While he urged the importance of an army on battle footing, he seemed—so Wolseley thought—little disposed to fit that army for the battlefield.

Worseley hung all his weight on to the opposite end of the rope. He had read much and thought more, and his own experience had burnt into him that the real *métier* of an armed force is to fight, and that its true training is for the front.

The Cardwell reforms had refreshed his thirst for military efficiency, and to Army Reform he eagerly dedicated himself from the day that Mr. Cardwell summoned him to the War Office. He knew that his path would be stony and uphill—every step of it; he would incur opposition and almost invite unpopularity; he would meet with obstruction at many turns; the winds of social influence would whistle in his teeth. But nothing daunted, nothing deterred him.

With the abolition of purchase<sup>1</sup> in 1871, cash was no longer the passport to promotion. But Wolseley urged that merit, and merit only, should secure military advancement; the work must be entrusted to the best workman available; to selection, not to seniority, should be due all important appointments, and more especially the nominations to commands in the field. Here perhaps, and in the dominating subject of short service, lay the rock differences between two soldiers, both of whom had love of country equally deep down at heart. And if the elder man was unhappily *arriéré* in outlook, the younger was perhaps unduly impatient in enterprise. The one wished to stand fast altogether, the other could not brook a moment's halt. Each may have exaggerated the supposed tendency of the other, and the Duke of Cambridge honestly feared—and so advised—that all prerogative of the Crown would be threatened if free rein

<sup>1</sup> The measure received the Royal Warrant after being vetoed in the House of Lords.

were given to the ardent soldier who was, as a matter of fact, the Crown's entirely devoted servant. Misapprehensions and misunderstandings marked, although they did not altogether mar, the official relations between the Commander-in-Chief and his restless subordinate. Yet all the while there was a strong undergrowth of a feeling which was little other than warm affection and which asserted itself when the cares of office were laid aside. In his hour of supreme bereavement the first person to whom the Duke addressed himself was Wolseley; the Duke's declining years were solaced by Wolseley's dutiful attentions, and his death provoked from the man who had constantly withstood him expressions of almost passionate regret.

The last ten years of Wolseley's life were spent in retirement from military business, his latest duties being associated, as Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards, with the Gold Stick which King Edward gracefully insisted on his retaining for some time after Wolseley had proffered his resignation of office. His activities were little affected by the march of time except in his last years with a curious loss of memory in so far as that memory was applied to recent occurrences. The mist which consequently arose between him and current events caused him towards the end to shrink from general society, and served to draw closer and closer the bond between Lady Wolseley and himself. He had always looked for her advice, and leant largely on her judgment; now he could hardly bear her to be out of his sight. When they were together, every hour without her actual presence seemed to him an hour lost; in the rare cases of absence, her letters furnished the one happy event of the day.

As she had stimulated and strengthened him in his feverishly busy noon, so she cheered and made easy his quiet evening. Thus it may not be amiss, just before the publication of the official "story" of a very great soldier, to throw over some of the *arcana* of his life the light of what was surely its happiest influence.





# CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. 1870-1872 . . . . .	1
II. 1873-1875 . . . . .	9
III. 1875 . . . . .	20
IV. 1878 . . . . .	29
V. 1879-1880 . . . . .	39
VI. 1880-1882 . . . . .	61
VII. 1882 . . . . .	69
VIII. 1882 . . . . .	85
IX. 1883 . . . . .	94
X. 1884 . . . . .	114
XI. 1884 . . . . .	138
XII. 1885 . . . . .	153
XIII. 1885 . . . . .	166
XIV. 1885 . . . . .	177
XV. 1885 . . . . .	203
XVI. 1885 . . . . .	211
XVII. 1885 . . . . .	221
XVIII. 1886-1889 . . . . .	232
XIX. 1890-1891 . . . . .	263
XX. 1890-1893 . . . . .	285
XXI. 1892-1893 . . . . .	306

# CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
XXII. 1894	315
XXIII. 1894	327
XXIV. 1895	331
XXV. 1895	342
XXVI. 1896	352
XXVII. 1896	356
XXVIII. 1897-1898	360
XXIX. 1898	371
XXX. 1899	375
XXXI. 1900	379
XXXII. 1901	388
XXXIII. 1901	402
XXXIV. 1902-1903	408
XXXV. 1904-1905	418
XXXVI. 1906-1907	427
XXXVII. 1911	434

#### CORRIGENDA

Footnote on page 206—*for* 1890 *read* 1895.

Footnote on page 243—*for* Mr. *read* Mrs.

First footnote on page 404—incorrectly printed.

Page 221—*for* “reserve” *read* “resume.”

The letter of 18th February, 1880, on page 59 should occur on page 46.



# THE LETTERS OF LORD AND LADY WOLSELEY

1870-1872

[THE rebellion at the Red River was one of the causes which interfered with the British policy of withdrawing troops from the Colonies, and in May of 1870 the Canadian Government decided to send an expedition against Louis Riel, who had proclaimed himself at the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company President of the Republic of the North-West. A column consisting of one battalion of Infantry, two of Canadian Militia, and a small party of Artillery and Engineers under Colonel Wolseley—then serving as D.Q.M.G.—was detailed for what proved a very rough task. Between the head of Lake Superior and the Red River about 500 miles had to be traversed of a region composed of forest, swamp, bush-covered rocks, and little lakes of difficult navigation, many of the portages being more than a mile in length. From the Lake of the Woods to Fort Garry was only about 100 miles in direct line, but for nearly half the distance there was no road, and a circuitous move had to be made down the Winnipeg River. Wolseley reached Fort Garry on the 23rd of August without the loss of a single man, a result largely due to the care with which the expedition was undertaken. Riel had fled, the hitherto disaffected groups joined with the loyal party in greeting the soldiers, order was re-established, Manitoba was added to Canada, and the total bill was under £100,000.]

## CHAPTER I

RIDEAU HALL, *Monday, 25th April 1870.*

I have just returned from the parliament building, where I have to do so much talking that my throat becomes sore. Lord  
Wolseley.

The Général consults me upon everything, and sits heavily upon that greasiest of commissaires, Ittol Martindale. No one yet has been able to give me any information about our Governorship—I have in vain tried to pump Col. Barnard, who is Sir John A. Macdonald's brother-in-law. Sir John has been closeted all day with the Red River Delegates, in hope of settling affairs amicably. If I am to be Governor and to remain there for the winter, I will telegraph to you that "Barkis is willing."

(Extract of letter from Sir J. Michell to Sir E. Lugard with reference to proposed Expedition to Red River:

"They are going, I believe, to send in command the best officer for the purpose that I know of (Colonel Wolseley).

"Whatever can be done by every foresight, good sense and judgment, and for having the perfect confidence of his troops, will be done by him.")

This almost makes me afraid when I hear what others expect from me.

RIDEAU, 27th April, Wednesday.

Lord  
Wolseley.

In the strictest confidence I have this moment been unofficially informed that I am *not* to be the Lt.-Governor. I am to come back from Red River in autumn. I will tell you more hereafter. I am disappointed. Never mind; I shall meet you to-morrow evening.

ROSSLYN HOUSE, TORONTO,

Tuesday, 3rd May 1870.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I have passed the most wretched time since I returned from Ottawa, knowing that we were so soon to part again, and I could not help reproaching myself for going away. I felt as if I were about to commit some crime. The fact is, that soldiers should never marry. The bubble reputation which I seek, not at the cannon's but at the mosquito's mouth, is the light that beckons me on. I trust it may not prove an *ignis fatuus* that will leave me stuck in some swamp near Winnipeg.

## LORD AND LADY WOLSELEY

ROSSLYN HOUSE, *Tuesday, 10th May 1870.*

Another stupid day over without any result : I am to-night as ignorant as I was yesterday. The Government have been so dilatory that one might almost think time was no object at all. General Lindsay left yesterday evening, and I am in hopes that he is now in Ottawa, where I trust he may be able to tackle all the Ministers to-morrow.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I cannot bear the idea of you all alone in Montreal, and I am very sorry that the Stephens<sup>1</sup> are going home. By the bye, the money he owes me for my books amounts to twenty dollars for sixteen copies. I shall to-morrow send you a *New York Herald*, with an amusing description of me. Send it home when you have read it.

SAULT SAINTE MARIE, *23rd May 1870.*

We arrived here this morning in a violent thunderstorm. The camp is pitched three-quarters of a mile from the upper end of the rapids, at the old Hudson Bay Government House, now fast falling into ruin. Everything is very green and pretty. Ford Brody, on the Yankee shore, is merely a wooden barrack, surrounded by palisades, having four parrot guns for drill purposes. The Yankee Commandant is an officer of the Regular army, as I hear all the others there are also. He asked Bolton and the officers here to dine with him. They went, and the Yankees tried to make the Britishers drunk, but failed. They sang "God save the Queen" and other National airs, and drank champagne out of goblets. On the 19th the Commandant heard from Washington that our Expedition was simply a movement of British troops from one part of H.M. Dominions to another, and as the emeute at the Red River had been amicably settled, we could use the Canal, and take anything through except soldiers and munitions of war. Colonel Offley says he does not consider that horses or boats come under that head.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

The Americans have warned us to look out for Fenians, as those worthies may try to destroy some of our vessels. The *Chikaluma* has been delayed two days in getting the *Waubuno* off a rock ; as she is paid by the day, the master is in no hurry.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord and Lady Mount Stephen.



FORT FRANCIS,

*Saturday, 6th August 1870.**Lord  
Wolsley.*

I hope to leave this on the 9th instant—so as to overtake Feilden before he gets to Fort Alexander on the Winnipeg River. There I shall halt for three or four days to collect the Regular troops before I make my triumphal entry into the Red River Settlement. I have letters from several people there, the English Bishop (Monroe) of Rupert's Land amongst the number. They all beg of me to lose no time, but to push on with all possible speed, as affairs there are in a sad state, every one being in a dread of the Indians, who have become disturbed by the late troubles there. A large number of them have assembled at the mouth of the Winnipeg River to await my arrival. Their Chief has written to me two or three times expressing devoted loyalty to their great Mother (the Queen), and abusing Riel's party—all the Indians naturally say, "You never would allow us to steal or to murder, and always punished us when we did so, but here is this man Riel who has already murdered one man, and who steals whatever he likes." This Fort Francis is a very pretty place: all around is beautifully green with luxuriant grass, finer than I have ever seen anywhere in America. Some eight or ten wigwams filled with filthy Indians add to the artistic effect. These Indians are dreadful beggars, and expect a present from every newly-arrived person. I have to give away tobacco, flour, pork to the infidels after every interview their leading men honour me with. The Chief has one half of his face painted yellow and the other black. Fort Francis is a favourite resort of theirs in summer, as the river here abounds in fish, upon which they live and grow fat. Below this the sturgeon are caught in great quantities, fifty pounds in weight being nothing for one fish. I have eaten it fried, and it is remarkably good. They have not yet arrived at the art of making caviare, but I suppose that by the time they have been decimated by civilisation, there may be a manufactory here for making that precious preparation. Their medicine dances take place here every summer. The women's part is to slaughter all the white dogs they can find, which are then cooked and eaten by the men. There is some species of freemasonry gone through; the men are initiated into the mysteries of medicine, the use of several plants being imparted

to them. I believe that there are five degrees, one of which can only be taken each year ; the last consists only in learning the uses of the poisonous plants, and is very select. There are a good many Indian groves about here, all are surrounded by palings, and some have a flagstaff with a piece of white cotton nailed to its top, erected over them. The chiefs are not buried, but are placed in coffins upon a raised platform. When the next in succession dies the remains of the father are taken off the platform and buried, the son's body being put upon the platform in its place. There are two or three of such coffins here at present close to the fort.

The Francó-German War, of course, deprives this expedition of all possible interest : who on earth will care two straws for us, or for news from Red River, when great events are being enacted on the Rhine.

FORT ALEXANDER,  
*Sunday, 21st August 1870.*

Mr. Smith<sup>1</sup> has just informed me that he has named the Hudson Bay Post at the mouth of the Winnipeg River, Fort Louisa, after you—that at their great council he had proposed this arrangement, and that it had been unanimously agreed to. Another post, at the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods, has been named Fort Wolseley, so you see your fame is being recorded geographically. I leave this place with all the Regulars to-day at 3 p.m., and hope to be in the Red River Settlement to-morrow evening ; and, please God, I shall hoist up the Union Jack over Fort Garry on Thursday morning, or at least some time during the day. I hope Riel will have bolted ; for although I should like to hang him to the highest tree in the place, I have such a horror of rebels and vermin of his kidney, that my treatment of him might not be approved by the civil powers in these puling times of weak measures and timid policy.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

FORT GARRY, *26th August 1870.*

I marched in here with all the honours of war this morning. It poured all last night and all to-day. When we heard that Riel and his army!!! were still in the Fort, we all forgot the

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Strathcona.

rain, and every one was eager to have a shot at him. I cannot tell you how disappointed all are that we have not had a chance of ridding the world of this cowardly murderer. We drew up in battle array in front of the Fort, hoisted the Union Jack, saluted it with twenty-one guns, presented arms, and gave three cheers for the Queen. Then the men gave three cheers for Colonel W. I have not had any sleep for twenty-four hours, and only a few hours' sleep for the last forty-eight hours, so I can scarcely see. It is now nearly three in the morning, and I have been writing all night. This goes by a special messenger to St. Cloud in Minnesota in an hour's time—also a telegram to you. I hope they may not fall into the hands of Riel; he would be as much amused by them as I have been by the letters and high-flown proclamation which he left behind him on his table. He bolted in such a hurry that he had not time even to finish his breakfast, which was devoured by our servants. I am sure to have the Regular troops back by 1st October.

FORT GARRY,

*Thursday, 1st September 1870.*

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

The last detachment of the 50th Rifles left this afternoon on their return journey. The small detachment of Royal Artillery and Engineers will start on Saturday. I shall wait here until about the 9th or 10th, and then hope to bid a long adieu to Fort Garry and Red River affairs. The troops, with the exception of one company, return by the same route as that by which they came. One company has gone by road to the Lake of the Woods (about 100 miles) and will embark there. I intend doing the same. I shall wait at Fort Louisa for my canoe; at any rate, I shall wait at Fort Francis until I hear that all the Regulars have got there safely.

I have this moment received a telegram from General Lindsay that Cardwell<sup>1</sup> had declined to allow any Regular troops to remain here for the winter. I am glad of this for their sakes. Besides, I have already sent away all the 60th, and I should not like to have to recall any. Gov. Archibald has just arrived; he is loud spoken in his praise of what we have done.

<sup>1</sup> Edward Cardwell [1813-86]; created Viscount Cardwell. War Secretary, 1868-74.

[On Colonel Wolseley's return from Canada he was appointed A.A.G. at Headquarters, and was closely associated with Mr. Cardwell's Army Reforms.]

AT MANŒUVRES, 19/8/72.

I seldom have five minutes to myself : I shall be interrupted in this note many times, men coming to say that their wives are very ill, or their eldest child has the pip, and that they want leave, etc. etc. There is little or nothing to tell you, for our thoughts and hourly work here are all upon soldiering, and I am sure you would not care to hear my views upon field-work, or the latest ideas regarding field artillery, etc. Yesterday we had a quiet time and gave our horses a rest. Our Controller evidently considers himself to be a man of great importance, and has an air about him as if he commanded the Army. I am to dine in Blandford this evening, to meet Sir Richard Airey and the Quartermaster-General, so you see I am quite "in society" here. Don't send me any grouse if you get any—one of the General's A.D.C.'s, a young fellow of ten thousand a year, has a moor of his own, and we get as much as we can eat.

Lord  
Wolseley.

CAMP, NEAR BLANDFORD, 27/8/72.

We have had a grand show for the Japanese ambassadors to-day, which went off very well—they looked such guys in European dresses ; in fact, they looked like Methodist ministers out for a holiday. Your bottle of stuff has *not* turned up. I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken about it, but you know my nose is accustomed to this exciting state of affairs, and although I have been similarly affected about twice in every year of my life, I have never found out anything that did me any good. Dear old Sir John<sup>1</sup> is as fussy as ever. I am very fond of him, but he tries my temper occasionally by his benevolent wish to have his finger in everybody's pie. But I contrive to "manage" him very fairly and we get on very well together. I am glad to find that the essay which gained the Wellington Prize quotes *The Soldier's Pocket Book* frequently ; I consider that, not only a compliment but a good advertisement for the *great work*.

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Michell, G.O.C. troops on manœuvres.

## 8 THE LETTERS OF LORD AND LADY WOLSELEY

CAMP, BLANDFORD, 29/8/72.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Our battle of to-day was a grand affair and, as a spectacle, really very pretty. I have, I know, made numerous enemies by being called upon to give decisions as an umpire. Mrs. — and her sister — attend all our field-days. She looks badly on horseback, having a very round back and being fat and ungainly; her sister is decidedly good-looking; will she go the same way of life? Mrs. —'s income is about £500 a year, and yet we find them everywhere living in the best way. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and a large party come down here to stay with Sturt<sup>1</sup> at Crichel, on Saturday, so I suppose we shall have a long field-day on Monday for their amusement.

I am proud of a remark made yesterday by one of these fine ladies who bother us here. Some one was showing them round the camp and they looked into all the tents one by one, most of them well fitted up with beds, tables, etc., but when they looked into mine and saw my bed made on the ground and Holmes' glass hanging on the pole as my solitary ornament, they exclaimed, "*Oh, this is a private's tent!*" Tell that to Holmes.

Saturday, 31st August 1872.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I am to ride over in the afternoon with Sir John to Crichel, to pay our respects to T.R.H. We are inundated with women here, and I shall be glad when we start, so as to get beyond the region of Sir John's friends—at present they swarm round him like bees on a sugar barrel. I want you to cut out from the *Times* of Wednesday and Thursday the Military articles on the Etappen arrangements in the Prussian Army.

The Duke is to have a grand parade here on Monday, at which I suppose ladies of all sorts and sizes will appear on horseback. I shall let you know who turn up. If I had cared to make acquaintances I might have come to know half the county by this time, but I have not always patience to bear with women's conversation: you are the only woman in the world who amuses me or to whom I can talk with real pleasure

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gerard Sturt, afterwards first Lord Alington.

1873-1875 :

[IN August 1873, Sir Garnet Wolseley<sup>1</sup> was selected to command the troops on the Gold Coast during the Ashantee War, with the rank of Major-General. He arrived in advance of his troops, whom he endeavoured to supplement with native levies, and commenced his inland march just before the close of the year. His difficulties were many and multiform, but the enemy, despite a stubborn resistance, was accounted for without any serious check.

The Ashantees made a final stand near their capital, and Wolseley, after inflicting a decisive defeat, entered Coomassie on 5th February 1874 to receive the submission of King Koffee, who agreed to appoint Commissioners to conclude a treaty. On his return march, Wolseley halted at Adamsi to await the Ashantee agents—the King's fidelity to his engagements being confirmed by the opportune arrival of Captain Glover with a considerable contingent force on the north of Coomassie. Wolseley returned to England to receive the thanks of Parliament, a grant of £25,000 for his courage, energy, and perseverance, and the freedom of the City of London, and also to assume the command of the Auxiliary Forces.]

## CHAPTER II

SIERRA LEONE, *27th September 1873.*

Just a line to say we have arrived here ; a very pretty place, so green, but with plenty of "rank vegetation." The Governor's House, where I write this, is an old battery situated behind the town on high ground overlooking the harbour. I landed in state, but as there are only a few soldiers here, and no serviceable guns, I had to dispense with a salute, which I know you will regret very much. A guard of honour of armed police met me on the landing, and the "population" followed me as a howling crowd from the seabeach to Government House. I steamed into harbour, having a Union Jack flying at the fore-

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

<sup>1</sup> K.C.M.G., 1870.

mast, which it appears is the right of a Governor, and the Government steamer dressed immediately with all her flags. A large barge came off for me and, for the first time in my life, I felt quite like a Royal personage, also rather like a "super" on the stage. The Governor, Mr. Berkeley, is a nice little fellow; his appearance is not commanding, but his behaviour is kind. I am dropping one officer here to recruit, and sending the others to the Gambia to do the same; I intend leaving another at Cape Palmas also. The heat here is nothing like in India, but steamy. The negroes are like so many monkeys; they are a lazy, good-for-nothing race, no matter what Exeter Hall may say to the contrary.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE COAST,  
6th October 1873.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I wonder, as I pray for you every morning and every evening, if you are at the same moment praying for me. Tell me when you write that you do not forget me in your prayers; I always beg of God to bless you and by means of His Holy Spirit to turn your thoughts more and more to Him every day that you live, and that you may learn to love and serve and thank Him. Do you mind my talking thus? or do you think my preaching out of place? I am to see these wretched Kings and Chiefs again in half an hour's time, and receive their answer to my proposition. I shall enclose in this a copy of my letter to the King of Ashantee; it is for Holmes' perusal. No one else is to see it or know that I have sent it. I hope you and he will approve of it.

*Later.*—I have seen the Kings and they seem well pleased, but they say they have no power over their men. I shall not get much out of them until I have had a success somewhere. I shall write home for the European troops, for I can do little without them. The gun fires here at 5 a.m. I have a biscuit, a cup of chocolate, and a quinine pill; dress and walk with M'Neill<sup>1</sup> for an hour; return very hot, take off my saturated things, and bathe; breakfast, work all day, dine at 7 p.m., and crawl, worn out, to bed at 10. I have not felt so well for a long time as I do now, and, please God, I hope to keep my health all through. Colonel Leeting, who is a careful man and who came out with the marines before the worst of the season

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Major-General Sir John M'Neill, V.C.

was over, and has been here all through it, has never been ill for a day. The Chief Justice, a one-armed man named Marshall, has been here for three months and never a day ill. All those I brought out are still as well and jolly as they were at home.

*8th October.*—We had a man hanged here this morning from the lighthouse tower on Fort William, so all the world could see the execution; the town was on the *qui vive*, and seemed as well pleased as if a balloon had been sent up for their amusement. The man had murdered a poor slave girl in the bush for something trifling she had about her, so I do not pity him. But, as usual, the execution was a bungle, as the bolts could not be drawn, and the poor devil was consequently kept waiting for some minutes standing on the drop.

CAPE COAST, 17th October 1873.

I have written such long dispatches about our fight and so numerous will be the newspaper accounts of it, that I shall not weary either you or myself by going over the story here. It was a complete success, but poor M'Neill's dangerous wound throws a damper upon the affair. He bled so profusely that my clothes and waterbottle were dyed with his blood; he is a man of the right sort, for he took his wound like a soldier, although the pain was excruciating. He is going on well and hopes to be able to be about again in six weeks. The danger is that lockjaw may ensue, as all the tendons of his left wrist have been torn away. It is hard luck that such a good officer should have been struck down in such a trifling affair, but "God is Great," as the Moslems say, and we must not cavil at His decrees. Any war brings one to think more seriously than when sitting at home at ease, and makes one realise how dependent we are upon Him for everything. Our life is a frail affair, the cord of which is easily and rapidly snapt at all times, whether at home or abroad. I trust that God will spare me to carry out this campaign successfully; but the personal ambition of which my very heart was at one time so full, has in great measure died out within me, and I have often of late wished that I could be taken. Don't vote these thoughts gloomy. I never was in better health or in better or higher spirits *outwardly* than at present, but I feel a sort of relief and comfort in telling you just what I think and feel.

Lord  
Wolseley.



I enclose you some visiting cards. Only fancy *ladies* with cards here ; their complexions vary from the colour of an old saddle to that of a Spaniard. Three ladies paid me a visit yesterday, all got up in \*swell hats that smacked of Bond Street.

Some of the *noble* people for whom we are about to make war have just gone by the house carrying the head of an Ashantee in triumph. They wanted to bring it here to show me, but I sent down word to say that if ever I caught a man bringing in a head here, I would have him flogged.

18th October.—I keep up a very lengthy correspondence with H.R.H., which is rather a tax upon my time, as I have to tell him all sorts of fiddling things. Gallant little M'Calmont<sup>1</sup> is ill ; the doctors said he was not strong enough for the job. He has been on board the *Simoon* for some days and does not mend rapidly. My other A.D.C. is as strong as a lion—I never met a finer fellow in every way : he works hard all day and feeds us very fairly ; he is the stuff for a soldier and has a good head on his shoulders. The best thing to eat is the fish : the best sort is a herring. The sheep are so small that the whole animal, minus the head and shoulders, is about the size of a very large hare, with less meat on it.

Monday, 20th October.—I enclose you the copy of a proclamation I have issued. It is penned in a fine Bombastes Furioso style.

Have you seen a bad pun, although very flattering to me, regarding my name, Garnet, in the *Punch* of 27th September. I feel so uncomfortable when I read all this " high talk " about myself in the newspapers, and have a sinking within me when I think how coarse would be the abuse of this same writer if I failed.

23rd October.—The women here wear the funniest-looking bustle, made, I believe—I have not yet personally inspected one—of rolls of cotton stuff upon which the baby sits astride, a cloth being fastened round the little beggar's back so that nothing is seen but its head and sometimes its arms. It sometimes gets round so as to suckle the very long breasts of the mother. The women wear their hair in spikes twisted round with string. It is really far from unbecoming, especially as their hair is more like wool than hair.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Major-General Sir Hugh M'Calmont.

3rd November 1873.

I went on board the *Simoon* yesterday to see M'Neill. He is getting on well, walks about the deck, and tries to look jolly, although I know at his heart—apart from the bodily pain he suffers at times—there is gnawing disappointment that he cannot take an active part ashore. For a soldier such as he is, I know of nothing more trying. I once had, during the siege of Sebastopol, to go on the sick list from dysentery; I stuck to my work as long as I could, till the doctors said I must go away. I was sent on board ship outside Balaclava for a fortnight. As I sat on the deck in the evening and heard the booming of the guns at the front, I felt I must jump overboard and swim for shore. The feeling that I was in safety whilst others were doing my duty horrified me into a good state of health, and at the end of a week I went ashore and returned to work. I can see all this in M'Neill's face, and pity him from my heart. I am sorry to say that Charteris<sup>1</sup> had to go on board ship yesterday, being really taken there by force; he has been unwell for several days, but kept his illness secret, which is foolish, although I can fully enter into the reasons he had for doing so. M'Calmont (the King, as he is called here) is still sick and will have to go home, I fear. If he does I shall take a Captain Owen Lanyon (W.I. Regiment) to replace him; a very good soldier and accustomed to personal staff work. If this reaches you before Colonel Greaves leaves England, please send me out a box or two of really good Havanas, for many sailors dine with me here and make large hauls upon my tobacco. I smoke three or four cigars myself every day, and find they agree with me. Every moment I hope to hear from Baker Russell<sup>2</sup> that he has been attacked this morning. The bulk of the Ashantee army is close to his post, and the Ashantee commander-in-chief has declared his determination to take it. If only he would try, it will be a grand thing for Russell, and a good thing for all of us. The bulk of the men are now cleared out of Cape Coast, leaving the women behind; these ladies parade the streets dancing and singing, their bodies daubed over with white, and very scanty clothing to veil their charms. One of our traction engines is

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Alfred Charteris, third son of tenth Earl of Wemyss, Lieutenant, 71st Foot, died at sea, 24th November 1873.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Lieut.-Gen. Sir B. Russell.

now at work here, to the utter astonishment of the natives, who had never seen such a thing before. The day before yesterday I sent a letter to the king at Coomassie by an Ashantee prisoner; in order to impress him as much as possible, I sent him part of the road in a waggon drawn by the engine. I should like to hear his description of the screaming monster.

*4th November.*—Last night a scrawl was put into my hand saying, "Poor Wilmot's remains go to Capé Coast with this note—please have a coffin ready for them; nearly all our officers wounded." Later on I received a letter from Colonel Festing, giving me an account of his skirmish: Wilmot was badly hit early, but held on so as to get these cowardly Fantees to fight, until he was shot through the heart; he died almost at once in Colonel Festing's arms, Festing being hit by a slug in the hip when bearing him out of fire. God's will be done; it seems hard that a fine young soldier should lose his life in trying to make a cowardly race fight for their own country. The more I see of these Fantees the more I feel convinced that they ought to be the slaves of the Ashantees, who, however barbarous, have at least the virtue of courage. A brave man can be converted into a good man, but a coward is fit for nothing and capable of nothing good.

Things go on well, and I am in a much better position now than I at first expected to be in on this date. The prime object of my mission has been accomplished; Her Majesty's possessions on the Coast are no longer menaced by large hostile camps in their neighbourhood. I have now to clear the so-called Protectorate of Ashantees, and have frequent skirmishes with the enemy's retreating columns. The third object, to inflict a severe blow upon the Ashantee power, can only be fulfilled, as I have already reported home, with the aid of European troops. I have sent Butler into Western Akim to raise the people, who are a better race than these Fantees; if he succeeds, I may yet be able to punish the enemy before he gets back behind the river Prale. With one more battalion of English soldiers I would go in at these fellows and smash them up.

*5th November.*—In reading the Psalms this evening I came upon a verse that brought back my early days most vividly. My father was so unfortunate in the Service that he did not wish

any of his sons to become soldiers; I was reared with the idea of taking Orders, and as a little boy always said that I should have for the text of my first sermon the last verse of the 27th Psalm—I remember it by heart still, as given in the Bible version: “Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thy heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.” I quote from memory, as I have no Bible with me, and the Prayer Book version is not nearly such a good motto for a soldier. M’Neill, M’Calmont, and Captain Godwin all go home by the first steamer that arrives with a clean bill of health, for I am sorry to say that vessels are bringing men with infectious fevers—so much so, that the first Ordinance I had passed here by the Legislative Council was one instituting a quarantine. The window where I sit all day writing, looks out into the street, where niggers jabber away like so many garrulous monkeys. Women, naked down to the waist, troop along, carrying their babies. The old women are very nasty to look at, but the young ones are really very well made and their figures generally very good. I enclose a letter for my mother—please send it to her.

ABRAKRAMPA,

7th November 1873 (6.30 a.m.).

I arrived here yesterday with a small force to Baker Russell’s assistance. He had been hammering away for over thirty-six hours, and was nearly surrounded by about 10,000 Ashantees, and rather tired, but as fit as a rat. I hope the enemy, whose pluck is undeniable, will favour us with another attack to-day. I am well; the sputtering fire makes me feel like the old war-horse who pricks up his ears and distends his nostrils at the smell of powder.

Lord  
Wolseley.

CAPE COAST, 17th November 1873.

I have had a nasty bout of fever, and am still a little weak in the loins. The new Commodore has arrived—a nice, dapper, though stout little fellow. I think we shall get on well together. I am sorry to lose Captain Fremantle<sup>1</sup> as Senior Naval Officer; though non-scientific, he suited me down to the ground, for he is so full of shrewd common sense. However, with Hewett,

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Admiral, 1896, fourth son of first Lord Cottesloe.

who is scientific, I think I am just as well off, and he too will comply with my wishes. I do not expect English troops here until the 1st January, and we can do nothing until then. My other A.D.C. [Charteris] has been at death's door with this cursed fever. If he only could be transported to his mother's home to receive a mother's care, he would be right again, bad as he is, in a week. He is one of the finest young fellows I have ever known, besides being a first-class A.D.C. He is incapable of anything underhand or mean. If he struck you, he would strike you straight in the face. I have already replaced M'Calmont by Captain Lanyon, 2nd W.I. Regiment, a very nice fellow. He has never joined that illustrious Corps, having always been on staff employ since he was gazetted to it.

CAPE COAST, GOVERNMENT HOUSE,  
16th December 1873.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I long for the next two months to be over ; so much will be done in that time, for I must, by the 16th of February, have either failed or succeeded—please God it will be the latter, and then I shall begin to turn my face towards England. I seem always to be condemned to command in Expeditions which have to be accomplished before a certain season of the year begins. In the Red River affair I had to get to Fort Garry sufficiently early to admit of my getting back the Regular troops before the frosts set in ; now I have to arrange so as not to be caught by the rains, and only to keep British regiments on shore for six weeks.

3rd January 1874.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Yesterday messengers reached me from the King at Coomassie ; the principal man of the party is the town-crier ; he had a plaque of beaten and embossed gold as a gorget, and about 8 inches long by 6 wide. I have had to compose a very careful answer conveying to the great Koffee the terms upon which I am prepared to admit him to my friendship. I do not intend allowing him to go back to Coomassie until the 6th instant, by which time my bridge over the river will be finished, and Russell's regiment will have invaded Ashantee and taken up a position in King Koffee's kingdom about 8 miles from this. As Colonel Wood has been in front

lately, I now send Russell forward to give him a chance of glory.

FOMMANAH, ABOUT 33 MILES FROM COOMASSIE—*24th January*.—As you will see by reading my journal, I had another letter from the King yesterday, and he sent me back all the remaining white prisoners, Mrs. Ramsayer, the wife of a Swiss missionary, with her two children, being of the party. The King says he will do all I ask, and begs me to stop my armies. The indemnity, he says, shall also be paid, so, after all, we may not fire another shot, but I have to go on just as if I was certain of a fight, for these black ruffians are not to be trusted. Baker Russell goes on to another town a few miles nearer Coomassie to-morrow, but I intend halting here for a few days to collect supplies. If all goes well, I hope to have made my treaty and be on my return march before the end of first week in February, and to be back again in Government House, Cape Coast, about the 20th of February, and to embark for England the first week in March. I write this in the King of Adansi's palace. It is really a nice place, and the town generally is so very superior to anything in the Fantee country; all the towns here are deserted, and I believe there is a general scare throughout the Ashantee kingdom.

IN SARTU, *30th January 1874*.

To-morrow we fight, and on the result of the action everything here depends; my trust in God is implicit, and I feel we shall beat these bloodthirsty and cruel people. Yesterday we had a skirmish and lost a poor old fellow named Nichol, a Captain in Russell's regiment. The old Duke said that next to losing a fight, the greatest calamity was gaining one: there are always vacant places in one's lines (no matter how small the numbers belonging to it), that make one's dinner stick in the throat. But I rejoice at the prospect of to-morrow, for it must end the business one way or another. Fighting against great odds is all very well on the plains of India or China, where you can see what you are about, but in this forest, where one can never see a hundred yards, it is nervous work, especially with a mere handful of troops and so far from their base.

Lord  
Wolseley.

*Sunday, 1st February*.—I open this to say we had a brilliant little victory yesterday, but, of course, not without loss. Please God I shall be shortly in *and out of* Coomassie.

AGEMMAMU, 7th February, 1874.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I am now on my way back to Cape Coast Castle, my rear-guard being here to-day. I am as fit as a fiddle, so was Russell when I last saw him a few days ago. He is on in front, being a long day's march nearer England than I am. We have all had very hard work, and some trying hours of it, owing to the heavy tornadoes and rain that accompanied them. I slept without my boots last night, for the first time for several days, and had a good roof over my head, having passed two nights under my umbrella amidst torrents of rain. But these are trifles; one hated the idea of our fine fellows being killed in a wretched little war like this. We took Coomassie, and it has now ceased to exist as a city. Mr. Wood, 10th Hussars, my A.D.C., goes home from this to-day with dispatches. He is a son of Lord Halifax, and is a charming fellow and a brave soldier. Remember "Lord Trent" in case you are asked any questions—not that I, for an instant, think there is a likelihood of such a thing at present. I may be summoned to see the Queen when I return, so have my star and orders handy.

CAPE COAST, 25/2/74.

Lord  
Wolseley.

We have had a sale of the loot taken, and I have been squandering money. I have bought King Koffee's coffee-pot—old English silver, I should say of George II., but in a battered condition. I thought, anyhow, it would be a subject for conversation at breakfast whenever we might have very stupid people staying with us. I have also the gold rattle taken from the King's nursery. I had set my heart upon a bronze group of about fifty little figures representing the King of Ashantee being carried in state, and had asked one of my staff to bid £16 for it. It went for £100!

My staff have purchased the King's sword for me, and presented it to me—very nice of them, is it not? It is a handsome General Officer's sword, and was presented by Her Majesty to the King many years ago. I presume that I shall not revert to the rank of Colonel, so it will do me very well as my General's sword. The best things I have got for presents are carved stools, peculiar to the country and unlike anything in any other place. I sent home with Wood, in the name of the force here, the King's state umbrella to the Queen, and a very handsome stool to the

Princess of Wales. I have succeeded in buying one of the King's state hats, which he wore at the battle of Ordasu. As soon as the *Sarmatian* arrives I am going with the Commodore for a few days' cruise, to visit Accra and some other outstanding posts in "my dominions."

OSBORNE, 19th February 1875.

Whom should I find waiting on the steamer but Old Wax-works,<sup>1</sup> who was also on his way to His Suvrin.

Lord  
Wolseley.

It is now nearly 6 p.m., and the mail goes then, so I thought I would send you a line—my fingers were frozen coming here : we don't dine until 8.30—really I hear near 9. I had a message to-day from the Prince saying that he wanted to see me to-morrow at one o'clock. I humbly told him impossible, as I was off to Osborne; so I have to see him at 3 p.m. and Carnarvon at 4.30 on Sunday—the Devil! The Queen is to give me her views on Native affairs and the treatment of Kaffirs in particular. I am glad of this, for I then can speak in her name in an authoritative manner.

A splendid man, six feet high, in red coat and powdered hair, has just come in for letters—so good-night : pleasant dreams.

<sup>1</sup> Apparently nickname for Sir Hastings Doyle.



[IN February 1875, Sir Garnet was ordered to Natal, where the suppression of the rebel Chief, Llangelilabele—a name which Wolseley always declined to spell or pronounce—had led to the recall of the Governor, Sir Benjamin Pine, and where a Kaffir rising threatened. The mission, being highly flavoured with politics, was not wholly to his taste. Its special object was to induce the existing tenants of authority in the Legislative Council to surrender some of their power, and to bring about a proportionate increase in the influence of the Executive. Wolseley's part was performed with entire success, even if its resultant effects were not of permanent value.]

### CHAPTER III

ON BOARD THE "WALMER CASTLE," DARTMOUTH,  
*Tuesday Morning, 23rd February 1875.*

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

Need I tell you how I thought of you, as we whirled along in the train, driving through the park over Hammersmith Bridge : the pause at the pike to pay the toll, the arrival at the Limes, and Fop barking at the door. I hear that we shall be twenty-six days in getting to Cape Town, so I do not expect to reach my "seat of Government" before the 26th March. The Captain tells us it is blowing a gale of wind outside, news that has already given a greenish hue to "Brack's" complexion. I believe I have a servant somewhere on board, but I have not yet seen him.

GARNET.

ON BOARD THE "WALMER CASTLE," AT SEA,  
*Saturday, 27th February 1875.*

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I have had my nose buried in Blue books ever since I came on board, trying to learn my lesson. I am telegraphing to Carnarvon, pointing out what I object to in H.R.H.'s instructions. I had no time to study them before I started. Poor

Brackenbury<sup>1</sup> is verdigris in colour and rolled up in rugs on deck. I intend writing to Evelyn Wood's<sup>2</sup> wife if I can to-night; I think she would like to know how much I regret not having him with me.

I say my hymn at night the last thing. I hope you will never omit it: it will be a sort of bond between us whilst we are apart.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, RONDEBOSCH,  
CAPE TOWN, 23rd March 1875.

I am staying with the Governor, Sir Henry Barkly, at his country residence, about five miles from Cape Town. Sir Henry is in appearance a cross between Mr. Buckland of Montreal—if you remember him—and Sir Stafford Northcote, having an undecided expression about the mouth, with his hair brushed forward on each side of his face into two things like cow's horns. He and his wife and daughter have been most kind to me. Living next door are Sir Arthur and Lady Cunyng-hame: he is the Lieut.-General commanding the troops in Southern Africa. He must be much put out by my appointment; indeed, he told me so, and added that he had expected to have been sent to Natal. He is a nice little man, and I feel sorry to have been instrumental in wounding his feelings. His wife is a sister of Lord Hardinge's and his *living image*—if you can imagine him a little stouter, a little shorter, and in petticoats. She is very agreeable and, I should say, very, very clever; a great collector of china and old furniture here; the old settlers have a good deal of old Dutch ware and very old Japanese china. The people are below the Canada level. The women dress badly; the best looking I have seen is a Dutch woman, married to a son of the Bishop of Grahamstown.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I went to a croquet party to meet some of the Ministers. The people looked like a collection of housemaids, with their greengrocer admirers in attendance upon them. Only fancy having to make love to such a set for months to come. I am buying up a lot of champagne to take on to Natal to give a ball, for until I have managed to pass the measures through the Legislative Council, I must spend my money freely in entertaining the people of Maritzburg. I am told that all the champagne you buy here is made from coal oil, so I shall avoid drinking it

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards General Right Hon. Sir Henry Brackenbury (1837–1914).

<sup>2</sup> Captain Evelyn Wood, V.C., afterwards Field-Marshal (1838–1919).

myself, but it will, I hear, be eagerly gulped down by thirsty throats !

The fleet here is under Admiral Randolph, and I go to Natal on the fastest and finest of his ships, the *Raleigh*, commanded by Captain Tryon,<sup>1</sup> who was associated with me in inspecting ships for the Abyssinian War. I hope to make my state entry into Durban on Easter Monday. Captain Grenfell<sup>2</sup> (60th Rifles), who used to act at the Garrison theatricals in Montreal, is A.D.C. to Sir A. Cunynname, and very much liked. The other A.D.C., Selby Smith, is engaged to one of the General's daughters, who is clever, like her mother.

PIETERMARITZBURG, 2nd April 1875.

Lord  
Wolseley.

We started from Durban at 6.30 a.m., in an open brake with four horses. An escort of Volunteer Cavalry attended me for a couple of miles out of the town, at a gallop, to keep up with the carriage. We bumped along at top speed down hills over an accursed road, full of holes and ruts, till every bone in one's body ached. How the springs stood it, is a marvel. I saw very little land under cultivation, the few inhabitants having mostly given up farming and taken to driving teams of oxen to convey goods from the seaport inland—a very paying employment. I was met some miles short of this place by another cavalry escort, who brought me at a swinging pace through the town to this very pretty place. The house is really comfortable, only requiring a few pictures, odds and ends and ornaments, to make it attractive ; it has a good hall and fair reception-rooms. I shall soon give a ball, and intend feeding these people to gorging point. From the little I have seen, I think the men are about as ill-conditioned a lot as I have ever met with—pettifogging politicians, self-seeking and regardless of the true interests of the Colony and the Empire. I was sworn in yesterday evening, and had a levée afterwards.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MARITZBURG,

8th April 1875.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I have a dinner-party every evening—none but men as yet, and often in coloured neckties and frock-coats. Most of

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon; drowned on H.M.S. *Victoria*, 1893.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards F.-M. Lord Grenfell (1841, still living).

the women here are plain, with yellow-green complexions : they look like cockatoos with dirty plumage. Miss Colenso, the bishop's daughter, is good-looking, but, like her father, she has Kaffir on the brain and can't talk reasonably on the subject. Yesterday we had soldiers' athletic sports—I gave money for the prizes, and distributed them ; in the Kaffir race one competitor dropped his garment and was too excited to stop to pick it up ; he rushed past all the young ladies at the winning-post as naked as he came into the world. •

Another Levée just over, and my hand is still clammy from the pump-handle work. I intend going back to the seacoast next week, to tout about for support, and endeavour to please the electors by feeding them and giving their wives and daughters a ball.

DURBAN, 16th April 1875.

My troubles are now hot upon me. The Legislative Council meets on the 5th May, when my new measures will be discussed, and to-night I have to make a speech giving a rough outline of the policy I must pursue. How it will be received it is difficult to say, and I am a little nervous as to my ability to do justice to my subject, whilst I keep my tongue under complete control. I have to prove my case, and content my hearers at once. I am still, I think, popular, but how long that may last is difficult to say—I am spending money as if I were a millionaire. My ball at Government House, Maritzburg, went off remarkably well ; and on Tuesday I give a ball here to 600 people. To-night the Corporation of Durban give me a banquet, where I am to meet some 260 local magnates. These will have been the largest entertainments ever given in Natal. I am to have another ball at Maritzburg, the day before Parliament meets, and another on the Queen's birthday, with an official banquet. There is the greatest excitement over the prospects of our coming ball ; every yard of silk and every pair of white shoes have been bought up.

Before I go back to Maritzburg I have to make excursions to various places along the coast to inspect sugar mills and coffee plantations and receive addresses, etc.

The mail brought me two letters from the Duke of Manchester, addressed to me at the War Office the day I left England, asking me to take his son, Lord Mandeville, out with

Lord  
Wolseley.

me as an extra A.D.C. I congratulated myself that I could write the Duke saying how much I regretted I had not received his note before I left home, and thought no more of the affair until yesterday, when I was reminded of it by the arrival of Lord Mandeville, armed with a private letter from the Prince of Wales recommending him to my notice for any employment I could give him upon my staff. Of course such a request is an order, so that young gentleman is now installed as an extra A.D.C., and at this moment busy in correcting invitation cards. He seems most anxious to help and quite intelligent.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MARITZBURG,

25th April 1875.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I told Carnarvon<sup>1</sup> by last mail that I hoped my dispatch to him, conveying the result of my mission, would reach him before the end of June, so that my successor might start for Natal on the 5th July. There is a row going on at the Diamond Fields, and troops have been sent there from Cape Town. I have had a petition from the discontented people, now termed "rebels," asking me to go there and inquire into their grievance, which would, of course, be outside my province. I am off again on a weary round of seeing strange places and still stranger people next Tuesday. I am going up-country amongst those who will be little inclined to vote for the measures I want to pass in a constitutional manner. My trip to the Coast was most successful, and I feel my prospects are better since I went there. I am very anxious to succeed, but my feelings are very different when the honour of the nation and the success of the army hang in the balance. Here, it is a matter of sharp wit: my poor brain, pitted against the cunning of Colonial politicians. At one moment I bluster; if they won't give way they will be forced to do so by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, and so on. Then at another I am using all my powers of persuasion to prove that their surrender of political power I require is merely "reculer pour mieux sauter." I am ably assisted by those about me; all are as deeply interested in the result as I am. Poor, dear Sir Hope Grant. I pray that when I pass away I may be as fit as he was to stand before the Great Judge.

<sup>1</sup> Fourth Earl of Carnarvon (1831-90); Colonial Secretary, 1866-67, 1874-78.

## GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MARITZBURG,

5th May 1875.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I have just come back from making my "Speech from the Throne" to open the Legislative Council. The House was crowded. I read through my speech, hissing off every syllable where I had anything very important to say, and then handed it to the Speaker. I drove away in the same "state" as I arrived, a salute being fired to announce that I had opened the Council.

Yesterday afternoon a number of ladies came here to see us play lawn-tennis; they also made futile efforts to play themselves. They had tea, but are so shy of one another that unless men go and talk with them, they sit round the lawn on benches, glaring at one another, glued to their seats, and never attempting to carry on any conversation. This is an extremely moral community, perhaps because every one watches the other as a cat would a mouse, so that the least tendency to an "affair" is at once blazoned about.

DURBAN, NATAL, 27th July 1875.

Lord  
Wolseley.

This Governorship is no bed of roses, and I do not envy my successor, although I have cleared the atmosphere and obtained for him powers such as no Governor ever had here before. Broome has been unfortunate here, and now, since his letters have appeared in the *English Times*, chaffing the people of Natal and turning their peculiarities into ridicule, there is a storm of resentment, and men talk of refusing to sit with him in the Legislative Council. When we first arrived, I advised him to keep his connection with the London Press to himself, but he was so proud of having been on the Staff of the *Times* that he could not do so, but boasted everywhere of it, and the consequence is, that although "our correspondent" does not sign his name, every one knows that he is the author. This is unpleasant for me, for all this dislike to the man who is my principal Colonial Officer here, reacts more or less upon me. The Bill for the loan of £1,200,000 to construct Railway Roads here has just come out from England and will be unpopular on account of the high price of the contract.

*Tuesday, 10th August.*—Mr. Froude<sup>1</sup> has arrived at Durban,

<sup>1</sup> James Anthony Froude, eminent historian, to whom Lord Carnarvon entrusted a mission with reference to the proposed federation of South Africa.

and comes to stay with me to-morrow; we shall have long conversations on his confederation business. He, of course, wants me to stay here to preside at this Conference, and although I have not yet had a talk with him on the subject, I feel convinced that he has urged this upon Carnarvon. I would rather go home, partly because I think that with all these rumours of war floating about, I ought not to be so far away, and partly because I believe that the Confederation will require the exercise of greater power in their Provinces than the home Ministry is likely to sanction the expenditure of.

27th August.—My last day in Maritzburg. To-morrow I drive to Durban, and on 3rd September embark for England, home, and beauty—that is for you.

MORTLAKE, THE LINES, 4th March.

<sup>†</sup>Lady  
Wolseley.

I am longing much for your Madeira letter, and I trust you are keeping a long, wordy journal for me, with a good many anecdotes. How is Brack? Was he very ill? and did he make horrid noises? He and Major Butler wrote me pretty little notes from Dartmouth. I had wonderful proffers of friendship or of opinion on any matter in a letter from Sir Richard (Airey).<sup>1</sup> I wrote him a grateful answer, and asked his opinion at once on a matter of military discipline: as to whether a man could not be punished for deserting his wife once a year for six months? Do you recognise yourself as the offender?

MORTLAKE, 14th and 15th March 1875.

Lady  
Wolseley.

We have been to see Miss Robertson<sup>2</sup> in *The Lady of Lyons*, under Colonel Baker's<sup>3</sup> guidance, and are going again on Wednesday to see *Sweethearts*.

Poor Sir Hope Grant's death will have grieved you. I heard the details from Captain Barton. He had no pain latterly, and just slept away, at sunset, into death. He was to have a military funeral at Edinburgh last Friday (12th),

<sup>1</sup> Created Lord Airey. •

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Mrs. Kendal, the eminent actress.

<sup>3</sup> Colonel Valentine Baker, 10th Hussars.

and Lady Grant was going up to Edinburgh. It was very kind of Captain Barton to write me so often, but he wished you to know all particulars.

A strange piece of gossip as to an affray between two women. The story is that the staid and mature Lady — caught the youthful and dashing Lady — cheating at cards. She took her aside and gave her the choice between a good whipping there and then and public exposure. Lady — chose the whipping, and Lady — at once administered it, but the story—as stories do—got wind somehow all the same.

I am almost sorry now I did not leave "The Limes" before the boat-race day, for I see trouble ahead. Several people have already written to ask if they might come, but I have carefully adhered to our determination—yours and mine—to have no one but Buller,<sup>1</sup> Baker and Greaves,<sup>2</sup> and Fanny and the children.

I have had several applications also to let it to people. A hotel-keeper offered £50. Our neighbours know the real owner, who would give me £200 for it for the day. I went yesterday to them to tea, and they were very cold in manner; annoyed that I would not let the place to their friend. Their grievance is that I won't invite them myself, and won't let it to their friend who would. In letting it I should have to put up all the seats and bunting, and have a man at the gate touting for customers—fancy, how detestable!—and finally, I should be mulcted for damages. I paid my visit to the Russells last Friday. The Earl is fearfully deaf; you have to roar at him. He seemed much interested about you, and Lady Russell is a very nice-mannered woman indeed.

We *talk* of making a little trip over to Holland when I leave The Limes. You told me I might go abroad if I liked, or I should not venture on it. I wonder if you would approve? I so revel in being abroad that it is a temptation.

P.S.—Moody and Sankey still prevail. Some one went to see Moody and asked—in a scoffing spirit—if it was true he could exorcise evil spirits. Moody said no, but that he could cast out devils, and forthwith kicked the man downstairs.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards General the Rt. Hon. Sir Redvers Buller, V.C.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards General Sir George Greaves.



MORTLAKE, *Sunday, 21st March 1875.**Lady  
Wolseley.*

Yesterday was the boat race. I missed you so much. I really felt as if every Jill had her Jack, and I belonged to nobody, and I was tired out before they left, and could have sat down and cried. M. was more than usually stupid; she would not speak to anybody, and looked as if she disapproved of the whole proceeding. She never uttered at luncheon, and was so scented with patchouli as to poison the house. I thought her a very disagreeable woman. She thinks boat races wrong, and I only wish she had stuck to her convictions and stayed at home. After the race I went up to town to tea with old Miss Wright, to meet Lady B. She is very agreeable and clever, and talks no end about herself and all her children, including the very evident one still unborn, whom she intends to feed on tinned milk. I thought her perhaps a trifle partial to Lords and Ladies, and she told me the Princess had pointed me out to her at that Chiswick Garden Party. Please when you write give me nice little stories. I like to have diplomatic news too, as Lady B. rather came the Colonial Secretary's wife over me.

Lady Wilmot told me that the Prince of Wales, with his usual kind heart, went to see Sir Hope Grant on his death-bed and bid him good-bye. Sir Hope rallied sufficiently to give the Prince some very good and very solemn advice.

THE LIMES, *21st April.**Lady  
Wolseley.*

I only got your letters last night, just as I was starting for the Opera with the Skirrows—who have a box at Drury Lane this year. I read one letter hastily through before starting, and took the other to read between the acts of *Rigoletto*. Mrs. Skirrow fed on the crumbs I let drop, nothing injudicious, you may be sure. She is going to have your feather flowers put under a glass case. I am much interested in your South African folk. I hope you do not forget that we met Mrs. Tryon at the Goschens; she was Miss Heathcote, daughter of Lord Aveland. This in case you should not have a peerage at hand, but I dare say Mr. Broome could supply the information.

The North dinner-party was postponed owing to the death of their old friend, Lord Alfred Hervey.

1878

[In 1876 Sir Garnet was appointed a member of the India Council; and in July 1878—as a result of the Berlin Congress, was sent as High Commissioner to administer the newly acquired—and dubiously valuable— island of Cyprus.]

## CHAPTER IV

INDIA OFFICE, 1st May 1878.

I feel as if I were abroad on some campaign receiving letters from you. I am “well crowded” up with engagements for this month. I dine to-night with Mr. Vincent,<sup>1</sup> the new chief of the detectives, and to-morrow with Mr. Pender<sup>2</sup> in Arlington Street. I went last night with the Miss Hennikers to the Court, where they are playing *Olivia*, the *Vicar of Wakefield* reduced into a few scenes; very beautifully put on the stage and most affecting. I felt my throat very full at times, but I thought it a little impious now and then, when the old vicar delivered a regular sermon about the goodness of God.

Lord  
Wolseley.

By the bye, pray read the first article in April's *Contemporary*. It throws scorn on the lectures and magazine articles which pronounce the superiority of philosophy over religion. It has been a very successful output, although carelessly written.

At a French exhibition in Bedford Street there is a wonderful little picture by Gérôme, of a young girl seated on the edge of a bath with her back to you. Of course nothing on her: the skin painted in a most wonderful manner.

I suppose you know that Mrs. Thistlethwaite wrote the other day to the *Morning Post* regarding what her husband said of her seeing little of good society. The letter was a literary curiosity. There is an article about it in last week's *Vanity Fair*—especially chaffing her about an expression, “my lady friends,” which

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir Howard Vincent.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Sir James Pender.

apparently is peculiar to the professional ladies of easy virtue. I hear a most disgraceful matrimonial case is shortly to be made public.

LONDON, 5th May 1878.

Lord  
Wolsley.

The speeches last night at the Academy dinner were the worst I ever heard: Dizzy was prosy and dull—I went a good hour before dinner, and saw the pictures first by daylight, and after dinner by gaslight. A great deal of rubbish, but a few lovely things—a flock of geese going through a narrow passage, and all very frightened at an old battered hat lying in the middle of the path, and another picture by the same man, Rivière, called "Sympathy," which to my mind is the best in the show. A child is sitting on a flight of stairs, with a white, smooth-haired terrier leaning his head on the child's shoulder and looking most sympathetically into the little face. It is the dog which is best done—nothing that Landseer ever painted can equal it; the child's features and expression are a little too *old* for her size. Mrs. Langtry appears by three artists—Millais'<sup>1</sup> I like the best, although Poynter's<sup>2</sup> is the most highly finished and most appreciated, I think.

Lord Beaconsfield asks me to dine on the Queen's birthday.

IN THE PALACE, MALTA, 18th July.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Steaming hot: I dined here with my staff last night, and came here again this morning, dear Fricke having called me at 3.30 a.m. I am just about to see all the Heads of the various departments about provisions for Cyprus.

I don't think there is anything in Windsor Castle at all equal to the *corridores* (how do you spell the infernal word?), here or to the Armoury. Heaps of old pictures—some very good, others daubs, all with historical interest; the Majolica I should imagine the finest in the world. Besides this palace the Governor, who is now Sir Arthur Borton, has two palaces in the country for summer occupation.

Brackenbury begs to be remembered most affectionately to you, and says you will be glad to hear that he is well and happy. He disappeared when passing through Paris "to

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir John Everett Millais (1829-96), P.R.A.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Sir Edward John Poynter (1836-1919), P.R.A.

dine with some friends." Baker Russell is as cheery as a sandboy. I am writing this with numerous interruptions, prying over store questions with Commissioners, pill boxes, and others. I embark on the *Himalaya* this evening; I shall be glad to be out of this worry and heat, although it will only be from the frying-pan of Malta into the fire of Cyprus.

• LARNAKA, CYPRUS, 23rd July:

We arrived here yesterday morning. I went ashore in the evening, and swore myself in as Lord High Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of the Island, the Duke of Edinburgh being amongst the spectators: it was rather curious my sitting in state whilst he stood amongst the officers present.

Whilst I think of it, remember to take in the *Daily News*, for Mr. Forbes of that paper is here and will send home letters describing our doings. Larnaka is not such a bad place as it is generally represented to be. I have ordered a house to be hired at Nicosia (accent on the i), which will put you up very well; I hope soon to see it and will report to you what it looks like.

NICOSIA, CYPRUS, 5th August 1878.

Minutes to be written upon every subject under heaven—petitions from peasants, declaring they have been beaten and ill-treated by the police, or some one else, and a thousand other things, one after another, until my poor brain goes round like a humming-top. This is a filthy hole, and I am going to clear out and encamp round a small monastery. I am having the island explored to discover a good site for a large cantonment, where I shall establish the three European regiments, and to which I shall remove the seat of Government. I have asked for eight large tents for myself, as a sort of residence; until they are up you cannot possibly come here. Taylor packed our things most disgracefully, and the result is that candles, jams, blacking, and mustard, etc., have come out of some of our cases in one heavy mass. All but one of my cases have turned up; the missing one contains my saddles, very valuable articles in a country like this. The horse-flies drive my old horse nearly wild, and the extreme dryness of the climate, added to the heat, have made his hoofs so brittle that I cannot really

Lord  
Wolseley.

Lord  
Wolseley.

use him—large pieces of his hoof break off like shortbread ; however, when I get him into camp, I shall make him stand in moist ground to keep his feet soft and cool.

I wish all my staff had half Brackenbury's brains : and when I think of the beautiful regularity with which my books were kept by him, I am sad to think of the scrawling hideousness which will be left to me as my records of Cyprus.

The sanitary arrangements here are dreadful : how the people exist I cannot imagine, and yet they live and have large, healthy families. The wife of the owner of this house said the other day that she had never been outside Nicosia in her life : she has a host of children, all of whom looked healthy. Fleas and bugs abound. I was going over an old building, when some one drew attention to my trousers, which, below the knee, were literally covered with a mass of jumping fleas. I thought how the tapering ankles of a certain lady would have suffered in such a place.

Oh, if you could only see my shirts as they have come home from the wash ! Despair would fill your mind : but I hope to import washerwomen—may they be good-looking !!—from Malta, where the art of starching is well understood. A quaint Irish doctor, just from England, says that Cyprus reminds him of maps of the moon which show there is neither water, vegetation, nor even atmosphere in it. Don't allow any one to think I am disappointed with the place—tell them I write most cheerfully. I really like the work : it bristles with difficulties, but they are made to be beaten down ; if only I spoke Turkish how quickly I could surmount them. Herbert, my admirable private secretary, is worked hard ciphering and deciphering the telegrams.

CAMP NICOSIA, 24th November.

Lord  
Wolseley.

This day month I hope to see you installed in Government House, if all goes well. My next letter I shall address to the Consul at Naples, as Sir Geoffrey Hornby most kindly sends a dispatch boat there for you. It will be a four days' passage from thence to Larnaka, where I shall meet you : I could not leave the island without special leave from the Queen, and I do not want to ask for it at present, for many reasons. I hope you have been able to get the Frenchwoman, for even if she only stays a year it will be a great help in starting the establish-

ment. I shall have no difficulty in finding a couple of Greek women as housemaids for our own private part of the house. I have heard of a cook at Malta who seems to promise well.

Bring some mignonette, some sweet pea, some hop, some wallflower, some heartsease seed, and a few dozen of crocus roots; anything and everything will grow here. Also enough good grass seed to sow an acre. I hope to have a gardener by the time you arrive.

I want a hand magnifying-glass for examining maps, and a set of lawn-tennis things—the best rackets and five dozen of the best covered balls. I have just got the silk for the Queen, and have ordered enough for a dress to be sent to Eyty. I am sending Lady Cowell<sup>1</sup> a chemise like the one I sent the Queen. When you come here, I think we can please friends by sending them gold coins which I can buy for a pound apiece. I am afraid the house will be so unfinished that you will not be as comfortable at first as I could wish you to be; however, I am sure you won't mind that.

CAMP NICOSIA, 2nd December 1878.

To-day I had a visit suddenly from a Mr. Blunt and his wife, Lady Anne Blunt; she is a daughter of old Lord Lovelace by his first wife and so a granddaughter of Lord Byron. They were *en route* for Damascus and the Desert.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I trust we may not be separated again for some time to come, and that our mountain sanatorium may prove a great success: otherwise I shall have to send you off to France or Switzerland. If Cyprus does not suit you, I shall try and get out of it when I have put it in order. But if I leave this, I don't know what I am to do, for the Commander-in-Chiefship in India will not be vacant until 1881, and then it is not by any means certain I should be given it; I presume it will fall to Sir Neville Chamberlain, who has taken Sir E. Johnson's place on the Viceroy's Council, and who is in high favour with Lord Lytton<sup>2</sup> at present. I have just had a letter from Colley, in which he says that if I had gone to Bombay I should have been employed by Lytton in the war, but that he could not, without

<sup>1</sup> Wife of Sir John Cowell, Master of the Household to Queen Victoria.

<sup>2</sup> First Earl of Lytton (1831-91); Viceroy of India, 1876-80.

giving great offence to the Army in India, have sent for an outsider to take command : to have done so would have been to say there was no one in India fit for the job. I don't see this, of course, in the same light. If he has a man in India as fit as I am, then he is quite right in his reasoning, but if the man he has employed is, in his opinion, inferior in military ability to me, then he is altogether wrong. In his place I would insist, in the public interest, on having the ablest General in the service, even if I had to send to Timbuctoo for him.

GRAND HÔTEL DU CASINO,  
DEAUVILLE, NR. TROUVILLE,  
17th August 1878.

Lady  
Wolseley.

When I got here at midnight on Thursday, my eyes were gladdened by a nice long letter which contained the sketch of your Nicosia house. The Dieppe hotel was dear, and as I spent as little as possible on eating and drinking, they evidently did not want to keep me. We were pushed up to bad rooms on the fourth floor, the waiters paid us no kind of attention, and if I ordered anything, invariably forgot all about it. I like this place much better than Dieppe. It is *very* pretty, charming villas, in wooded and flowered gardens scattered along the seashore. There is a pier and a Casino, but one never sees any one about ; it is as quiet as possible. We liked watching the people to-day going to the races from this hotel. One turn-out—the Duc de Somebody—was very pretty, the postilion with powdered hair and a pig-tail, and the horses' tails plaited tightly up. Truman had a great fight with the maid of the Duchesse, who had a gown to iron for her mistress, and who took the irons Truman had been heating for my dresses, which travelling has sadly crumpled. I have made acquaintance with an old French lady, Mme de Gautray, who has asked me to go with her to the races to-morrow, if I don't mind going on a Sunday. The landlady (who is very like Lady Sherborne) told me the old lady is a very *distinguée* person and quite *comme il faut* ; she takes the same apartments every year, with her brother, a banker, and they bring carriage and servants and four horses. The racecourse is within fifty yards of this hotel, and Trouville gathers at the races, so I hope to see all the *élégantes*.

HÔTEL DU CASINO, DEAUVILLE—TROUVILLE,  
23rd August 1878.

The Cyprian postal arrangements seem very vague *outside* the Island whatever they may be *inside*, under your sway. I continue to like this place, and am glad I came. Last Sunday to the races with the Gautrays. Such a pretty racecourse, quite *Goodwoodish*. We had seats close to the "fauteuils" reserved for the MacMahons. There were a great many Marquises and Baronnes, but I was neither struck by their looks nor by the superiority in dress to *good* Englishwomen. Certainly the gowns *fit* much better, that must be allowed. The only familiar faces I saw were that curious Lord Henry Lennox and Mrs. Wodehouse, who was going about with Christine Nilsson. I saw "Kincussie" win her thirty-eighth race, and even I felt a little excited about it. After the races we drove into Trouville, looked at the shops ("Boutiquons un peu," said M. Gautray), and then on the beach saw Mesdames de Sagan and de Galliffet. They were wonderfully "turned out," but I did not quite realise their world-famed beauty. M. Gautray had a little chat with them and I fancy told them who I was, for on our second time of passing them they took stock of me.

Long hours with the Gautrays benefit my French. I am becoming quite glib again. They have an elderly friend who drives out with us; "qui a été très joli garçon," and is now, according to Mlle Gautray, "un homme sérieux." We went to a dance at the Casino. I felt so sorry for my nation when a portly Englishman stood up for a quadrille partnered by his wife (by whom he has had twelve children, all here, and a very unkempt lot they are), with his daughter and a young English lout as *vis-à-vis*. Every one present was prettily dressed, and wearing bonnets or hats, but these Britons attend the dances in square-cut bodices and squashed flowers on their heads. No one else in the room danced this quadrille, but the gravity of the French was admirable, as also the complacency of the English. Old Amédée remarked, "Voilà la morale pure!" and Mlle Gautray said, "Ah! c'est une petite débauche de famille."

I wrote to Captain Hozier about your "North American," and I heard from him last week from Homburg, and . . . he is going to be married!! and to, *he* says, "the best and brightest

Lady  
Wolseley.



of the maidens of Europe," Lady Blanche Ogilvy, a daughter of Lord Airlie. He seems transcendently happy, and says, "I am quite astounded at my own good fortune, and was awfully frightened that a certain interview which I once held with one of H.M.'s Judges at Westminster might have upset the whole coach, but I went at the very first boldly to Lord Airlie and told him the whole story, and the girl behaved like a brick and stuck to it." My old French lady is of a nervous temperament; I wonder what would become of her if, like me, she had to shift for herself and had not her brother always with her. M. Amédée thought of going to Havre the other day for the funeral mass to Queen Christina, a *trajet* of 45 minutes on the steamer, and such a cackling as there was beforehand about this little journey. She thought she must go with him as he might "se trouver mal," and what would he do if that were the case "et si ses petites douleurs le reprennent," etc. etc. (He had had rheumatism a couple of days before.) She thought the journey "de la dernière imprudence," and finally, as it was rather rough, he did not go. How the French turn round and round a small subject! And every one travels and walks and lives with their grandmother. The child, the mother, and the grandmother go everywhere together. Frances and I went to pay Mme Gautray a little visit last week, and found her curé with her. When he went away I told Frances to open the door for him, which seemed to please him, and he said, "La porte ouverte par une ange," to which Mlle Gautray, without a moment's hesitation, answered, "Au bon Dieu, Monsieur," meaning the plump priest himself, and this he faintly deprecated by holding out his fat hands. How very impious it sounds in *English*, does it not?

HÔTEL DE L'UNIVERS, TOURS,  
21st October 1878.

Lady  
Wolsey.

• The French papers have it that you are to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army against Afghanistan, as no one would be so fit as a descendant of the great *Wolsey*. I heard this morning from Lady Sligo. She had to leave Ireland by reason of an attack of *eczema*. That is a rash round the waist, is it not—or am I confusing it with shingles? They are going to Italy, and have given up Cyprus, for finding you have a present only *one* wooden hut, she thinks it would be indiscreet to visit

you. I am longing to hear from you, that my plans may be a little more definite. I feel doubtful about Malta for an indefinite time; the "sociability" of it would be rather too much for a Trappist like me. At the same time, if there were any chance of your going to Afghanistan, I should fly to Malta at once, to be near at hand to rush over and see you. Please recollect you must not go on to Afghan without seeing me, *if I even see you for five minutes and go thousands of miles to see you.* I could not stand your running off on a second triumphal course without that.

I hope you will like some cretonne I have bought here; though pretty it is scarcely *Morris*. Then I have bought *une étoffe sérieuse*, which would do for dining-room or your sitting-room. My French is much less rusty. Miss L. describes to me Lord ——'s daughters' toilettes at the Versailles ball. Black velveteen with *leather* belts, and you know their plain faces. It was a terrible ball, and ladies were carried fainting into the street in their satins and diamonds, and had their faces washed in the dirty gutter water. The poor girls never got beyond the outer porch, for which position and temperature their gowns were very suitable. While I think of it, one sentence in your last letter filled me with dismay. You say the new P. Sec. is *brother* of *our* Mr. Dalzell, whom I recollect perfectly. I thought it was the man himself, and have written to him as if I knew him, which of course made my style more familiar than it would have been to a perfect stranger. I confess that though his replies were perfectly civil I thought them rather distant. No doubt he thought me a very forward woman. Will you, if he is still in Cyprus, explain this to him.

AYLESFORD HOUSE, WIMBLEDON,  
18th November 1878.

Your letter of the 5th, detailing the Naples plan and desiring me to be there on the 10th December, has just reached me. If our house has no heating apparatus ready, and fireplaces are not finished when I get to Malta, I think I would leave Frances there for a few weeks, as a new cold house might lay the child up. I am writing to Mrs. Stockwell to search out two ugly, strong housemaids, too old for men, and not too old for work.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I had a charming letter from Colonel Stanley<sup>1</sup> about you, Secretary for War, 1878-80. Afterwards sixteenth Earl of Derby.

## 38 THE LETTERS OF LORD AND LADY WOLSELEY

full of your praise, also from Sir H. Holland, and responded respectfully and gratefully to the first and gratefully to the second.

I shall hail your little figure with joy, but don't bring a "brilliant staff" on board to look at my seasick face.

1879-1880

[SIR GARNET'S tenure of office at Cyprus was cut short by the state of affairs in South Africa. He was brought home nominally to sit on a Committee dealing with the circumstances of small wars, really to receive the appointment of Governor and High Commissioner of S.E. Africa, with the local rank of General while commanding all the forces in the Territory. Lord Chelmsford had won the battle of Ulundi before his successor could reach the front, but on the latter devolved the duty of capturing Cetewayo and effecting the settlement of Zululand, and in the Transvaal of putting a term to the maleficent sway of Sekukuni.]

## CHAPTER V

ON BOARD THE "EDINBURGH CASTLE,"  
DARTMOUTH, 30/5/79.

What a brave little woman you are, and how *manfully* you bore up all yesterday, and indeed ever since the news arrived that I was to leave for the Cape. And you make so light of all your troubles incident upon having a soldier "a staff officer of importance" as a husband. Such a crowd of people at Paddington, among others Lady Elcho, whom I met for the first time; she was there to wish me God-speed. I hate these demonstrations before the event; if I deserve them six months hence I shall be glad to accept them, but now they jar on my ear. All the way down the line crowds in every station. At Bristol my carriage was besieged, and I thought the men pressing upon it would smash the windows.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I am writing a few lines to Lady Burdett-Coutts to thank her for her present to the army under, or to be under, my command. Good-bye.

Tuesday, 24th June 1879.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Here I am in a fine large room of Government House. We landed late yesterday evening and found the Freres<sup>1</sup> just ending a levée, so they were *en grande tenue*.

The first thing we heard upon arrival here was of the Prince Imperial's death. His poor mother has nothing now left her to live for. I hear sad accounts of the condition of affairs in our columns under Crealock and Lord C., so I am hurrying to the front as fast as possible. I dislike responsibility thrown on my shoulders at a period when it is utterly impossible for me to initiate plans. In both my previous expeditions the plans were my own, the organisation of the force my own, and the men to carry out the campaign my own selection. How different is all this! News just in that I can get off this evening at 5 p.m.

ON BOARD H.M.S. "SHAH"—  
AT SEA BETWEEN ZULULAND AND DURBAN,  
PORT DURNFORD, Friday, 4th July 1879.

Lord  
Wolseley.

My first start in the campaign has been unfortunate. I left Durban last Tuesday evening in this ship for Port Durnford, where, the next morning, I found that a heavy sea had set in, rendering all landing that day impossible. We hoped for better things on the morrow, and then signal was made from shore that there was a "good beach"; we all bundled into a little tug, from which we were transferred to a lighter just outside the breaking rollers—we were all battened down into a small, dark hold, preparatory to attempting to get through the surf, when the Commodore signalled from the shore to stop; so, after about two hours of misery, we returned and had greater difficulty in boarding the *Shah* than in leaving her. I am somewhat down in my luck about this, as I was most anxious to join Crealock's column; with a fine day at Port Durnford, I should now be in the field instead of knocking about in this ship. Towards night yesterday it came on to blow hard, so the safety of the ship obliged us to go to sea; and with there being no apparent likelihood of the sea being calm for some time, I decided to return to Durban, where I hope to land this evening and start to-

<sup>1</sup> Sir Bartle Frere was High Commissioner for S. Africa. Wolseley's appointment practically involved Frere's supersession in Natal.

morrow for the lower Tugela, *en route* for Port Durnford by land. All this puts me out very much, and I am anxious about Chelmsford's column. He has violated every principle of war in his plan of campaign, and has, in fact, courted disaster. As far as this war is concerned, Crealock's column might just as well have been in England. Chelmsford has been pushing on ever since he heard I was to supersede him, hoping very naturally to do something brilliant to end the war before I come on the field.

10th July 1879.

As you will know when this reaches you, I believe the war to be over, and I don't see why another shot should be fired. Chelmsford's successful fight on the 4th instant has completely demoralised the enemy, and Cetewayo's troops are now dispersed to their homes, and are never again likely to answer his call. At this moment the King is in a place called Ngome, north of the Black Umualosi River. If I could only capture him I should be happy, or if some kind friend would run an assegai through him. I have summoned all the Great Chiefs to meet me next week, when I shall endeavour to lay down the law to them and make terms. Chelmsford is now coming down towards me. He is evidently very much put out by being superseded, and I have had some trouble in making him answer the helm. Now, however, that he has had a success he ought to be happy, and I hope he means to return home at once. I feel for him with all my heart, for I know how he must have suffered.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I have now more officers than I know what to do with, and am already beginning to think of sending many home.

RORKE'S DRIFT, 4th August 1879.

I hear there is a general stampede from Cyprus, even old Holbech writes to me saying he wants to leave and come here. I see there has been a row about Captain Inglis at Famagusta cutting the hair and beards of two priests whom he imprisoned. I am anxious to see what has taken place in Parliament when Sir C. Dilke called attention to a dispatch of mine about Cyprus. I am very glad we are out of that place. I hear the Duke has promised to give the appointment of C.-in-C. in India to Sir E. Johnson, now the Military Member of Council

Lord  
Wolseley.

there. Of course the nomination will not rest entirely with H.R.H., and if I do well here, as, please God, I hope to do, the Government may possibly insist upon my being given it. However, the Duke's wishes in such a matter have great weight, and if Johnson is all right in 1881, when the berth is vacant, I have little chance of obtaining it.

Maurice<sup>1</sup> is very hard-working and abundantly clever, but he would make you laugh by his personal appearance if you were here. When we marched in here he had lost his horse, his helmet, his sword, pistol, etc. He appeared in the early morning mounted on a mule in a pair of breeches, with a pair of elastic-sided boots, and a waterproof coat over all, the cape of which was fastened down over his head and round his neck with a strap. This morning he came to my tent in a night-cap, the same elastic-sided boots, and a military overcoat, one of the buttons at the back of which he had dragged round in some mysterious manner, and fastened to a buttonhole in the front. He never sees that there is anything peculiar in all this, but is prepared to argue that his dress is admirably devised for what it is intended. When I laughed at him this morning, he at once opened his coat and said, "You see what my plan is." He had a railway rug or a horse blanket fastened round his waist like a kilt, with a leather strap; it protected his loins, he said. His tent, I am told, is a picture of confusion: everything lying about it as if his bags were turned upside down and their contents shaken out "anyhow."

ULUNDI, 13th August 1879.

Lord  
Wolseley.

What a row there has been in Cyprus about Captain Inglis cutting the hair and beards of some filthy Greek priests! I have seen a dispatch on the subject, and am sorry he refers in such unmeasured terms to the unhealthiness of Famagusta. He has yet to learn that it does not do to insert the *whole* truth in official correspondence. Dispatches should always be strictly true, but unpleasant truths that can be made use of by the opponents of the Government you are serving should be reserved for our private correspondence with Ministers. I am making my first venture this evening to catch Cetewayo. Major Barrow, the 19th Hussars, is to command the party, about 300 strong. They are to start at dark and march all night, so as to surround the kraal in which the King is at daybreak. If the

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards General Sir Frederick Maurice.

King has not changed his place of residence, I shall get him. If he would only resist and be killed, the result would be still more satisfactory.

CAMP ULUNDI, ZULULAND,

20th August 1879.

Well, after more than one miss, Cetewayo is a prisoner at last. This morning early I heard the clatter of hoofs past my tent, and upon going out was greeted by a cry, "They've caught him, sir." My heart jumped within me when I heard the news. All my plans for the pacification of the country hinged upon his capture. As days went by, and he managed to slip through my patrols, I became nervous, and I was at times even sorry that I had taken up the decided line of guaranteeing him nothing beyond his life. Now, however, thank God, all this is past. Old Frere has promised to accept the charge of Cetewayo at Cape Town, and so ends his reign—I am just telegraphing to the Ministers at home to give them this acceptable news. The troops will vacate Zululand, and I hope to leave this on the 5th September *en route* for the Transvaal. As I write this, a man is being tried for murder in front of my tent, and will most probably be executed. He is a native, and killed a friend against whom he had a spite, saying that he would now do as he liked because there was no king. He will find out his mistake.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I have managed to secure one of Cetewayo's necklaces of lions' claws—only the highest in the land are allowed to wear such a distinction. I shall send home a few of the claws by Gifford to be mounted. And round the edge will be engraved, "CETEWAYO, 28th August 1879." I shall tell Dobson to mount them and to await instructions from you as to their disposal. You must write a note with each, saying I send a little "charm," which had formed part of Cetewayo's necklace. Baroness Coutts; Lady Constance Stanley; Lady Sherborne; Lady Cardwell; Miss Goschen; Miss Smith (the Admiralty man's daughter); one to each of the Miss Hennikers and the Miss Lawrences occur to me.

1st September.—I have at a meeting of the principal Chiefs announced those I have selected to rule. There will be a howl from Colenso and his friends at my having transported Cetewayo, but really, if Napoleon could be sent to St. Helena and there kept until he died, because he was considered as dangerous to



the peace of Europe, it is absurd to complain that a barbarian monarch is exiled when his being at large would certainly prevent peace in South Africa. The people who swallowed the camel Napoleon need not make wry faces when asked to bolt a gnat like Cetewayo. I have just had a long letter about Sir H. Bulwer from Lady Frere, with some rather extravagant talk about the Prince Imperial. I have the deepest sympathy with his mother, who has now lost the only tie that bound her to earth, but beyond that and a feeling that his death has cast a shadow upon the good name of our army, I have no wish to give the event undue importance. He was a plucky young man, and he died a soldier's death. What on earth could he have better? Many other brave men have also fallen during this war, and with the Prince's fate England as a nation had no concern. Perhaps I have insufficient sympathy with foreign nations; I reserve all my deep feelings for Her Majesty's subjects.

PRETORIA, THE TRANSVAAL,

10th October 1879.

Lord  
Wolseley.

There is no saying how soon Sir Bartle may be leaving for England. This is, however, a great secret; I only mention it to you, as it might possibly have some influence upon your and my future. I hope not, however, and I have taken all expedient precautions to protect me from being asked to take his place. I have been all the morning inspecting the Roman Catholic Bishop's school here, listening to little girls sing and play duets on the piano—what an occupation! In the evening I am going to—what?—a “Ball,”—actually a Ball given in my honour, and I am urged to be there punctually at 8.45 p.m. Good heavens, what dreadful things “amusements” are in this country!

CAMP NEAR FORT WEEBER,

Friday, 7th November 1879.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I am encamped on a pretty spot not far from Baker Russell's camp. In the mail just received I have a letter from a good lady, asking me to give a cousin of hers an appointment in some colonial corps here. He is at present captain in one of the regiments, has a pretty wife, etc. etc., and all the other requisites for the wished-for position. Dear me, what curious people are in the world, to think I could, or would, give away appoint-

ments to men because they had married pretty girls without fortunes ! I also had a note, written at the request of the ex-Empress of the French, begging of me to do all in my power to obtain for her any of the things the Prince Imperial had on when he was killed.

**CAMP NEAR SEKUKUNI'S TOWN,  
THE TRANSVAAL, 30th November 1879.**

I have cracked the nut, thank God, and Sekukuni's Town is now a thing of the past, everything destroyed, his people killed, prisoners, or dispersed as wanderers, and his property falling into our hands daily. If we can only scotch the Chief himself, the thing will be complete. He is hiding away in a cave somewhere, and as the Leolu mountains are a mass of caves and rocky crannies, it will be no easy matter to lay the villain by the heels. I am very glad I came here with a large force ; with a small one I should have failed, for the positions occupied by the enemy are strong and easily defended. Baker Russell is a splendid fellow, and I felt proud of him as a friend of mine as I saw him standing on the top of the " Fighting Koppie." His impetuous daring forced him on to the attack, in which, as Commanding Officer of the troops engaged, he was not expected to take part. Maurice left this early this morning with such of the white wounded men as could be safely moved. He has had a nasty wound in the shoulder, but he will be all right before he reaches England. He is as brave a fellow as ever walked in shoe leather, and shines when leading men in action.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

PRETORIA, 13th January 1880.

I have been thinking over the very serious question of what we shall have for dinner the evening I reach Fleming's Hotel. I think the following menu would be delicious for a man who has not had a civilised meal for many months :

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

One dozen of oysters *each*.

Clear, very clear and strong soup, turtle, if possible.

Fried sole.

Any entrée you like.

Woodcock or snipe (not on any account to be either "high" or sent up raw).

WINES.

Dry sherry and dry champagne.

Delicious!

I have had a long letter from the Baroness Coutts, thanking me for the claw. What a nuisance it will be if I have to remain in Natal until the Empress arrives and leaves again; I should dread to be in attendance on her whilst she is engaged in this pilgrimage to the spot where her poor son was killed. I don't understand women sufficiently well to enable me to do justice to an Empress under such unusual conditions.

I am sending home by this post a most crushing answer to Billy Russell's<sup>1</sup> accusation against the British soldiers here, denying every charge he made against them. I have requested the S.-of-S. for War to publish my reply, and I hope he will do so.

PIETERMARITZBURG,  
15th February 1880.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Yesterday brought me a dispatch that the Empress was leaving England early next month and that the Queen desired I should do all in my power to help her. I see that Billy Russell's paper, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, continues to write in nasty strain about me.

The present Ministry are in a funk about their South African policy, and my presence here is supposed by them to be a help, so I am kept doing next to nothing to serve the exigencies of party.

Did I tell you in any of my former letters that we have the prettiest woman here whom I have ever seen in my life—you of course excepted! She is a Mrs. Lonsdale, wife of a man who used to be in the Army and who raised and commanded a corps called Lonsdale's Horse in the Zulu War.

MARITZBURG, 23rd February 1880.

Lord  
Wolseley.

If I had not told you to expect me early in the year, you might now be enjoying yourself in some pleasant southern climate abroad, instead of being condemned to the fogs and cold of London. I never thought that I should have been so treated. If I had come here to be a Civil Governor I should have no ground for complaint, but I came to bring the Zulu War to an end and settle the native disturbances in the Transvaal, and having completed my mission I should be allowed to return home.

<sup>1</sup> War correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*, afterwards Sir William Russell.

I wrote to Sir C. Ellice telling him how grateful I felt to H.R.H. for having made me Q.M.G., but that I must frankly say that in accepting the berth I in no way relinquished my hope of succeeding Haines. I told the A.G. this because he had previously informed me that he, like myself, was one of the candidates for India. I added that I lived—even at present—in daily expectation of being sent there direct. He writes to me in the most cordial strain, but when I was in Cyprus he told Maurice that I was a great fellow to pull down institutions, but that everything I had ever put my hand to in the way of reconstruction had ended in failure; that I was played out, etc. Please God, if I live to sixty and have my health, I will leave some reputation behind me.

Young woman, you are falling off in your writing very much; you do not write nearly as clearly or as legibly as you used to do: please do not get into a careless way of writing, for your writing used to be *quite perfect*!

PRETORIA, 20th March 1889.

My letters show me that the formidable party against me is in the ascendant, and will crush me if it can. The Queen's private secretary tells me Her Majesty is offended because I said in a letter I wrote to him, that we have never had any substantial reforms in the Army since the Prince Consort died, and that were he living now, Army Reform would be in a very different position. This is certain, for Prince Albert was a very sensible man, and took his own view. The Queen very naturally adopts the Duke of Cambridge's outlook, and because he dislikes the modern views I hold on military subjects, Her Majesty assumes that I am the Radical I am painted. I detest Radicals; men of Mr. Gladstone's stamp are abhorrent to my instinct, they are vestry-men rather than Englishmen. I am a Jingo in the best acceptation of that sobriquet, and yet I am represented as precisely the reverse. I have long had a great veneration for the genius of old Dizzy, and I shall await my fate under his Government with eager curiosity; and I shall be very much surprised if he allows a man, who has scarcely seen a shot fired, to be selected before me as Commander-in-Chief of India.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Billy Russell's letter is a fawning composition: I am glad to hear it has reached home that his abuse of the military is

greatly due to the fact that M'Calmont hid a monkey in his bed. I am very glad you kept Baker from writing in the papers.

FLEMING'S HOTEL, 18th May 1879.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Oh, my dear, I am so tormented and so bewildered by notes and calls and entreaties to serve on Committees. It has been quite maddening ever since you left—the people suck at one for news. Last night I dined with the Trevor Lawrences. A doctory dinner, Priestley, Sir H. Thomson, and young Paget—also the Alma Tademias. Did I tell you that I had drawn up with the latter and am admitted to see his studio and their wonderful house? He has a large window made of onyx and a piano which cost £1000. We will go and see those wonders again together. On Monday I dined with the Reays, and met the new American Minister, Mr. Lowell (he wrote *The Biglow Papers*, which are clever satires, it seems), Piper (the Swede), the Sligos, the Arthur Russells, the Grant Duffs, Lord and Lady Dalrymple, who is very pretty. At Lady Stanhope's I sat between Sir William Rose and Lord Dorchester (who was effervescently chatty), and was introduced to Admiral Potheraud, the new French Ambassador, who praised my French.

There seems no certainty how the elections will go. Neither side seems to make cock-sure. Mr. Dugdale says the worst thing for the country would be the Liberals being returned with a small majority, which would oblige them to open their arms to the Radicals.

I drove to Wimbledon yesterday, and lunched with Fanny, and saw there your dear mother.

HÔTEL DES RÉSERVOIRS, VERSAILLES,

21st July 1879.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I go up to Paris sometimes and have a good look into the shop windows, but I can't detail the bonnets and lingers to you, and I am afraid it would not interest you if I did. I have been to see Madame de Bassano. Such a Heaven-forsaken house as she lives in. It might be "Bleak House." It is by itself at the dreary end of a new street and with a straggling garden round it. She was sitting in the garden—to which a very

unceremonious butler let me find my way myself—with a Yankee-French oldish lady. She had a very shabby black dress on, looked pinched and red-nosed, and no appearance of a baby; however, she told me that she is to be confined in November (of this more anon). Of course they are quite broken by the Prince's death; she said the Marquis must at thirty-five seek a career for himself. What a miserable thing to have hung so completely all one's life on another man's very small chance of success. Then she told me "Jerome" would not go to see the Empress as she had wished after the funeral. He said to the Duc de B.: "I must take my children to London, as they have had nothing to eat all day," and to Princess Mathilde, when she urged him to go: "Je ne veux plus de ces embêtements là." To-day I had a long visit, from 2 till 5.30, from Madame Canrobert. She was very nice and pleasant indeed. You can tell Brack I was charmed with her and it will go back. She had come back to Paris for a few days, after the Chislehurst funeral, to fetch the Maréchal, who, as you know, was not allowed to go to the funeral. We went for a drive together to a very pretty place, "Rocancour," or some such name, belonging to a friend of hers, "Madame Heine," who is a Jewess, immensely rich, famous for her gardens and flowers, and has strawberries at Christmas, not for five, but for five hundred people. She was out, but Madame Canrobert will ask her to call on me. She gave me some interesting particulars of the Queen's visits to the Empress since the death. It appears that the first time she offered to go the Empress civilly excused herself, saying she had seen *no* one. The Queen wrote back to say it was imperative that she should pay the visit, as public opinion required it, so she went. The second time was after the Queen had been looking on at the funeral; she expressed a wish to see the Empress. Madame de Mouchy took the message to the Empress, who excused herself, saying she had seen none of the French royal family. The Queen said, "Je le veux," and, knowing the way to the Empress's room, walked up. When she got to the door the Duc de Bassano said the Empress was in bed, her hair not done; she was wrapped in a woollen *couverture*. The Queen said, "Annoncez-moi," and walked in. Now she has gone a third time since Madame C. left, who felt sure, however, it was a great trial to the Empress. She says the latter was not *beloved* by the Imperialists in the same degree as the Emperor and the son were. Madame Canrobert was

dressed almost like a widow, but her lips painted most vividly, which came off and only remained in occasional red spots during our drive! We talked of Brack; I with great caution only eulogising his great talent, his fine head, and domestic patience. Then she had heard the Prince of Wales had invited some Imperialist gentleman to act for a French Charity before the Prince Imperial was dead a fortnight, and that the Comte in question had written back point-blank to say "H.R.H. must have forgotten the recent death of their beloved Prince." This story I did not believe. The Queen had sent for Madame Canrobert hastily one day, but Madame C. had started already on this return journey to Paris.

The W.O. sent me a printed copy of your official telegram to them, and when the soi-disant copy of it appeared in the papers I was amused to see how they swept away every little fact detrimental to Lord C. out of it—such as his not having communicated with you, etc. I am longing to hear what news your next letter brings, and hoped it might have come before I sent off this, but unless it comes to-morrow morning that will not be the case. The Lawrences have been meeting Major "Serpa Pinto." His boast is that his two years' travel cost only £980, whereas Cameron and Stanley spent nearly £20,000. He lived on a bouillon made of millet, and the product of *la chasse*, and, luckily for himself, is *bon tireur*. I wrote to congratulate Lady Wood, and said I was glad so pretty a name as Evelyn was now public property, and we might *all* call him by it.

VERSAILLES, 30th July 1879.

Lady  
Wolsley.

It is too dreadful to think of your swimming about at Port D. and not being able to land while Chelmsford was marshalling his battalions. I am sure it must have been a great *crève-cœur* to you, though you still have a victory to achieve. We had a *fête de nuit* the other night, the fountains playing by the electric light, and 70,000 oil-lamps formed into arches, besides an *embrasement des bosquets*, which made them look as if they were all on fire at a given moment. Thousands of people came down from Paris for it.

The Hennikers come here next week, and bring two maids and two stalwart footmen to carry the old lady up and down-stairs. My maid looks forward to this in her present exile;

and I saw a look of elation creep into her face when I mentioned them. A brand-new English milord has arrived here, but I have not yet got at his name.

12th August 1879.

Mr. R. Herbert<sup>1</sup> tells me my letters have arrived late for the bag. I really think there must be some Col. Office stupidity, for I post them myself at the Grande Poste in good time, and find the other letters for London arrive punctually. I don't feel as if Cetewayo is done with yet. I always thought it strange of Lord C. to move back immediately after his victory. Really, what poor things battles are nowadays! After preparing for three months they did not fight for much over half an hour!

Lady  
Wolseley.

I must tell you of my Rocquencourt dinner at Madame "Heine's"; she said, "En très petit comité," but as I drove up in my humble cab, two carriages full of people dashed up before me. I was asked for 6 o'clock (though they did not dine till 7.30) that I might see the place. This involved a difficulty in being properly dressed for both occasions—at least, to my English notions it did. The grounds are lovely, so beautifully kept, fine old trees, beautiful flowers, etc. She has wonderful hot-houses, palm-houses, etc., and *such* a cow-house, a perfect drawing-room for the cows, and at the end of it a room panelled with oak and with china plates all over it, and little tables set about with lovely cups and saucers and jugs of fresh milk. The party consisted of eight men and four women, the latter being Madame H., myself, her daughter, the Duchess d'Elchingen, and Madame Barrat, an Englishwoman who had lived entirely abroad and been an "Ambassatrice." The house is charming, luxurious drawing-rooms, one after the other, and lived in. The men, all *bien tenues*, well cravated and in evening dress, were principally Generals and their A.D.C.'s and a Marquis. (I must rise above the Belgian Baron!) The dining-room table laden with flowers, five or six men-servants in knee-breeches and stockings, altogether a good *train de maison*. The old lady is frightful—a Jewess—but a pleasant, genial manner and very unaffected. I sat between a General and a Marquis. The former had been forty times in England for

<sup>1</sup> Younger son of Earl of Carnarvon, Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Colonies, 1871-92.



racés, and could not speak a word of English. The men all *took stock* of me as if I had been a Zulu, but I was dressed just like the other women, so I did not mind. The dinner was good, but *heavy*, very like the dinners at our Belgian Palace feasts. Altogether I was much entertained. Madame Heine has given me her opera-box for to-morrow night, so Mary Tenniker and I are going, escorted by Colonel Greville, equerry to the Duchess of Cambridge.

18 WHITEHALL PLACE,  
30th October 1879.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Our kind friends propose to keep me till the 4th November, when I move to Fleming's. They then go themselves into the country to stay with the *Baronet*. When I look at him I am so glad you are not a Baronet. He is a good creature but pompous, and his "constituents" seems always in his mouth. Dear *Evelyn* came and had a long chat with me. He says his rank is not to be confirmed, *first*, because you were in Zululand (that I think must be his own fancy, for you did not take him there); secondly, because they can't promote him and *not* Lord C. That I should say was the real reason. They tried to make him *refuse* the rank himself, by saying he would lose his money. To *sell* them, he said, "All right, I will lose the money!" But still they wouldn't give it. They then said they could give him a greater choice of appointments if he remained a Colonel. Finally they say they will give him a Brigadier appointment, but that, of course, won't help him to date as a M. General. He said he believed their real reason is they know you will press for Colley being a M. General, and they long to refuse it you, and could not if they had given it to him.

I dine to-night with the Rawlinsons to meet the Bouverie bride, Mrs. Alistair Campbell. To-morrow night with the Cardwells to meet the Biddulphs *only*, as the house is *en papillote*.

We have had two dinner-parties here, and Madame Taglioni was at one. She is a charming and most aristocratic old lady. I am going on Saturday to hear the speeches at Sir Evelyn's Temple dinner. Some women think it *infra dig.* to listen to men's after-dinner speeches!

Captain Fitzgeorge made himself very pleasant the other

evening, but he says Lord G. will not get his £500, as that liberality is to be done away with. I said I thought it should have been abolished before the eventuality arose to prevent disappointment. I heard an amusing story apropos of Fitzes. A General Lord Something FitzClarence was fond of boasting of his descent and dragging it in on all occasions. At a dinner-party his A.D.C. was carving badly. His Lordship called out before every one, "My Royal father always said one proof of being a gentleman was to carve well." The aggrieved A.D.C. replied, "And what did your Royal mother reply on that occasion, sir?" and was dismissed the next day. It may be a Joe Miller, but it is new to me.

FLEMING'S HOTEL, 13th November 1879.

Last Friday I dined with the young MacLeods and met Sir Stafford, who a little depressed me by saying that although your work might possibly be over by middle of January, he doubted whether it would be wise to remove the "pressure of your hand" so soon. Sir S. spoke very nicely of you. Sir Francis Doyle, a jolly, humorous old boy, talked of his son as clever! I said you had told me how deeply and constantly Captain D. studied *The Soldier's Pocket-Book*. I did not say "with his mouth open."

Lady  
Wolseley.

Saturday till Monday I spent at the Hollands' with Lord and Lady Onslow, Mr. Cross, Mr. Welby (Treasury), Mr. Ronald Melville and Captain Jekyll, who had been on the Gold Coast. For a country house party it was better than usual. Mr. Cross appeared to share Sir Stafford's views of your not hastening your return—alas! but I dare say you'll get back in the teeth of them all, won't you? I heard no news except that Lord Derby had on Saturday taken his name off the Carlton, which was considered unnecessary, Mr. Gladstone having left his on for years. Also that on Dizzy being asked when he thought there would be a dissolution, said, "A year is a long time for a man of my age to look forward to Office. It includes the whole official life of a Lord Mayor."

I see Mr. Blackwood is dead. You will be sorry. I dined one night with your "pet aversion." She is not improved, more *manière*, and her face so powdered and one palpitator

cunningly displayed by a fichu which pretended to be put on to conceal the other, but t'other way was the reality.

To-day I had a visit from Col. M'Neill: he was his most pleasant self. He tells me he traced it to a fact that one of the Queen's Household is not friendly to us. Her Majesty said to Col. M'N., "Don't you think it a pity Sir G. was sent out, laying us open to the imputation of having only one General." He argued it out with her that all nations had one leading soldier at a time. The Wood and Buller visit to the Queen and their championship of you did you great good and turned her favour towards you. Sir E. she took to immensely, and his manner was a perfect success; Colonel Buller's good sense also took her fancy. It appears that Sir E. Wood nearly lost his A.D.C. ship by telling John Brown that a friend of his in Zululand, about whom he was inquiring, drinks like a fish. This Sir E. delivered at him looking him straight in the eye. Luckily the A.D.C. ship had been given before, or Colonel M'N. says E. certainly would not have got it. Sir E. tells me, as a secret, that at the Queen's request he takes the Empress to Zululand in February. Sir Stafford told me the other night she was going, but did not say with whom.

I tell you everything *pêle-mêle* as it comes into my mind, so jump now to the fact that all our Cyprus things are at the Baker Street bazaar.

FLEMING'S HOTEL, 4th December 1879.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Did I tell you I travelled down to the Trevor Lawrences' with Sir C. and Lady Ellice? He was quite civil and conversable! He had in his dispatch box the *Daily Tel.* article of that day (22nd) from Billy Russell, denouncing the British troops in Zulu as being burglars, rioters, etc. The Duke, in frantic excitement over it, had given it to him to read! I thought "Charlie" meant it to be a dig at *you*, so I bowled it back at him by saying, "It must concern you narrowly, as your chief office is the discipline of the Army." She never spoke, and never took her eyes off me and my clothes. Mr. Corney Grain was staying with the Lawrences, and a Mr. Jeune, who it seems is the rising barrister (especially in Maconochie cases) and it is supposed will attain the Woolsack.\*

Newton has sent me two volumes of *Eastern Travel*. I have invited him to a friendly "crumpet."

## FLEMING'S HOTEL, 4th December 1879.

You will be amused to hear that I have been undergoing a course of professional beauties. I went to the Millais wedding with Lady Westbury. Of course the beauties were there. Mrs. Langtry in a red gown like a pillar-box (spite and envy, you will say). Mrs. Wheeler is quite lovely and Lady Walter Campbell's face is quite beautiful, classical, distinguished, and with great calmness and repose in it. The Russian Ambassador and the Spanish Minister are two worshippers, but she is a very devoted wife. Now I must leave the Millais affair and tell you how R. S. let me in last Sunday, and how angry I am still about it. I met him on Sunday morning, and after preliminaries, he said, "What are you doing this evening?" I said, "Nothing." Can you fancy a woman of my age being such a donkey as not to guess he was going to ask me to dinner? He said, "Come and dine to-night, will you not? You will meet Mrs. L." I couldn't say I was engaged, and remembering that our civilities to them had been scant, and that he evidently wanted a woman to make up a party, I thought I would oblige him by accepting. Accordingly I went. Mrs. L. and I were the only women, and there were two men. The dulllest of dull evenings, and I feeling the whole time that I had been entrapped to give the lady a "countenance." She and our host sat behind my back after dinner and whispered, and she made him turn out all the gas so that we sat almost in the dark by the glimmer of the firelight and one lamp. Why the dickens did they not ask a woman who might have carried on with one of the other young men? I jumped up the instant the brougham was announced, and beat a retreat, but I thought 10.30 would never come.

I hear that the Emperor of Russia is to marry a Mlle Dolgorouki if the Empress dies. Alfred Austin has written a comedy which all managers praise, but won't put on the stage!! I am to read it, but it is a secret, not being yet published. The Woods and Chelmsfords (wives included) were to have dined and slept at Windsor this week, but the Queen has been ill and it has been indefinitely postponed in consequence.

The money left to Sir H. Havelock's son is tied up so that not a penny can be spent, except on improvements to the estate, for twenty-one years.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

24th December 1879.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I have just heard that the post is made up to-day for the Cape, to-morrow being Christmas Day. I had intended writing you a long letter this evening, and instead here I am scrambling you off a few hurried lines to tell you I am *proud* of your coup; the news of which reached us on Monday, and hope you will now be back *very* soon.

"By her who in this month is born  
No gem save Garnet shall be worn;  
They will ensure her constancy,  
True friendship and fidelity."

This was in that little book for January. Most appropriate to me.

FLEMING'S, 29th January 1880.

Lady  
Wolseley.

This week a multitude of counsellors in your affairs. Dear Evelyn wires to you to come to some understanding with old *Beac.* about India being really yours, when it falls due, before you consented to remain in Natal any longer. *His* idea is that the *Horse Guards* clique are delighted about your detention, because the Duke hopes that Sir Frederick Haines may chuck up or have to be recalled before you get back to England, and that would be an excuse for putting in another man. I think this is only a scare of Evelyn's. The Empress, with the Woods, Mrs. Ronald Campbell, the Marquis de Bassano, and little Mr. Bigge,<sup>1</sup> who is a good singer as well as a good soldier, start for Natal on Good Friday, 28th March. They will be absent, voyages included, four months. She retains her ship, and it takes them direct to Natal—not changing vessels at the Cape—and brings her home again. This is to cost her £700, and the native cost of the journey is estimated at £2000. Poor woman, a sad way of spending it.

I had a windy, watery letter from Lady F. congratulating on Sekukuni's capture.

FLEMING'S HOTEL, 5th February 1880.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Here is the opening of Parliament. I should like you to be present, and the Queen, to announce in her speech that you are to be *Viscount Cannock*, with a modest pension

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards first Lord Stamfordham.

of £3000 a year. Lord Airey brought me your last letter to him to read, and we had a long chat over it. Like every one else, he is most anxious you should reconcile yourself to staying where you are for the present. I quite made him understand the situation that if you had occupation you would willingly stay, but that it is hard to stay doing nothing. However, he thinks it best to stay *even* doing nothing, as your hasty return would make you, so unpopular with the Ministers.

Last night I went to an Admiralty party—a dull and ugly affair, the fog being dense, and preventing people coming. Mr. Smith was very nice and cordial to me, but *firm* about the necessity of staying out. It is so inadvisable to have a grievance, and my grievance would have so little effect on their allowing you to return that I said, though personally anxious to be at home, what you had most at heart was the public service, and you would not wish to leave unless you thought your stay useless. He said you had a great deal of civil work to carry out yet! Harry Northcote<sup>1</sup> told me I must not expect to see you before the end of May! How will this fit in with your being made Q.M.G., as Lysons replaces Steele the middle of April?

FLEMING'S HOTEL, 12th February 1880.

Mr. Stephen paid me a visit yesterday, and I read him out portions of your last letter, in which you set forth the utter L  
Wo idleness of your present exile; but, while agreeing that it was a great trial for you, he said it was necessary, as the British public would otherwise get up a cry that you were returning without finishing your task, and that would be prejudicial not only to you but to the Ministry. *He* thinks the Government will take advantage of the impression produced by the Liverpool election, and that a dissolution will soon take place, also it is necessary that the obstruction to business of the Home Rulers should be put a stop to, and they have made themselves lately so obnoxious even to their own side that they have played into the hands of the Government. He, Mr. S., thinks the Conservatives are sure to come in again, but—oh dear! one never knows.

I send by this mail a *Quarterly*, with an article by Alfred

<sup>1</sup> Second son of first Earl of Iddesleigh; created Lord Northcote.

Austin, called the "Credentials of the Opposition." He says Lord B. praised it most highly, and as he patronisingly said—"wrote very *prettily* to me about it." I thought that so conceited that I gave him a snub by return of post. I said I thought the praise *prettily* conveyed might suit Violet Fane's poems, but that Lord B. had underrated his production if he afforded it only such a measure of praise.

You will be interested to hear I have struck up an acquaintance with Sir C. Dilke! I met him at dinner at the Lawrences', and liked him. He did not attack me about your *Cetewayo man hunt*. I have invited his little boy to come and play with F., and Sir C. "wishes to come and play too." I hope we shall not drink in Radical principles.

FLEMING'S HOTEL, 26th February 1880.

Lady  
Wolseley.

On Friday, at Lady Margaret Beaumont's, Sir C. Ellice told me that you had sent a settling answer to Billy's accusations, but he said he (Sir C.) wished you had sent it to *him* instead of to Colonel Stanley. I have no doubt you did what was wisest. Old Solvyns came and talked to me about the tender recollection their Belgian Majesties still have of us. You will be sorry to hear poor Sir Frederick and Lady Elliot died last week at Cairo of fever, within a few days of one another.

Gordon Ives is marrying a very pretty Miss Pulleyne, one of two attractive sisters. The Empress has seen Lady Wood and given her several presents of dresses suitable for the journey. The Woods are basking in the sunshine! Lady W. went to last week's Drawing-Room, where all the Royalties shook hands with her, and the Queen smiled and shook hands with her after she had kissed her hand! Sir E. has twice been asked to dine with the Duke, and last week at Marlborough House.

FLEMING'S HOTEL, 11th March 1880.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Two days ago I was quite inspired by your telegram saying you accepted the Q.M.Generalship, because I know that is vacant on the 1st of May, and I hoped your acceptance put a date to your return. *Now* I find, by your telegram to-day, you are put off again till the 1st of July! Captain Maurice

has just been here and says he knows privately that Sir Bartle has been able during the last few days to send home such a promising scheme for Confederation that Sir G. C. may not go out to Natal after all, but that it (Natal) will be under Sir Bartle.

I had a nice visit from Lady Burdett-Coutts, who thanked me profusely for *Cetewayo's tooth*. I did not undeceive her, for a Lion's claw would have seemed nothing by comparison.

People are already asking if I can make dinner engagements for you ahead. Mr. Vincent wants you to meet Duke of Teck, Cardinal Manning, and an illustrious fourth.

12th May 1880.

I have seen Lord Cardwell, who said that, had the late Government remained in, Sir Charles Ellice would probably have got India; but the present political party would think otherwise. He seemed to think it a great advantage Sir John Adye is to be General of the Ordnance. He made no comment on the Childers appointment, but spoke of the Government's possible wish to appear to represent military interests in the Upper House.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

Fancy George Eliot having married again within a year of Mr. Lewes's death! I remember being told then that her grief was so great that her screams were heard in the next street.

PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL,  
18th February 1880.

A mail *via* Zanzibar leaves this for England to-day, so although I wrote to you two days ago by the ordinary post, I do not like to let any opportunity pass of sending you a line without availing myself of it. Our dinner-party on Monday evening was a *rummy-tummy* affair, as it poured with rain when the people were due, and consequently some did not come at all, others arrived in the middle and towards the end of dinner, whilst some who did put in an appearance were more like drowned rats than Christian diners-out. There was an Irish-woman with remarkably good eyes and a very fetching figure whom I took in to dinner and who made eyes, even at me, in a most languishing manner. Her husband is a little insignificant-

*Lord  
Wolseley.*



looking squireen, who has come here to see if it would suit him to settle. She made love to me in quite a pleasant manner, but I remembered that I was born in 1833, a fact that is always before me when handsome women are anxious to be kind. Since I wrote to you on Monday this infernal cable has parted, and Heaven knows when we may again be in telegraphic communication with Downing Street.

MARITZBURG, *Sunday, 18th April 1880.*

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I was very glad to see your name in the *Times* as having dined with the Stanhopes, and to find from your letter, received by the last post, that you enjoyed your party there very much. Since then, my dear, what a bouleversement of all one's plans and views and ideas is caused by the elections and their result. Was there ever such a collapse as this of the Conservatives, so unexpected and so complete—far greater even than Gladstone's in 1874? As there was to be a change of Government, I am at least delighted to find that the new lot came in with a large majority entirely independent of the Irish vote. From a personal point of view, of course, these professors who are now coming into office are less disposed to fight than the Tory party, and therefore I am not so likely to have a command in the field under Gladstone and Granville as I was under Dizzy and Salisbury; but the latter shrank from Army Reform as it was unpopular in aristocratic circles, whereas the Liberals will probably again take it up, and if they do, will look to me for advice.

1880-1882

[SIR GARNET WOLSELEY returned from South Africa in July 1880, and with a very brief interval for leave took up the duties of Quartermaster-General. For nearly two years he was very rarely separated from Lady Wolseley, and their letters were very few, except on the occasion of Sir Garnet attending the Duke of Cambridge to German manoeuvres and Berlin.]

## CHAPTER VI

HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE, DUSSELDORF,  
*Tuesday, 7th September 1880.*

We intend sleeping here to-night and going on to Berlin in the morning. There is an "Exposition Industrielle" going on here, so when we have dined at 1.30 p.m. I intend having a look at it. I wish you were here with me to see it, as I have no real enjoyment in life when separated from you.

Lord  
Wolseley.

BERLIN, *Friday, 10th September 1880.*

Yesterday I dined with the Emperor ; we English were the only foreigners who did so, and the reason was because the Duke of Cambridge was the guest of honour. As at Brussels, we were all drawn up in two lines in the ante-chamber, and the Emperor and Empress made a tour round us. She is certainly the most forbidding-looking mortal I have ever laid eyes on ; she is old, with a skin something of the colour of mustard. She is scraggy and was very *décolletée*, with her face covered with powder, and a pair of painted eyebrows ! She wore a tiara, or rather a stiff band of diamonds and emeralds, round her hair, in which—the *chevelure*—there was no sign of grey, and her neck was covered with strings of large pearls and uncut emeralds of great size. She is said to be very clever, and in former times

Lord  
Wolseley.

had a great contempt for her husband ; after she had had, I believe, two children, she decided upon not sleeping any more with her spouse, and the result was that he had a number of little affairs, and had the reputation of being *un homme galant*. Now that he has become a great Emperor they are supposed to be a devoted couple. Hideous though she be, she certainly has the ability to make herself very agreeable and to say the right thing, for I never had such compliments paid to me by any one else. She was about to pass me, having said in very good English how delighted she was to see so many English officers, when my name caught her ear, and she paused in a theatrical manner and heaped compliments upon compliments on my head, until I felt my hair stand on end. She seemed somehow to attach more importance to my services than our own Queen does. The Emperor, who only speaks French, was also most gracious, and talked to me of Chelmsford's disastrous campaign, and the Crown Prince was amiability itself ; he is so like the very best stamp of Englishman in manners—a royal Sir James Lindsay !—I can say nothing higher in any man's praise. I was the only person with whom he "drank wine" at dinner, and there were about thirty-four there. Somehow the Duke seems to have a kinder feeling for me, seeing how well I am treated here.

THE KAISERHOF, BERLIN,  
11th September 1880.

Lord  
Wolseley.

It is now nearly time to dress for 5 o'clock dinner with the Emperor. Last night all the foreign officers and most of the Generals of Germany who belong to this part of Prussia dined at the Old Palace with the Emperor. We sat down to dinner some 150 at least (I should say 175)—all sorts of Royalties there. The Crown Princess was very gracious. I saw her again to-day, and she looked so bright and well. After dinner yesterday, we were taken to the Opera House, where there was the dullest and ugliest ballet I ever saw. I was bored beyond measure, but no one could leave until the Emperor left. He is wonderful for his eighty-four years. After the ballet I went to Lady Walsham's—she is the wife of the Secretary of the Embassy—where I found Lord and Lady Tenterden. Every one asked me where you were and had expected you to come with me.

THE KAISERHOF, BERLIN,  
Monday, 13th September 1880.

I am jabbering away at French all day, to my shame. You really might teach me to speak ; you could do so simply by giving yourself the trouble to speak to me in French constantly: it would be the making of me. I was astonished to-day, when riding with Lord Dufferin at the great review of the Guard Corps, to find he expressed himself in French with considerable difficulty, and I am told he cannot speak a word of German ; yet he is an ambassador ! He left this afternoon for England.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I have just come back from another great dinner with the Emperor. I believe—and hope—it is the last of the “banquets.” The King and Queen of Greece arrived here last night ; they sat nearly opposite to me this evening. T.R.H. the Christians also arrived yesterday ; she sat on the immediate left of the Emperor. I had a long audience of H.R.H. of Cambridge this afternoon, having some business papers to show him : as a *secret* I may tell you he is extremely exercised in his mind about an offer made to him by the Emperor that he should be given a Regiment in this army. He asked me my opinion, and I told him I hoped he would be able to find a way to refuse it : he has telegraphed to the Queen and is in hopes that she may say he cannot accept, as she would not allow the Prince of Wales to take one. The Duke is afraid his mother will be very angry with him if he accepts, as she detests these Prussians. I told him that, in my opinion, they had behaved so disgracefully about Hanover that the English should never forgive him. I have always felt this, for although I am no courtier, I stand by the rights of our Royal Family, and regard any insult to them as one offered to us as a nation. Indeed, I have long hoped that the day might come when, as a people, we should be able to pay Mister Bismarck off in his own coin for the way he dared to insult England in this Hanoverian matter.

THE KAISERHOF, BERLIN,  
17/9/80.

I am leaving Wardrop at Cologne to visit the Cavalry manoeuvres. To-night I dine with the Bunsens—Bunsen's

Lord  
Wolseley.

father was minister in England for several years. Old Houghton is staying with them. Paul Methuen, who is the very able military attaché here, is such a nice fellow and cannot really do too much for one ; only he "spoils the market " by saying, " Oh, how pretty ! " when he goes to curiosity shops with me, and I want to tell the dealers their prices are too high. The Princess Royal rode to-day, her horse caparisoned with a saddle-cloth and all the trappings of her Hussar Regiment. The Duke of Cambridge now tells me the Queen has refused to allow him to accept a Regiment, but the Emperor has to-day sent him his own private family Order.

THE LORD WARDEN HOTEL,  
DOVER, 4/10/80.

Lord  
Wolsley.

We have had a detestable day of it, and I am in misery as I write now. To begin with the present : having arrived here wet and cold, I was shown into a desolate-looking bedroom that had not even a writing-table. I told the housemaid to light the fire ; she did so and the result was that in a minute or so my room was full of smoke, and I had first to open the window, then the door, and at last to go out into the passage until the infernal fire could be extinguished. There was no poker or other fire-irons, one bedroom candlestick with about two and a half inches of candle in it, and one china candlestick with the same amount of burning material, both candles being as thin as tapers.

Well, to begin with, it rained on us during the infernal review, and we reached dear Evelyn's house with our feathers rather ruffled. Oh, such a house ! ! . . . Lady Wood received H.R.H., and then disappeared, a large party going in to lunch. Oh, such a lunch ! ! ! I thought of my whippersnapper as I shuddered at its appearance. We had *pork* cutlets, and *inter alia* large dishes of cauliflowers with no butter on them, sweet champagne, and filth of every description. A lot of noisy servants who rattled the plates and knives until at last I thought I was in a railway refreshment room, and we were all eating the usual railway fare at the usual waiting-room pace. Dear Evelyn, perfectly contented with everything, not hearing the noise and quite indifferent himself to what he ate or drank.

It is blowing like the devil and we are sure to have a wet day to-morrow ; this is the equinox, I presume—a nice time for their foolish inspections.

MORTON HALL, LIBERTON, N.B.,  
*Wednesday.*

I hope the enclosed will meet with your approval : I wish I had had you by me to help me with the composition. *Lord  
Wolseley.*

*Copy.*

*24th August 1881.*

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—Pray accept my best thanks for the cheque, which I have sent to the Princess Edward at Portsmouth, to be used by her for the benefit of the soldiers' families now there awaiting the arrival of the regiments from the Transvaal.

I am sincerely grateful for the kind promise contained in your letter : on national grounds I deeply deplore that the present state of Ireland should cause you so much anxiety, whilst for personal reasons—and it would not be insincere on my part were I to attempt to conceal the fact—I regret extremely that it should be the cause of postponing the honour for which you wish to recommend me.

*23rd August 1881.*

DEAR MR. CHILDERS,—I had a note from Mr. Gladstone yesterday evening, in which he tells me that he finds it necessary to postpone making me a peer for the present, but that his promise on the subject still holds good.

When Sir H. Ponsonby, by order of the Queen, spoke to me on the subject, he said that H.M.'s only objection to my being made a peer was my holding the position of Q.M.G. If I were not Q.M.G., she would have no objection whatever. I hope you will pardon me for suggesting that I should be given some other military employment. The post I now

hold is a sinecure. When the functions allotted to the Q.M.G. were taken from him in 1871-72, the post itself was retained merely as a concession to the wishes of the Duke—a point upon which, I think, Lord Northbrook can give you the fullest information. I have long felt that I occupy an anomalous position at Army Headquarters, and I know that were my post abolished things would go much more smoothly than at present, for I am certainly a fifth wheel to the military coach. Holding the Liberal views that I do, I can do very little good under an Adjt.-General of the Duke's selection, and if my office were abolished, a considerable saving would be effected.

Lord Napier's time at Gibraltar will be up very shortly, and if you thought me worthy to succeed him, I should be very glad indeed under present circumstances to exchange my position as Q.M.G. for that of Governor of that place. In that position, from what Sir H. Ponsonby told me, I am sure the Queen would withdraw all her opposition to my being made a peer, and I could then take part in Army discussion in the House of Lords, as Lord Napier has been in the habit of doing. Indeed, I feel that I should then be a much freer man and better able to help you than I should ever be as a peer occupying my present position as Q.M.G.

Please forgive this long letter, and believe me, etc.,

G. W.

HULL, 29th August 1881.

Lord  
Wolseley.

A long tedious journey of five hours, and then this dirty town of Hull. I took a running look over it for half an hour, but was driven in by the rain. The place looks as if rain never ceased, though with no cleansing properties. I have already flattened my nose against the window of a curiosity shop, but I saw nothing promising within.

Lord H. talked grandly of going down to shoot somewhere—I forget now where—but in his *get up* he was smarter than ever. This is the man who is being supported by his friends, and who, according to report, condescends to borrow five-pound notes from a poor brother of his. To some men ruin seems to bring a renewed term of flashing existence.

## HARTLEPOOL,

*Friday Morning, 2nd September 1881.*

I never travelled through an uglier part of England than that we have visited for the last two days, and the towns and villages are the most vulgar-looking, uninteresting places I have ever seen in this country. I could not have imagined that the United Kingdom possessed such, unredeemingly hideous houses and streets as those of Hartlepool, Hull, etc. The old churches are, however, very beautiful, showing us that whilst the moderns of the present day are vulgar-minded in their tastes, and devoid of all love of beauty, their forefathers knew how to build lovely places of worship. Even here in this most hideous of towns there is a charming old church which would please you very much. We are now just off for Sunderland, one of the filthiest towns, I believe, in England, and to-morrow we go on to Newcastle, where we shall stay over Sunday to discuss what we have seen, and to visit Durham Cathedral.

Lord  
Wolseley.EDINBURGH, *Monday, 5th September.*

We arrived here this morning, and go on to Glasgow to-morrow; I do all I can to hurry my fellow-Committee men forward, but to no purpose: the two Admirals are dawdlers, who like to see every point, and to talk over every little question for hours if not for days. If I had had my way I should have left to-night; had I been alone, I could have done everything that has been done by a travelling committee, and saved public expense.

Lord  
Wolseley.GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH,  
*Sunday Evening, 9th April 1882.*

I have been out for a drive this afternoon with Princess Edward, and have now just come back from a smart walk of nearly two hours—thank Heaven, by myself. Last night, after dinner, the Prince of Wales and a large party went off to a smoking concert; the Duke of Cambridge did not go, so I stayed at home and we smoked in solemn silence. The place is full of people and volunteers; great triumphal arches in the streets, and flags from every house; crowds of people waiting outside the door to see the distinguished people go in and out. There is no lack of exuberance, but perhaps Jumbo or Cetewayo would

Lord  
Wolseley.



## 68 THE LETTERS OF LORD AND LADY WOLSELEY

attract as much attention. Our weather is lovely, nothing could be finer. The Duke is not at all well, and is very anxious about a friend who has the measles internally or somewhere.

A reigning beauty here lunched with us to-day, and sat next the Prince of Wales, into whose face she looked every moment, with what she evidently, but erroneously, thought was an irresistible smile.

1882

[IN 1882 a rebellion broke out in Egypt against the Khedive Tewfik, the ringleader, Arabi Pasha,<sup>1</sup> claiming to represent a Nationalist movement. The necessity of suppressing this outbreak acted as a solvent of the Anglo-French "Condominium" in Egypt, France hesitating to intervene effectively, and England deeming the crushing of the revolt an absolute necessity for the security of her high road to India. From that moment the establishment of British supremacy in Egypt became inevitable.

The setting up of Arabi's dictatorship and the mutiny and massacre at Alexandria were followed within a month by the British Fleet's bombardment of the city and the landing of a naval force. Three days later, Sir Archibald Alison brought a contingent of British troops from Malta and Gibraltar to await the arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley,<sup>1</sup> who on 3rd July was appointed to take supreme command of the expedition.

The Commander-in-Chief elect caught a severe chill when paying a farewell visit to the Sovereign at Osborne. He was seriously indisposed for some days, and was eventually only permitted by his medical advisers to assume command in the field if he would proceed to Egypt by long sea route.]

## CHAPTER VII

ON BOARD THE "CALABRIA,"  
Wednesday, 2/8/82.

I am safely here, my dear little wife, after a drive and a temperature that rivalled that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. My cabin is sumptuous, and I was in it from the brougham in a skip and a jump. This is a splendid ship, full of *Life Guardsmen*—what a valuable cargo! I have tried *not* to think of you, as my eyes fill unpleasantly when I do so—you are such a plucky little woman, far more so than I am as a man. Give Frances a

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Garnet was appointed A.G. in April 1882.

kiss for me, and tell her she must have her pony even if Arabi's nose escapes my pruning-knife.

ON BOARD THE "CALABRIA,"

Wednesday Evening, 2/8/82.

Lord  
Wolseley.

There is a still mightier pill on board than the "Field-Marshal," to whom I have unbosomed, or rather unbowelled, myself for his inspection. He has a red face, is fat, his uniform seemed tight and to oppress him in this hot weather, he smelt strongly of a pipe, but is very efficient. He says I must now live well, as I have no more fever, and I was really very *hungry* at half-past five, when Henry announced my dinner ready. I ate—not tasted, as I have hitherto done—a fried sole, with jelly to follow—during the day I had previously consumed a whole bunch of your excellent grapes. I miss you, and I reproach myself with having been so often cross when you were so kind. The doctor said I must not work my brain, but might read light literature.

ON BOARD THE "CALABRIA"—AT SEA,

11th August 1882.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Please buy me a French Ollendorf and key, the smaller size the better for my purpose. I shall telegraph to Childers to-morrow from Malta that I am *completely* recovered, and ask him to tell you. I am grateful to God for this mercy to me.

If we can get away from Malta about 5 p.m. to-morrow, we should be at Alexandria on Tuesday evening, four days later than if I had gone in the *Salamis*. I am afraid that my illness will have had a very injurious effect upon the campaign, as Northbrook and the Navy will have been allowed to seize upon Ismailia before we were ready; however, I shall not bore you with military discussions.

Tell Frances that I pay "Evelyn" a daily visit and give him five lumps, because my other horse has not yet learnt to appreciate sugar; his coat is coming off very freely, but the heat down between-decks is generally 100° during the day, enough to bring off the hair in handfuls. Then I have made friends with a white terrier dog, an ugly beast, but very

affectionate; he followed the men as a stranger on board. I hope he may live to march through London at the head of his regiment when they return to Knightsbridge Barracks. Every one has been very nice to me on board, and Herbert Stewart has been a real brother; I think you might write her a few lines to say how grateful you felt to her husband for all he had done for me. The Viceroy would not hear of her leaving the house, which, I believe, stands in the grounds of the Viceregal Lodge. This shows you how much Lord Spencer liked Stewart. I must now get up and wash my vile body, as I write this in bed before breakfast. My new man, Smith, is a great success; having been a soldier, he knows soldiers well, which is a great advantage; he is a first-rate nurse, so attentive and kind. Henry looks subdued; he pines perhaps after the society of the good-looking housemaid, or possibly his meals are not to his liking; he is still quite the London footman, with his elbows stuck out from his sides and with that pompous walk which belongs to the race.

THE PALACE, MALTA,  
12th August 1882.

We landed here this morning, and are off again in a few hours. I have just seen Wood and Sir E. Hamley, who are now starting for Alexandria: they will be there a few hours before me. I am afraid that when the Turkish troops land in Alexandria, Arabi, seeing the game is up, will surrender to the Turkish General. This will be unfortunate politically, and very unsatisfactory to us as an army. I wish I could jump to Alexandria; every day now is of vital consequence. I have just done a foolish thing: I have bought you some Spanish point lace—four yards, very deep flounce, and four yards of trimming—£50. I think it best to tell you what I gave. I never saw such beautiful lace, and if I have been taken in, I cannot help it. If you don't like it, sell it (I think you ought to get £100 for it at home), and buy yourself a bracelet.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

ON BOARD H.M. "SALAMIS," ALEXANDRIA,  
17th August 1882.

I lived in a whirl here yesterday, and I have got up at half-past five to write this, for by and by I know I shall not have a moment. I am as fit as a "fiddle." I never was a fiddle, and

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I hate fiddlers, so I am not quite sure of what health that expression represents, but at any rate I am fit for work, no matter how hard.

On entering the harbour on Tuesday evening we very nearly came to grief for at a very critical point in the navigation our rudder chain broke, and our lubbers of merchant seamen were a long time in rigging the "relieving tackle." However, the ship, she carried Cæsar and his fortunes, and Cæsar has great confidence in his future.

I enclose a telegram received from the Queen ; please keep it for my return. The Royal attention came a little late.\* We are loyal in every fibre and every thought to the Crown of England, but it is difficult to forget the Queen's attitude to us both hitherto.

We lost two horses during the voyage, one an officer's charger, the other a trooper ; the former was, I think, the nicest horse on board, taking him all round. I was down below feeding Sir Evelyn with sugar when he died in front of me. Poor brute ! he died hard and in pain ; the heat below where he was at the time was very great. I could not help feeling, when I saw him thrown overboard, that we ought to have read a burial service, of which he was far more worthy than many of our "*dear brothers here departed.*"

Well, yesterday was a busy day indeed. First of all, Sir E. Malet came to see me : he has just been appointed "*minister plenipotentiary,*" which gives him precedence of the Admiral and me. I then went to see the Admiral,<sup>1</sup> the "swell of the ocean," whom I knew of old, a very good fellow, and with whom I shall get on swimmingly. Then I went to pay my respects to the Khedive. I had a pretty long conversation with him in my best French, and by avoiding complicated idioms, I got on very well. He is a very nice-mannered fellow, and extremely civil ; he comes on board here to-day at 10 a.m. to return my visit. Then I lunched with the Admiral on the *Helicon*, and arranged my plan of campaign, or rather for opening the ball. We leave here on Saturday, avowedly for the purpose of landing at Aboukir, and of attacking Arabi's position near this, but really to go down the canal to seize Ismailia. I expect to have my first skirmish with the enemy next Sunday, which I hope may be a successful one. God grant it may be so.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Beauchamp Seymour, created first Lord Alcester.

However, the telegraph will have forestalled anything I can tell you on this point, so I shall go on to my doings here. After I had made all my arrangements for this Canal business, I drove to the position we occupy outside Alexandria in front of that held by Arabi, where horses had been ordered to meet us. I found the Duke of Connaught and all his Staff awaiting my arrival; he is burnt as brown as a saddle—I mentioned his *colouring* in my answer to the Queen—which I addressed to H. Ponsonby. We rode about, and I did the "Commander-in-Chief," putting on an air as I looked towards the enemy that would have done credit to Napoleon as he was crossing the Alps. I then returned on board ship to dress and dine with Beauchamp Seymour. The heat here is nothing like what it was in Cyprus.

What an epigrammatic note yours was to the Duchess of Teck. I am going to appoint Teck to be assistant to Mathieson, who is Commandant at Headquarters.

I must now close this as I have yet to write to Childers and to the Duke, and, if possible, to the Prince of Wales.

My best love to Frances; tell her the donkeys are not much bigger than large dogs here, and yet they are cruelly made to carry heavy loads.

ALEXANDRIA, 18th August 1882.

We start from here to-morrow at noon for Aboukir Bay, where the fleet and all the transports carrying the first Division will anchor at 4 p.m. to-morrow to pretend landing there during the night to attack Arabi's position in front of this place on Tuesday morning. Every one here believes we intend doing so: only about three people amongst the soldiers are in the secret, and I have completely befuddled the "press" gang, who have, I know, telegraphed home that we mean to land at Aboukir. I suppose they will be furious when they find how they have been taken in, but if I can take them in, I may take in Arabi also. On Sunday evening I hope to be at Ismailia, although I have to-day heard that a French ship has been run aground. I presume done by Mr. Lesseps on purpose to impede our advance. He has been most inimical to us, and has evinced an animus that is quite curious. It is no easy matter getting 30,000 men to a point with only a canal as a means of approach.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Long before this can reach you, the result of our operations will be known all over Europe.

ISMAILIA, 26th August 1882.

Lord  
Wolsley.

We have had two hard days of it. I shall not touch on military details, but I have been very fortunate, and now hold a position far in advance of what I expected to have occupied for at least a week hence. I cannot, however, go farther for ten days or a fortnight yet, but when I do advance I hope I shall not have to halt again until I reach the neighbourhood of Cairo, when we shall have finished the campaign.

The Duke of Connaught was *hors de combat* yesterday when I left him : a heavy march in the sun, no dinner, and a bad bivouac had done him up. I hear he came to time again in the evening. M'Neill was as cheery as a sandboy, and said the Prince would be all right again when he had had something to eat and a few hours' rest.

I am forced to leave Wood behind in Alexandria ; he will fume, but I cannot help it. He is the junior Major-General commanding a Brigade, and he commands the Junior Brigade. He can write dispatches home about the doings there, but I am afraid he will miss the big coup here, and am very sorry for him.

ISMAILIA, 28th August 1882.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Marching over the desert during the day at this season of the year is very trying : the wind strikes your face at times as if it were coming out of a furnace. My poor nose has blossomed into a sort of half fungus, half cauliflower.

I saw Baker Russell, who is now a Brigadier-General, at the outposts ; he had not shaved for three days nor changed any of his things ; he had just got some tea, the first he had had for a few days, and his breakfast consisted of very dirty-looking rice, boiled in an Egyptian pot, and a little filthy treacle which he had found in the Egyptian camp the Cavalry had captured. The camp abounded in very nice Eastern carpets, of which Colonel Stewart said he would keep a couple for you. They looked rather "flea-y."

I receive such nice telegrams from the Queen, and have had a very flattering one from Childers sent to me in her name and

on behalf of the Government. I met "my dear son Arthur" yesterday, who was looking very well.

ISMAILIA, 31st August 1882.

After my alarm last night I was up at 1 a.m., when Mr. Lagden, correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, came into my room with Maurice (who was at boiling pitch of excitement). "Good news, sir; we have had a brilliant success." He then gave me in detail his news, how Baker Russell had charged, etc. etc. I am told that Baker's word of command, "*Household Cavalry, charge!*" was like thunder. He led them like a man. I wonder he was not bowled over, as he was a most remarkable object, being the only man with a white jacket on. His horse was killed, but they tell me that when on foot he laid well about him, killing two or three of the enemy.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I left here, thanking God, at 2 a.m., and reached Graham's camp early in the morning, saw the wounded, and heard the various stories of the men engaged. I got back here about 8 p.m., having been about seventeen hours in the saddle: not so bad in this climate.

Have just received a telegram from Sir R. Thompson<sup>1</sup> from which I gather H.R.H. is furious at my making Baker Russell a Brigadier. I have quite enough big difficulties here without having to fight little difficulties raised in the Horse Guards. When it can be asserted that I have appointed a bad man to an office, it will be time to find fault with my selections. Jackson, our doctor, tells me that Teck, when under a sharp fire the other day, discussed the ring he would like to have on his finger, if he should be buried here. His heart is good if his health is bad. I shall be curious to see the newspapers about Household Cavalry: they can be laughed at no longer; I believe they will owe the continuance of their existence to my bringing them here and pushing them well to the front. They certainly are the best troops in the world; at least, none could be better.

ISMAILIA, 7th September 1882.

I have resolved upon fighting Arabi next Tuesday or Wednesday, perhaps on both days, for he has two lines of entrenchments, and he may take two days' hammering. I am so

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Permanent Under-Secretary for War, 1878-95.



afraid he may bolt after the first day's work that I may possibly push on to make only one day's work of it. I long for a real success to make the world feel that England has a lot left in her, and that her soldiers' strength and courage is unaffected by the influence of Radicalism. (The band of a regiment close by is playing "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," an air that I am very fond of.) Before this reaches you the news of our fight will have reached you with its disquieting "butcher's bill," over which Mr. John Bull rather gloats, and thinks, when the list is a long one, that he has had something for his money. And yet how much pleasanter is death from clean bullet wounds than from loathsome diseases. To be killed in the open air with the conviction you are dying for your country, how different from rotting to death in a hospital, or dying like a consumptive girl in an artificially heated room. I am no great lover of life, but I should like to do something for England before I die, and at best this Egyptian affair cannot be much. Besides, I should like to have one good triumph over those who have striven hard to hunt me down for some years past. The weather here becomes cooler every day, and except that exertion in the sun is trying, this is a charming climate. I have four foreigners—representatives of France, Germany, Russia, and the United States—coming to live upon me, so I have asked Teck to look after them: they are, I am sorry to say, to live at my expense, and we shall have the same kitchen, but they won't dine at my table, which will be a comfort. It would be unbearable to have a *bundle* of foreigners listening to all one said at every meal; one might as well be at your Kursaal without any of its amusing incidents. FitzGeorge manages my mess and does it very well.

CAMP KASSASSIN LOCH, 22 MILES WEST OF ISMAILIA,

*Sunday, 10th September 1882.*

*Lord  
Wolsley.*

Early yesterday morning I heard from Willis<sup>1</sup> that the enemy was coming on, and that he had ordered up the Guards Brigade. I put self and Staff into a train, and upon arrival here found Methuen with one of his horses, which I mounted and trotted out about 3½ miles to where I found Willis and all his force, the enemy having been driven back into their

<sup>1</sup> Sir Frederick Willis commanded 1st Division.

works at Tel-el-Kebir ; we took four guns and killed a lot of them—our losses were small. The poor Guards Brigade marched all through the heat of the day, and came in in the evening very tired and bivouacked for the night. I went down from my camp to see them, and met the Duke of Connaught. He is really one of the most active Brigadiers I have, and is very keen. I am distressed in my mind as to what I shall do, for I want to shove the Foot Guards into a hot corner, and they want this themselves, and they are the best troops I have, but I am so nervous that no injury should befall the favourite son of the Queen that I am loath to endanger his life. This is a serious matter for me, for I have determined to move out from here on Tuesday night to attack the enemy's fortified position on Wednesday morning a little before daybreak. I am so weak that I cannot afford to indulge in any other plan, and it requires the steadiest and the best troops to attain my object—and then I may fail—oh, God grant I may not !—I know that I am doing a dangerous thing, but I cannot wait for reinforcements ; to do so would kill the spirit of my troops, which at present is all I could wish it to be. I hope I may never return home a defeated man : I would sooner leave my old bones here, than go home to be jeered at. Adye doesn't like my plan, I can see, but his proposal would entail heavy losses, and lead to nothing final. If my plan succeeds, it will be the end of Arabi, and my losses will be light. Everything depends upon the steadiness of my infantry. If they are steady in the dark—a very crucial trial—I must succeed. Otherwise I might fail altogether, or achieve very little. You can fancy that this responsibility tells a little upon me, but I don't think any soul here thinks so. By this hour on Wednesday we shall know all. How inscrutable are the ways of God, and how ignorant we are of what the next hour may bring forth, joy or sorrow, victory or failure. If I had Wood's Brigade here, I should be happy, but having to leave it at Alexandria has been a sad weakening of my force, and all occasioned by that silly and criminal bombardment of Alexandria, which Lord Northbrook<sup>1</sup> and the Admiralty concocted. Lord N. is scarcely a statesman : but he has energy and a bustling temperament, so amongst the poor invertebrate creatures now composing our Cabinet he is really a force.

<sup>1</sup> First Earl of Northbrook (1826–1904) ; twice Under-Secretary of State for War ; Viceroy of India, 1872–76 ; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1880–85.

*Monday, 11th September.*—I have been out reconnoitring again this morning : met the Duke of Connaught *en route*, who asked to join me, so we jogged out to the front together ; when I picked him up he was busy burying some dead men and horses that were lying about near his advanced picket, to the annoyance of one's sniffling senses.

I have arranged to meet all the Generals to-morrow at 4 a.m., at that same picket, to explain my plans for the night and following morning.

I wonder what you are doing at this moment.

I have not told Childers I am to attack on the early morning of Wednesday, so I hope you will not have your rest disturbed by any anxiety on my part until the result of my action is known.

St. Leger Herbert<sup>1</sup> has arrived, and I told him the only thing I could do for him was to attach him as a private to the mounted infantry, where he should have every opportunity of being shot afforded to him. The last time I saw him he had managed to find a private soldier's red jacket and was then starting to join his Corps. He is a very plucky fellow ; I wish I had a thousand like him for next Wednesday morning.

Havelock<sup>2</sup> is still here as mad as ever : I received a letter from him yesterday, begging to have it sent home as it was a request to be re-employed, etc. etc., in his usual strain. I am extremely sorry for him, and feel for him very much, but still feel that he can never be employed again : he is not sane enough to argue with. Tell Frances that I believe there are very large spiders in this desert which bite you very severely and almost dangerously.

TEL-EL-KEBIR, 14th September 1882.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Thank God all has gone well with me : I had a very nervous time of it, for I was trying a new thing, I may say, in our military annals, and its success depended entirely upon the steadiness of our infantry. Troops are seldom steady in the dark, and are so liable to panic that all such operations as that of the night before last have many elements of uncertainty about them which no foresight can entirely provide for.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. St. Leger Herbert was killed at Abu Klea, January 1883, when serving as correspondent to the *Morning Post*.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, V.C. ; killed by the Afridis, December 1897.

I have just received congratulatory telegram from the Queen and from the Lord Mayor of London. I hope the English people will be pleased: they never can know the difficulties an English commander has to struggle against with an army hastily thrown together without cohesion between its component parts and no organised transport.

I have received this morning a telegram from the self-appointed rulers of Cairo saying the Army submits: I am pushing forward this afternoon with the Guards' Brigade to Calioub, 8 miles north of Cairo, and I shall very likely occupy the outskirts of that city this evening. If I do so will end the war, but how long we should be obliged to occupy the country I cannot say. The Khedive will have to organise some new military force, for at present he has, I may say, none, and his only authority rests upon our bayonets. Arabi has bolted, I know not where. He went yesterday evening to Cairo, and it is difficult to say where he will escape to, some think to Tripoli, others to Mecca. I have not yet been able to obtain the tip of his nose for Frances, but I send her one of his visiting cards which we found in his tent here. He and his army were completely taken by surprise yesterday morning; we killed a great number of them, but our cavalry might have killed thousands more as they rode through thousands who threw their arms away and held up their hands in token of submission.

P.S.—I fear poor Rawson<sup>1</sup> cannot live. He was shot through the body leading the Brigade to the point of attack. Such a fine, plucky fellow!

ABDIN PALACE, CAIRO, 15th September 1882.

What a change in forty-eight hours!! from the squalor and misery of the desert, with all its filth and flies, to the cool luxury of this spacious palace. Yesterday living on filth, to-day having iced champagne. I write this at an open window of the palace looking upon a square with a half-finished mosque opposite, joining on to a Barrack where some Highlanders are now taking up their quarters, to the delight and amusement of the population. It is absurd to tell you of our doings yesterday or the day before, as they are all known to you by this time

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant Rawson, naval A.D.C., who led the Highland Brigade to the point of attack.

already. I can only say that nothing could be more complete than our success has been. So much so that I have to-day telegraphed to Childers<sup>1</sup> that the war is over and that he need not send me any more troops from home or elsewhere. I know for certain that the Government have been rather nervous for the last ten days that we were not strong enough to accomplish the task we had in hand. My telegram from Tel-el-Kebir will, therefore, have been a relief to their strained nerves. I said before I left home the war would be over before the 16th inst., and it is over on the 15th, so my calculation was not a bad one.

16th September.—Have just received the following telegram in cipher from Mr. Gladstone :

“ In the name of Her Majesty and with lively pleasure I propose to you that you should receive a peerage in acknowledgment of your distinguished services. I write by post.”

To which my answer was :

“ Most deeply grateful and very sensible of the great honour H.M. is pleased to confer on me. G. W.”

Being given for “ distinguished services ” in the field, it must be accompanied by a pension of £2000 a year. This augmentation to our income will prevent my “ sniffing,” as you always say I do, about the vastness of our fortune. All is well that ends well ; if I had been made a peer last year, as intended, I should have had no pension with the peerage, and now would have been made a viscount, with possibly no grant accompanying it.

17th September.—I enclose half a dozen of Arabi's visiting cards for you to distribute amongst your friends as curiosities. I have kept his pistols to add to my trophy of arms in 6 Hill Street. I also enclose a little book of extracts from the Koran which belongs to Arabi : it is a charming little book done by hand and I send it as a present to yourself with my fondest love.

CAIRO, 25th September 1882.

Lord  
Wolseley.

MY DEAREST WIFE,—I hear that a post will leave this for England some time this forenoon, so I shall scribble you a few lines by it. I cannot realise that I have not yet been eight

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. Hugh Childers, Secretary of State for War, 1880-82.

weeks from London ; the day after to-morrow will be the eighth week since I sneaked through our stables in Hill Street to be driven to the Docks, and yet here I am now counting, I may say, the days that are to elapse before I leave on my return journey. This will have been my shortest absence on a campaign, and let us hope it will do us both most good.

Classing me in the same boat with Admiral Seymour is too much of a good thing, but I cannot help it. I suppose the Queen as usual is against my having any reward. I often think, as I see the obsequious fellows who find favour at Court, that few of them would do as much for the Royal Family in time of need as I should do. I received a letter from the Prince of Wales by the same post as that by which you informed me that he had spoken to you about coming to Egypt. He said now that the war was over, of course, the plans he had formed fall to the ground.<sup>1</sup> He then referred to Baker Russell. I have reminded the Prince that although Colonel Ewart,<sup>2</sup> whom Russell superseded, had become a full Colonel before Russell, it was because he belonged to a corps in which the officers were given privileged rank ; that he had never seen any service, whilst B. R. had been made Major, Lt.-Colonel, and full Colonel for distinguished service in three campaigns, and had entered the service and gone through his first campaign before Ewart had been gazetted into the Army at all.

The whole city is *en fête* to-day as the Khedive arrives here at 3.30 p.m. : all the troops line the streets, salutes are to be fired, etc. etc., and this evening the whole place is to be illuminated.

Sir William Hewitt arrived here last night and is staying with me ; as you know, he is an old friend of mine and the best of fellows in every way.

I cannot yet believe that I am to see you again so soon. My hair is *en brosse*, and there is no chance of its growing to any length before I reach London ; in fact, I am uglier than ever.

<sup>1</sup> As soon as the Expedition was formed the Prince of Wales asked urgently to be allowed to accompany it. The proposal did not find favour with the Sovereign or the Government. At Homburg he asked Lady Wolseley to arrange for a cipher telegram to go to Lord Wolseley reiterating his earnest desire to come out to Egypt.

<sup>2</sup> Commanding Household Cavalry Regiment, afterwards Sir Henry Ewart, Crown Equerry.

The colours in the streets at every turn at every point of view are charming, so unlike that to be seen in Europe. This is really the city where the West meets the East. The views in the bazaars are charming : an artist might live here for years and still find endless subjects for his brush.

P.S.—FitzGeorge takes home the dispatches. I think this will give pleasure to the Duke.

CAIRO, 28th September 1882.

Lord  
Wolsley.

MY DEAREST LOO,—I enclose you a letter I have just received from the Queen ; if you remark, there is not one approving sentence in it. I have done my best for my country, and if my country's sovereign does not appreciate my services, I cannot help it. I have just heard from Matilda, who tells me the Princess Mary paid mother a long visit the other day, and was most forthcoming and pleasant. I enclose you copies of Gladstone's letter to me, and of my answer to it. You will perceive that I was careful to refer to his promise made to me in February '81. I am not to be allowed to have the second grade ; they might make me a Field-Marshal, as several are soon to be created. But, my dear child, I don't expect anything, for I feel the Court influence is all steadily against me : I have done all I could lately to mollify the Queen's dislike to me, and to gain her favour.

I serve the country, and it is only when I think I have done it some good, and served it well and successfully, that I feel any pride in what I have done. If Ministers do not reward me as they reward every party supporter, I content myself with feeling that I am misunderstood—a feeling which is always a great satisfaction to poor complaining mortals—and that possibly, if I am spared by God ever yet to do something really brilliant, great, or worthy of a patriot for my country, that my countrymen will do my memory justice, and recognise in me a man who worked hard all his life for a higher motive than reward. I have always been ambitious, and thought that the higher I mounted the military ladder the better I should serve the idol I have worshipped since I was capable of understanding what love of country meant. To see England great is my

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Colonel FitzGeorge, eldest son of the Duke of Cambridge.

highest aspiration, and to lead in contributing to that greatness is my only real ambition.

I enclose Childers' letter to me, in which in a moment of candour—unusual in a politician—he acknowledges what the battle of Tel-el-Kebir has done for his infernal "party."

We had a grand review yesterday in front of this palace for the Khedive and all his Ministers. I had to give up my rooms for the afternoon to the Khedive's wife and harem, who looked at the review through the closed jalousies of the windows, poor souls, carefully guarded by black eunuchs. The sight was a very pretty one, and one that Cairo is never likely to see again during the lives of this generation. The Life Guards will return home very shortly, and I should very much like to see their entry into London, for I am sure they will have a great reception, and they richly deserve it.

My worthy old Doctor Jackson wanted me to go home by long sea, but I have compromised by going up the Adriatic. I am quite well but a little worn out, and want a little rest. The reaction after such a high pressure campaign as that we have had is considerable, and is felt even by those who have had none of the responsibility that rested on my shoulders. I should so like to get away into the country with you for a few weeks if it were not so late in the year. Now I shall come in for the Lord Mayor's Day—9th November—and shall have to make a speech, a more terrible thing than fighting a general action. Do please think of something for me to say upon that occasion. I believe I am to have a sword presented to me here by the people of Cairo, and I see some talk of the Irish people giving me one also. I hope I may not have to go there to receive it if the rumour is true.

CAIRO, 11th October 1882.

In my letter to Childers in answer to the letter from him in which he announced the peerage to me, I told him I had accepted it on the understanding that I should be dealt with as Lord Napier had been after Abyssinia, and I said that I was so anxious on the point that I should be very glad indeed if he would on receipt of my letter telegraph me a few words on the subject. I yesterday received this cipher telegram from him: "Private. Your private letter 23rd September undoubtedly, but amount unsettled until first Cabinet, will telegraph immediately. Hope

Lord  
Wolseley.



## 84 THE LETTERS OF LORD AND LADY WOLSELEY

to arrange your earliest possible return, but cannot settle till in London Wednesday next." I so thoroughly distrust both the honesty and generosity of the present Cabinet that I was anxious to have something definite from Childers about the pension, no mention of it having been made in Mr. Gladstone's letter. They are safe to do something mean about it in some way or other.

I am giving a great banquet to all the Ministers here next Friday—there will be between thirty and forty at it—which is to be provided by Mr. Cook. He did my picnic the other day for me, and did it very well. The expense of all this is heavy.

CAIRO, *Monday, 16th October 1882.*

*Lord Wolseley,* I write this on the chance of its reaching you before I shall do so myself, as I want to give you more particulars about my route than I gave in the telegram.

I am brimful of spirits at the idea of seeing you again, and hope to find you well and jolly. I am as fit as a sandboy counting the hours that must elapse before I embark with my face towards the setting sun.

WAR OFFICE, 6/12/82.

*Lord Wolseley.* Please tell Fricke<sup>1</sup> to have the cord which I used to wear round my neck to hold my pistol, sent to Mr. Sohn to Buckingham Palace *to-day*, as that eminent artist leaves for Germany to-morrow morning early. See my photo, where the cord is shown.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Wolseley's butler and valet.

1882 /

## CHAPTER VIII

6 HILL STREET, 4th August 1882.

Yesterday I went to write my name at Kensington Palace, and got to the door just as Princess Mary was driving from it. She beckoned me over, so I jumped out and talked to her for a long time. She said her husband had been to see the *Calabria*, off, and to see your cabin, and she had taken stock of everything in it. She had thought of writing you a note, but had decided it would be best and kindest not to. She was very nice, and wished to come and see me again, and said she would write and appoint a day. I did not feel the least shy with her after the first minute. Then she asked me to find out what Doctor would be with the H.Q. Staff, and I promised to do that. The Duke telegraphed yesterday morning for Friston to go to the Palace at seven last night to inspect his kit, which Friston did, of course, and I am sure much enjoyed it. His description of it was delightful. The drawing-room spread with all *Whiteley's shop*, heaps of presents from every one; medicine chests enough for an Army, dressing-bags, scent bottles, etc. etc. They only came in from their drive at *eight*, and it was past ten when Friston left, and they sat down to dinner. A very nice note this morning telling me to go to luncheon. I got there quite punctually at 2 (having passed *him* driving rapidly into town!), and the Princess was out too. At 2.30 he came, and then we sat down to luncheon *without* her. She appeared at 3. There was no one there but the four children, governess, and tutor. After luncheon *he* bade me good-bye and kissed my hand; she and I had a private innings, and then I found out what she wanted and promised to convey it to you. She hopes you will give him something to do, and not let him feel that he is a useless Royalty feeding at your table. She begs you will not listen to his being considered like the Prince Imperial—a life to be guarded, etc. She would like him to be a

Lady  
Wolsley.

real useful soldier if you can find him employment. She thinks there is great jealousy *here* about his going, and not unnaturally (as she admitted); the Army will resent his being given a post if he won't work, but she says he will work. She said, "He may get excited about little trifles, but when there is an emergency he is calm and self-possessed, and has brains." She was very brave, and so very anxious for him to have real duty of some kind, that I hope you will manage it for him. He goes in the *Capella*, and leaves London at twelve to-night. She says he is to be a Major at once, and talked with much graceful *swaying* and play of feature of his then being made Lt.-Colonel, but I did not follow her there quite. After I had gone over the list of the officers going in the *Capella*, and told her what I knew of each, she gave me my *congé* and kissed me affectionately.

6 HILL STREET, 10th August 1882.

Lady  
Olseley.

MY DEAREST DARNY,—Here I am still seated in our ancestral halls, but I have *shrunk* down to the dining-room, every other room being given up to the fiend "Order," as interpreted by our handmaidens Barbara and Mary. My letter to Sir John Cowell did draw something out of the Queen, but I *think* she might have sent *me* a little message, but that, you see, she did not do. I enclose his telegram. "The Queen has read your letter with much interest, and has commanded me to telegraph to Lord Napier to inquire how Sir Garnet is on *Calabria's* passing Gibraltar." Colonel Buller was married to-day, which I luckily heard of in time to send him his present yesterday. He writes that he has avoided seeing us lest he should express a wish (he feels the wish he says!) to go to Egypt. I had a visit from old Lady Llanover, grandmamma to D. of Connaught's Brigade Major, such a nice old lady. Lady D. wrote to say she wished to call on me "as we are neighbours," but in a very civil answer I told her I was on the eve of departure for Germany, but added patronisingly: "If you will repeat your kind proposal when we are again settled in town, it will give me great pleasure to see you." I have no idea of her ignoring me for a twelve-month, and running round the corner just when it suits her. A long visit from Monsieur *Tachard*, sent to give me information about German baths; he wanted *you* to be told how the Suez Canal should be placed under the protection of neutrals

(Dutch, Belgians, Spaniards); a grand *humanitarian* scheme (I don't think you like that word) which will make England live longer than any selfish policy. He ended by saying that this would be a precedent for what *he* wants personally, the neutralisation of Alsace; thus England's unselfishness is to be for his gain. I am sending you the prayer for *your* Army, as you certainly ought to have it read.

I say a prayer for you every night on my two *swelled* knees that you laugh at, and Frances says the *soldiers'* prayer besides her own.

13th August 1882.

To-morrow I start for Homburg. My *tin* box is packed, you know the importance I attach to *that*! and Fricke is to "charger" our things on a bus, and Frances, T., and I inside, and off we go. I sleep to-morrow night at Brussels. How I wish you were there, and how we would *flâner* next day. Princess Mary came here yesterday unexpectedly and paid me a long visit. She was very gracious, and you should have seen how well Frances made her curtseys. I was quite right to let the Princess in, was I not, though I had only the dining-room to show her? I took her into the Blue Room though it was all bundled up, knowing Royalty to be inquiring of me.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Bianco the Italian, who did the sketch of Lesseps, has done one of you, from your big picture, leaning on a pyramid.

Mr. Childers told me you had telegraphed back for 25,000 lb. of soap. He said they were in doubt at first if you meant soup, but decided it must be soap. Is it to wash Arabi white? Fancy my waiting in "Givry's" balcony in Bond Street for an hour to see Cetawayo come out of Bassano's? The crowd was so great I was afraid to venture into the street, or I should not have waited so long. I saw him capitally. He *rolled* majestically across the pavement with a good deal of "side on." A boy in the crowd said rather wisely, "His name ain't 'Geta-wayo' for he can't Getaway," which was quite true. They had to send for more police and hustle him off through Benson's shop, to dodge the mob at Bassano's door.

HOMBURG.

30th August.—Last night old Reuter sent me the telegram dated [Port Said, 29th, mentioning Arabi attacking you at

Lady  
Wolseley.

Kassassin on the 28th. I am glad that it seems to have gone off well, though 120 (loss) shows you must have had smart fighting. I am alarmed when I think of shells falling within ten yards of you the other day, and I see the papers blame you for exposing yourself, which I am very glad of and hope it will prevent your exposing yourself in future. A *General* should not be rash like a subaltern; and your fighting days ought to be over.

Frances was delighted with her letter. This pear she has drawn entirely alone from nature. She has a drawing-master, and a little German girl comes to play with her for an hour every day, so she is not quite idle. I miss you so *very* much I cannot take interest in anything but Egypt, or even read other things in the paper.

Lady Ventry has again been here, and *again* mentioned that the Prince of Wales "never sees me." He gave a luncheon yesterday (it was too wet for the picnic) to which she and others were bidden. I said my seeing His Royal Highness depended on *him*, not me, that I had written my name in his book the day after he arrived and could take no further step.

HOMBURG, 4th September 1882.

Lady  
Wokeley.

This place (beyond interminable gossip) does not give many subjects of interest, but I read this morning in the *Diary of an Idle Woman in Sicily* something very applicable to you. "Agathocles (that is *you*) besieged and took Tunis, with prodigious activity he rushed from place to place. Now he was on the seashore, then on the borders of the desert, or back again on the sea. Again he fought Libyans and Carthaginians, and again he beat them. One ruse I must mention. On first going into action against Hamilcar he caused a number of owls which he had procured to be uncaged; these, sitting on the helmets and bucklers of the soldiers, were hailed as a visible symbol of the presence of Pallas." Do you think some London sparrows would reassure the Household troops?

Two days ago the Prince of Wales and the King of Greece came to call on me while I was out!! I wrote to his Equerry, Captain Tyrwhitt Wilson,<sup>1</sup> regretting that I should have been out, and begging he would convey to the Prince and the King how sensible I was of their *condescension* in coming.

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Henry Tyrwhitt Wilson.

Was that right? That evening I got a note from Lady Ventry saying the Prince had mentioned with regret not seeing me and that she had promised I would go down to the Wells next morning. Accordingly I got me up and went down. The Prince came up at once and walked me up and down (that is the custom between glasses of water) at the most *'furious rate*. I have never walked so fast even with you! He was quite pleasant! He said I was to tell you "his *criticism* would be that you rather underrated your enemy." I said (with an air of deference) that I would tell you. He told me he had been to Frankfort the day before "to meet my eldest sister," and they had sat down a family party of 27 at luncheon, 19 of whom were children from 5 to 18. We took two long turns up and down the allée together, then he said, "I must drink another glass," and I made him my curtsy and we parted. He begged me to give you all sorts of kind messages from him, and every wish for your success.

HOMBURG, 12th September 1882.

The last three days I have been feeling very anxious and have been inwardly abusing Sir R. Thompson for his complete neglect of me in the way of telegrams. On Tuesday (10th) the Prince sent me telegrams he had received from Reuter about the attack Arabi made on Kassassin on Saturday, but from the W.O. I have not heard one word about it up to this present moment (Tuesday, 9 p.m.), and of course at the W.O. they cannot *know* of my having heard of it from the Prince. Had he not been here I should have heard absolutely nothing. I wrote yesterday to Sir R. T., and told him I that should be much obliged by his sending me a telegram whenever anything of importance occurred (whether you were personally engaged in it or not), and that as I could not expect this to be done at the public expense, I would ask him to allow his secretary to keep an account of the outlay, which I could repay on my return to England. I do not know what Sir O. Lanyon means by telling you his wife sends me a telegram after every scrimmage, I have neither received a telegram nor a letter of any kind from her since I left London. I wrote to her two or three days ago, and shall be curious to see whether in her answer she mentions the telegram matter. Last week I received first your letter of

Lady  
Wolseley.

August 28th, then the one of 22nd and of 31st. You are still not sending your journal, which I regret. Are you keeping it? and *why* may I not have it? I follow you most accurately on the map and know Mahuta and Magpar and Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir as well as you do, and Zagazig and all the places. The Prince of Wales was very civil in sending me a letter to read which he had had from Colonel Ewart within a day or so *before* the cavalry charge. Your name was not once mentioned in it, which I thought odd. It was a nice, rather dull letter. Captain Oliver Montagu sent his "humble duty," and the rest "their loyal respects" to H.R.H., which I noted as being useful words. In exchange I wrote out some extracts—judicious ones, I assure you—for H.R.H., and sent them to him. We had in this way quite an interchange of notes, he writing me *three* very civil ones, which I have kept for the family archives. I must tell you that in my extracts I made the most of all you said in praise of the Household Cavalry. On Saturday, I was walking with old Sir G. Bowen, when we came on the Prince, who went out of his way to stop and talk to me. He told me he had sent my letter to the Queen, as he knew it would interest her, and he seemed much pleased at the praise you had given to the Household Cavalry, but spoke a little bitterly of Baker Russell's promotion over Ewart's head. He produced a telegram from Lord Charles Beresford saying: "Sir Wolseley won't allow me to accept Khedive's appointment return to Europe on Tuesday," or words to that effect. He deplored your decision and expressed great surprise at it. I said you must have some reason, for I was sure that you admired Lord C.'s pluck and daring so much it was not from any personal feeling at all, and I said, "I hope, sir, at least you will reserve your verdict till we know the circumstances of the case." I did not know how better to defend you, my dear; I wish I was cleverer and knew better what to say. Then we arrived at the real reason of his visit. He wants me to tell you how anxious he is to be allowed to go to Egypt to "see the troops." He asked me to write and beg *you* to telegraph to the Queen that in your opinion it would have a very good effect if he went out to "see the troops." First he asked me to write you this, then finding how slowly a letter went, he said would I telegraph it to you. I said if so, I must do it in cipher, as otherwise it would be in every paper before your telegram reached the Queen. He said could I send it in cipher. I said

my only way to do that would be through Lady Lanyon, who had offered to send you any telegrams I liked in cipher; but in that case, of course, she must know it. Then (very brilliantly I thought) I suggested *he* should telegraph this to you himself from London, where he arrives this week, in my name.<sup>3</sup> It is much easier for him to do it, and he can word it exactly as he likes. It was agreed that this should be done, and he pressed me very much to tell you by *letter* also how extremely anxious he is to go. He thinks the Queen would not object to his going out *to see the troops* (that was the phrase he always used), and that there would be no plea of danger now that everything is organised, etc. etc. He seemed to think *you* would not want him to go, and I was able to say very truthfully that you had felt great regret that he had not in the first instance been allowed to go, and that as far as *you* were concerned I knew you hoped he might be allowed to go now, but I added, "I am afraid the suggestion, coming from Sir Garnet, may not have any weight with the Queen."

40 CLARGES STREET, 6th October 1882.

I should like to run over to Paris and travel back with you from there. Let me know your dates when you can. The House meets on the 24th October. Mr. Goschen said he thought the Vote of Thanks would be on the 26th; though you say *end* of October. I feel sure you will get home for the Vote, won't you? I have got Arabi's little Koran and like it immensely. It is a sweet little *cadeau*. I am already speculating if the "Osmanli" decoration has some diamonds I could abstract. An unknown Mrs. Rogers sent me a pretty comment made on you by some friend of hers, "a very old lady"; she said, "Don't talk to me of Sir Garnet W. I call him Sir *Diamond*." Every one wants to know your title, and every one says don't change your name. But shall you be Wolseley of Tel-el-Kebir or Wolseley of Cairo? The latter sounds best. Did you see the *World* said Sir B. S. would be Lord Damietta because he sometimes used a "big, big D"?

Lady  
Wolseley.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 12th October 1882.

I have got yours of the 28th enclosing Her Majesty's letter. It purports to be a letter of congratulation, and curiously omits any reference to *your* share in the victory. You are

Lady  
Wolseley.



congratulated on having "such troops to command," on *her* son's safety, but how you did your work is never mentioned. Now I have not had one single letter, even from women who had no relations out there with you, that did not contain a reference to the boundless gratitude that every one feels towards you for having by your skill and decision and promptitude saved so many, many lives.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 19th October 1882.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I am almost glad that you *admit* being a little "tired," so that you may give yourself a fair chance of resting and not knock yourself up by going on and on, working away like a nigger till you are really quite ill. I am very glad you stick to "Wolseley." I think every one is agreed you could not do better, and it would have been almost snobbish to take Brummagem new-fangled name. I see Sir B. Seymour has chosen "Alcester," if the papers are to be believed. What "*galère*" is "Alcester"? Has it a connection with Seymour? I have no Peerage, so cannot tell. My letter to Lady Ely resulted in the enclosed, which reached me this morning. It had journeyed after me to *Dresden* and back, so is not as fresh as it might be. The Queen kindly thought I would like to see a copy of part of a letter she had received from the Duke of Connaught. Here is what he wrote :

"KASR-EL-LANZZA, CAIRO,  
26th September 1882.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently for all your congratulations on the success at Tel-el-Kebir. The part I took in that very successful battle was a very small one, but I am glad that Sir Garnet was satisfied with the 'conduct of the Brigade.' Here in Cairo they have been behaving uncommonly well, and have set a very good example to the remainder of the Army. Sir Garnet has been most kind to me all the time I have been under his orders, and I don't wish to serve under a pleasanter chief, or one in whom one feels greater confidence. He is the least fussy General I have ever served under, and his orders are short and clear; he never interferes with one and always gives one credit for what one does. Being Commandant of Cairo, and my Brigade being the only one quartered

*in the town, I am quite independent, and give what orders I like ; and take my orders direct from Sir Garnet."*

On reading it first I felt nettled that your strategy at T.e.K. had drawn no greater praise from the Duke of Connaught than that you were not "fussy." It would be like telling Mrs. Langtry that she was *not plain* by way of a compliment. However, on observing the *date* to be 26th September, I am sure he had in previous letters to the Queen discussed the battle and enumerated your strategic qualities, and this was only his opinion of you in the quiet of garrison life at Cairo, for I know how well he thinks of you, and you of him. I can't call you a fussy little General now !

In a letter from Mrs. Goschen she says she thinks W. E. G. *wishes* to do what is right by you. She does not add whether he will be able. I have no patience with a *Prime Minister* who is not *able* to do what is right. He has no more power than an *M.P.*

1883

[DURING the year 1883 Lord Wolseley continued to carry out the duties of Adjutant-General. In May he was invited by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to be the General Officer to accompany them to Russia for the Coronation ceremonies of the Emperor Alexander II.]

## CHAPTER IX

WILTON HOUSE, SALISBURY,

*Tuesday, 2nd January 1883.*

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

Every one here asks after you; I hope I may hear from you to-morrow, so that I may be able to answer their "kind inquiries." We have had a very good day's shooting, although one very heavy rainstorm rather marred symmetry (how I spell!) of my shooting costume. We have here Sutherlands, Reggy Talbots,<sup>1</sup> and I think her sister; Mrs. Cyril Flower<sup>2</sup> and her sister, Mrs. Yorke, Mr. Henry Cowper (whom you may remember at Ashridge), Lord Cairns's eldest son, Lady Herbert<sup>3</sup> (our host's mother), Mr. Groban, who plays and sings well, David Plunkett, a leading Conservative M.P. for Ireland, who is very charming, and a young girl whose name I have not yet arrived at. They have a veritable lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair here, enclosed in a paper endorsed by Sir Philip Sidney, "Given to me by the greatest of all Queens when I presented Her with a copy of my verses," or words to that effect.

I have engaged myself to dine at the Reform Club next Saturday with Mr. Nineteenth-Century Knowles<sup>4</sup> to meet some interesting men, so please record me.

<sup>1</sup> Later General the Hon. Sir Reginald Talbot and Lady Talbot.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Lady Battersea.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Herbert of Lea, mother of Earl of Pembroke.

<sup>4</sup> Afterwards Sir James Knowles—first editor of *Nineteenth Century*.

WILTON HOUSE, SALISBURY,  
3rd January 1883.

I have had the enclosed note from the Queen : quite feelingly expressed and nice. She was evidently not offended at what I said about Prince Albert in my last note to her.<sup>1</sup> Lord  
Wolseley.

Mrs. Flower and her sister left to-day. The former means to pay you a visit when passing through London ; I like her more and more each time I meet her. I have told Mr. Hopkins to go to my room to open a dispatch-box for a paper that is wanted : please tell your numerous footmen that he is to be allowed to do this.

The enclosed mysterious telegram does not, I hope, suggest me for Surveyor-General of the Ordnance.

IN THE TRAIN,  
*Friday Evening*—GETTING NEAR TO BERLIN,  
18th May 1883.

The farther I get from home the more I feel you are indispensable to my happiness. Hitherto whenever I have left you it has been for duty ; now I am merely going to a show which will not even amuse me very much. Writing in an express train is not easy, and spelling more difficult even than usual. I hope to post this at Berlin. The Duchess is very good humoured and with a sense of humour. Lady Harriet<sup>1</sup> is intelligent and anxious to please. Lord Clanwilliam<sup>2</sup> very nice, but something of an invalid. We are to pick up a German equerry at Berlin, who goes to Moscow with us. Lord  
Wolseley.

Moscow, *Monday, 21st May 1883.*

We arrived here this morning ; by no means a tiresome journey. I should have preferred some time to myself, but one must take the drawbacks along with the pleasures in this life. We ate and smoked and slept and played whist, but our chief occupation was eating ; the habit grows on one very quickly, for I already feel unnaturally hungry, although I ate two eggs for breakfast. We were met at the Railroad Station by a Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Harriet Grimston, daughter of second Earl of Verulam, Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Edinburgh.

<sup>2</sup> Fourth Earl of Clanwilliam, appointed Admiral of the Fleet, 1895.

guard of honour and any number of Grand Dukes, all of whom kissed their sister. Alas, Clanwilliam and I were sent to an hotel and not to the Kremlin, as had been originally intended. The only rooms available were finally not considered good enough. We had to put on full dress to arrive in, and already we have been to the palace outside the town to be presented to the Czar and his wife.

Moscow,

Tuesday, 22nd May 1883.

Lord  
Wolsley.

What a beautiful coronet, but what a very ugly monogram Clanwilliam has! During our journey a never-ending subject of chaff was a silver cigarette-case presented by Mrs. — to the Duke upon his departure. It had what looked as if it had been a brooch fastened on it, in pearls, with an inscription in diamonds: "Good luck." The Duchess said she could not be rendered jealous, and I believe she was right, for I could never "*draw*" her, although I did my best. If Mrs. — could have heard the Duke's remarks on the subject I do not think she would have felt proud. The Duchess professed to regard her as so very *passée* as to be beyond all suspicion. She said she *had been* very pretty, and that the King of Greece had raved about her for some time, and also two of her Grand Ducal brothers. I shall have plenty to tell you when I return home, but I do not like putting anything but ordinary conventionalities on paper, as we are surrounded by spies and police, who, it is said, open our letters, etc. etc.

Last night I went to the ballet with Colonel Primrose,<sup>1</sup> who is here to see the sights; it was very good, the dancing extremely amusing. The theatre about twice as large as our opera-house. I am almost sure that in the next box was —, who I know lives in Russia. However, she either did not or would not recognise me.

. . . To-day we are to take part in the grand procession of the Czar entering Moscow. I am to ride with the Duke of Edinburgh or somewhere in his vicinity. Clanwilliam goes in a carriage, and I wish I were to be with him; however, one must do as one is told.

<sup>1</sup> Colonel the Hon. Everard Primrose, military attaché at Vienna, brother of fifth Earl of Rosebery; died on active service in the Soudan, February 1885.

Moscow, 23rd May 1883.

In a very brief interval allowed for rest and quiet *I seize my pen*, as the writers of letters intended for publication always put it, to commune with you as I cannot do so in person. I am glad you are spared all this racketing, it would bore you morally if it did not kill you physically with fatigue. Last night I dined in plain clothes in the Kremlin with the household. Our dining-room was low, with vaulted roof, and all covered with curious old Russian sacred pictures: it is part of the very oldest building in the Kremlin, and was the room in which the Czars used to dine. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh dined with the Czar in morning dress, and I had to be at the Duchess's rooms at ten to play penny whist until past midnight.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Yesterday's procession was rather fatiguing, but very interesting. We left the hotel about 10 a.m. in undress uniform, but owing to the immense crowds and as many of the streets were blocked, all traffic being prohibited, we had the greatest difficulty in reaching the palace in the Kremlin. We had quite as much difficulty in getting back, although we had a Royal footman in gorgeous scarlet on the box and an officer of mounted police riding beside us. When I say *us*, I mean Clanwilliam and myself. We were just in time to bundle on full uniform and return to the Kremlin to accompany the Duke and Duchess to the Petroffski Palace, where the Czar was staying. We started from the palace at 2 p.m., I on horseback. They gave me a very nice little horse, but he was so fresh that he never walked a step all day, but jogged and jogged until at last he jogged the centre out of my Grand Osmanli order, a fact I did not discover until late in the day.

Moscow, 24th May 1883.

I went with the Duchess this morning to see the grand new cathedral, begun in 1837, and to be consecrated next week. It is beautiful in every little detail. I was to have gone this afternoon to some curiosity shops with Prince Bariatinsky, who is my bear-leader and a great collector, but the Czar put him under a three days' arrest yesterday because he rode in a saddle which was of an old pattern regulation the day of the

Lord  
Wolseley.

## THE LETTERS OF

grand entry into the city. The silver plate in the Kremlin is magnificent, and some of the finest things were presents from Queen Elizabeth. What a place to loot!

We have had heavy showers at night, but the days are hot and the air clear and pure, unloaded with smoke of any kind. As I look over the city from this palace not a chimney gives forth any smoke, and it would seem as if no cooking took place anywhere. However, I am told that dinners for *fourteen hundred* are prepared in the Kremlin daily at present.

Moscow, 26th May 1883.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have just returned from some bric-a-brac shops : nothing very good and everything very dear. We completed our investigation of the Kremlin this morning ; the old robes of the early seventeenth century were lovely and curious ; masses of pearls covered them in every direction, with here and there some fine emeralds and other precious stones. The embroidery was magnificent, and the stuffs woven in lovely patterns.

Last night at the British Embassy the dinner was heavy and the society dull. We went to the opera afterwards ; the *Demon*, the most uninteresting opera I have ever listened to, was given. Of course the Duchess was bored, and we came home early and played shilling whist until midnight. At the opera she sits with the Grand Dukes and Duchesses in a large baignoire close to the stage ; we humble fry go to a box immediately opposite the stage in the centre of the house ; it is the Emperor's State Box, and has large suites of drawing-rooms attached to it. The theatre seems enormous, the stage being made of extra size for the ballets so much in favour in Russia. One gets tired of a pantomime all the evening, even though the dancing is very good and the scenic effects well wrought out. The Duchess drives out almost daily to the palace where the Czar is staying to have a country walk and pick wild flowers ; her brothers all devoted to her. Grand Dukes abound here. Constantine, who has been so long in disgrace for having made so much money by means of contracts for the navy, has been again received. It is said that he has spent the large fortune he so accumulated on a French lady, as well as the money

## LORD AND LADY WOLSELEY

that had been settled on his children. I don't much like telling you this in a letter, for one never knows how much of one's correspondence is opened and read in passing through the post here. One of the Grand Duchesses, who is a German, fell into dire disgrace some years ago for the free manner in which she wrote to her friends regarding affairs at Court, here, her letters having been read before they reached their destination:

THE KRÉMLIN, MOSCOW,  
Sunday, 27th May 1883.

The great event is over: the Czar was successfully crowned to-day, or rather he crowned himself. For nearly eight hours we were on our legs, and my poor wounded limbs are aching in every nerve. Everything went off extremely well, the only bore was the length of the church service; the singing was excellent, the voices very fine and the service very good, but it seemed as if it never would come to an end. In the middle of the crowning the rays of a strong sun coming through windows far up in the vaulted roof struck down upon the Czar and those immediately around him. After the "work" in the church we had a grand *déjeuner* or dinner about 4.30 p.m. in a small room with low, vaulted ceiling, where the Czar and his wife sat aloft on thrones and were served by the highest functionaries of the Court. In removing two glasses of champagne one fell and was broken on the steps of the throne, rather an ugly augury for the superstitious. To-night the whole city is ablaze with illuminations, and the howling of the masses in the gardens beneath my window swells into a roar like that of jackals, reminding me of the discordant cheers the Russian soldiers used to indulge in before Sebastopol in their night sorties. Against this must be set the beauty and rhythm of the great church bells.

Lord  
Wolseley.

In a curiosity shop Clanwilliam set his affections on a silver drinking-cup that had been presented to Peter the Great. The man asked £40, and would not accept Clanwilliam's offer of £30. I admired a little old box about the size of an orange, in real old Russian enamel, very quaint. As the villain asked £25 I thought nothing more about it; but we talked of our "objets" in the evening. The Duchess, to our surprise, gave them to us this morning.



Moscow,  
29th May (1 a.m.).

Lord  
Wolsley.

Yesterday, after a sort of levée in the forenoon, there was a grand reception at 9.30 p.m. At the former the Emperor viewed the deputations sent to him from all parts of his wide dominions. Cossacks from the Volga, Tekkies from Askabad and Merv, and wild-looking men representing far-distant provinces, of which few even have ever heard. Most of these fellows had numerous decorations that had been sent to them by the Czar, and some even wore Russian uniform. The Grand Duchesses' toilettes were stiff with gold and silver embroidery. In the morning the Duchess of Edinburgh wore a blue velvet train embroidered with jewels; in the evening, her wedding dress. The evening ceremony took place in the low, vaulted old throne-room. All the women being in trains, dancing was out of the question; but they marched along two and two, holding hands, in what was called a polonaise. They looked rather foolish, but one is glad for old customs to be maintained.

The Duke of Edinburgh gave us luncheon yesterday in Russian fashion at the best restaurant—a regular Russian luncheon. The cooking here is *very* good, and Russians seem to eat enormously; how their insides can hold all they cram into their mouths I know not.

To-day's work begins with another reception and formal presentation. If he receives to-day as many silver plates and dishes as he did yesterday, he must build a new house for them. I was astonished at the costliness of the presents brought from Garrard's by the Duke of Edinburgh for officers of the Emperor's Household. One a huge cup with cover, £300; then a pair of pilgrim bottles the same—I should say at least £1600 worth of plate. I hear we are all to have decorations; mine will be a high one, as I have the highest order of the Bath; but it will not be of much use, as I shall not be allowed by the Queen to wear it.

Every one is most kind, but the more I see of Court life the more I feel its demoralising influence; imperceptibly, but irresistibly, it makes one a liar, and at least in my case would rob me of real self-respect.

Moscow,  
29th May.

To-day a great levée, which lasted for hours. We were all presented by ranks—military, I mean; so I was the fourth person who marched past the Emperor. You shake hands with the Czar and kiss the Empress's hand without bending the knee. Lord  
Wolseley.

The Duchess of Edinburgh tells me the Empress is not enceinte, as is reported. Her Majesty looked so well to-day, and such diamonds!! She wears two long *repentir* curls, which are not in my opinion very becoming. Her general appearance is very like that of the Princess of Wales; but she is by no means or in any way as pretty.

30th May.

I never was in such a crowd as at the ball last night; the floors must be very strong indeed to have stood the weight imposed on them. I struggled into the ballroom, and scrambled out in the wake of some great lady who had a passage made for her exit. Lord  
Wolseley.

I cannot find out what the intended movements of our "party" are, but I think the Court remains here for another week longer and then goes to Petersburg. I shall go straight home, I think, from here; Clanwilliam, being a man of leisure, will go on with the Duke and Duchess to Petersburg.

To-day there is to be a general reception of ladies, a sort of "Drawing-room," so I hope to get out for a stretch somewhere by *myself*. I long for some out-of-door exercise without having any one to jabber to. The language being a sealed book is a great drawback to enjoyment here. The shops are unattractive, no attempt at "window-dressing." The women of all classes are ugly. You never see even a passably good-looking woman in the streets, and almost all the women I have seen at Court are plain, with sallow, pasty, tallow-candle-like complexions. The Queen of Greece<sup>1</sup> is by far the best-looking woman here. Her sister, a widow of Würtemberg, is said to be very clever; anyhow, she writes poetry and cuts her hair short. When any male creature imagines himself to be a poet, he lets his hair grow long; when a woman fancies she is inspired beyond

<sup>1</sup> Queen Olga, at present Queen Dowager.

the general run of her sex, she at once proceeds to cut off her back hair and wears it short like a boy!! The idiosyncrasies of genius, perhaps, you will say. I call it the vanity of small-minded people.

31st May 1883.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Just returned from a long drive to Sparrow Hill (I don't know the Russian equivalent), from which Napoleon first caught sight of the Kremlin. A wild, wooded spot on the Moscova River; my interest in it is solely derived from its association with Napoleon. Three carriages conveyed us: in the first, drawn by four horses abreast, was the Queen of Greece, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the reigning Prince of Montenegro, and *your husband*; in the second, Prince Bariatinsky, by himself, in a carriage drawn by three horses abreast. (He is the A.D.C. of the Emperor, who has been told off to look after Clanwilliam and myself.) In the third was Lady Harriet, Colonel Clarke (*qui lui fait la cour*), and the German equerry, Heile. We went at a rattling pace, over extremely badly paved roads, so it was almost impossible to hear anything that was said. The Prince of Montenegro dresses in a sort of bandit costume, his coat of white cloth embroidered with gold. He devoted himself to the Duchess, and makes what she calls "declarations" to her of the most impassioned nature. This morning he sent her for me the gold war medal of his country, which I have worn all day in his honour. He wrote her a magniloquent letter in French, which I have kept to show you, in which he calls me the "Scipion Anglais," and begged her to fasten it upon my *poitrine*. He is a very fine-looking man, very brown in complexion, and perhaps about my age.

On our way back we had tea at the Alexander Palace, where the Empress goes daily to see her children. The baby, who is about twelve months old, has an English nurse. The Empress is very simple with all her dignity. Last night we had a gala at the opera, only guests of the Czar being admitted. This evening a State dinner at 6.30. After that a ball given by the noblesse of Moscow to the Czar. I went to see the splendid presentation salver and salt-cellars presented to the Czar. The various governments and great towns have given salvers and salt-cellars—about 200—fine workmanship but rather flamboyant for you or me.

2nd June 1883.

Madame Novikoff has found me out here. She began by sending me a message to say how anxious she was to see me, to which I paid no attention, but, unfortunately, I stumbled on her at the ball last night and had great difficulty in shaking myself clear of her. She asked most affectionately after you and your "charming little daughter."

Lord  
Wolseley.

The Duke of Edinburgh has given me a very handsome sugar basin, stand, and spoon, with an inscription in old Russian characters: "Our ancestors lived simply and lived a hundred years." He and I are on the best terms, but whether he will disfavour me by and by remains to be seen. I am anxious to hear about my £30,000. I saw that the G.O.M. said lately he meant to bring it forward this week, and that the notoriety-seeking buffoon, Sir W. Lawson, meant to oppose it. I am so glad a lump sum has been substituted for a pension, for I confess I have such little confidence in the present Government that I should never feel certain one's pension might not at any moment be stopped. I shall be curious to learn how old "*Pass me the salt*"<sup>1</sup> has behaved towards you.

2nd June 1883 (evening).

At the Grand Marechal's just now I met the two young Grand Dukes, the Czar's sons. Although the father is so tall, both these young princes are small. The eldest is fifteen years of age, and seemed a nice boy. I talked for some time to his tutor, an Englishman from Cambridge, who has lived for thirty years in Russia. He spoke in the most glowing terms of his pupils, who, I believe, are devoted to their master. The eldest speaks English perfectly, and reads Walter Scott's novels with the greatest pleasure. To-day I drove with all our party to the Petroffski Palace to see the crowd fed. Dinners were prepared in little baskets to the extent of 350,000; each person receiving their little basket full of eatables, and an earthenware mug. There were over 32 tons weight of goodies distributed. Temporary theatres were erected, in which little plays were given. The Empress looked quite pretty; she is always accompanied by a young brother who is in the Danish Navy. I don't know how it is managed, but one never sees a drunken

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> A nickname for Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate.

person in the streets, though drink is supposed to be the curse of the Russian nation.

You remember General Scobeleff who died last year : a young general who did great things—a born leader of men : was made much of by every one and adored by the soldiers, with, of course, jealous and envious detractors. I always took the deepest interest in everything concerning him, and, to my great pleasure, have been told by his brother-in-law that he took similar interest in me. Scobeleff's two sisters were great beauties and made great marriages : I don't admire either of them ; the better looking of the two paints under her eyes and is dreadfully "got up." Such a lovely bunch of lilies of the valley on my table which the Queen of Greece gave me the other day when we were mooning about the grounds of the Alexander Palace ; they grow wild in every wood here, but have quite as much perfume as those grown in gardens at home.

Moscow, 6th June 1883.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have spent all the day in the country, where we went to see the monastery of Saint Serge. He was an old sweep, born about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and lived in dirt and filth for years, and was regarded as a most holy man. The convent is enclosed in walls like the Kremlin, both of these places being fortified very much in the fashion of Chinese towns. The convent is very rich in lands as well as treasures, and feeds daily from 3000 to 4000 pilgrims. The monks gave us a good luncheon, and would not take anything in return ; also making us several presents of little saints, pictures, and small loaves of bread. I saw at the convent to-day the first out-of-door clock I can remember having seen since I entered Russia. Here, where the earth is cumbered with churches and public buildings, there is not one clock to be seen, although there are bells in every direction, and such good bells too. To-morrow there is to be a consecration of a new cathedral, built to commemorate Napoleon's defeat in Russia in 1812. I have just arranged not to go there, for it will be a very long dreary affair of about four hours' duration, and I have seen everything of interest in the church. Everything here is essentially military : the poor devil of a civilian is nowhere. In fact, the Ambassador and all his suite in Russia should be military ; but John Bull imagines

nothing can be well done by any man who has ever worn a red coat. Talking of coats reminds me that the Emperor here has completely changed the whole of the Russian uniforms, converting what was a Prussianised dress into an entirely national costume. There I think he was quite right. The men are dressed very plainly, but there is nothing at all smart in their appearance. All ranks of all arms of the service wear long boots up to the knee, which every man who can afford to have boots at all in Russia wears.

I have bought a lot of cretonne: the groundwork is a very deep red, the common colour of the peasants' gowns; the pattern has sunflowers on it. I thought it would do well if we ever established ourselves in the Aldershot huts. I am sure you will laugh at my purchase, and think of Moses and his green spectacles.

8th June 1883.

Last night I received a telegram from Robert Meade of the Colonial Office asking me to break to Clanwilliam that his father-in-law, Sir A. Kennedy, had died on his way home from Australia. He is terribly cut up on his wife's account, to whom he is absolutely devoted. He never has an hour entirely free from pain, from a wound received in China in 1858. I like him so much, there is everything really good and natural about him.

Lord  
Wolseley.

My breath was taken away by a present from the Czar—a gold snuff-box, in the centre of which is his miniature set in diamonds, with six large diamonds set in it. The like is given to Clanwilliam, because we were not allowed to accept one of the Czar's decorations. Things are certainly done here *en Roi*, nothing "small" about the presents given or the scale upon which men are rewarded.

THE PALACE AT PETERHOF, NEAR PETERSBURG,  
10th June 1883.

We left Moscow last night at 10 p.m. by special train and reached this place at 2 p.m. There is a large palace here which is only used for State affairs; the Emperor lives in a "cottage," and the Duke and Duchess in another, and the *Suite*—fancy me part of any Royal suite—in another; there seem dozens

Lord  
Wolseley.

of villa-palaces, surrounded by woods sloping down to the sea. Fountains and cascades are to be heard and seen at every turn; the people can walk about freely except near the Emperor's place, which is strictly guarded by police and soldiers. Coming here, the railroad was guarded by some 18,000 troops, posted at regular intervals along the line.

This is the loveliest of spots, but the mosquitoes are terrible. The Duchess of Edinburgh has lived here for so many years she has become accustomed to them. She took me to see a model toy dairy she owned as a child; she had also a model flour mill turned by a water-wheel, and summer-houses, all models of bigger places, with model furniture, and a small dinner-service all marked with her monogram. A charming little stream that turned the mill meandered through a wooded dell, with little rustic bridges over it. Altogether it is a sort of Elysium for a child. How Frances would enjoy it!

PETERHOF PALACE, 12th June.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I am just starting by steamer for Petersburg, there to spend the day in sightseeing. We go from this in the Emperor's steam yacht: it is just an hour's steaming there from this place; the Duke goes with us, but not the Duchess. Last night, after dinner, at 10 p.m. as usual, Count Landsdorff—who is the Czar's A.D.C. attached to the Duke—Captain Heile, and myself repaired to the house occupied by the Duke and Duchess to play whist; the Royal people had dined with the Emperor at 9 p.m., having been out with him and the Empress in a char-à-banc for a country drive before their dinner. The house the Edinburghs occupy is built close to one formerly lived in by the late Czar, and was, in fact, the dairy belonging to it. In a few minutes after our arrival the Duchess and the Empress and her brother drove up. Two whist tables were formed: at mine were the Empress, the Duchess, and the amiable, if not highly gifted, Danish prince.

PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN,

29/7/1883.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I enclose a note from the old Aunts which I found waiting for me here. I think you ought to write to them at once—I

wish we could do something to please them. I shall send them the two little boxes I brought for them; please say in your letter.

We have had a *man's* dinner here this evening; Chief Justice Morris sat next to me. I wish my banquet were over, for I dread making a speech more than usually. I grow more nervous with each effort to speak. Being unsentimental, practical, and, I think, sincere, I can never swallow the humbug and insincerity with which after-dinner orations abound. I feel my own self-respect lessened every time I make a conventional speech.

WAR OFFICE, 2nd October 1883.

I had a *dinner-party* last night—eight men at the Army and Navy Club.

Lord  
Wolseley.

As I drove up to Hill Street yesterday I saw on the doorstep Prince Bariatinsky, who was so kind to me in Russia. What could I do but ask him to dinner? He accepted, and then I had to run about to try and get men to meet him. However, this office provided nearly all the six men I wanted; they were Generals Herbert,<sup>1</sup> Harman,<sup>2</sup> Reillie,<sup>3</sup> Redvers Buller, Sir C. Brownlow,<sup>4</sup> and a Colonel Chapman from India. Rather sporting of me, was it not!

How I hate this place now that I am in it! I was to have gone to Colchester with H.R.H. to-morrow, but find that all my clothes are with you, so I have cried off.

THE HOTEL, FRESHWATER,  
20th May 1883.

We made our little journey very pleasantly yesterday, *via* Portsmouth, Ryde, and Newport, and drove from Newport here (about 12 miles) through banks of primroses and violets, woods of bluebells, and *downs* of golden gorse. The place is *just* as quiet and rural as when you were here. I wrote to Hallam T., and told him I had come here in a *savagely* unsociable mood, but would ask him to come and see me some day or other; but I won't go near old *Bugaboo*<sup>5</sup> if I can help it.

Lady  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Quartermaster-General.

<sup>2</sup> D.A.G. Forces.

<sup>3</sup> Sir W. Reillie, R.A.

<sup>4</sup> Assist. Mil. Sec., Indian Affairs.

<sup>5</sup> Another nickname for Lord Tennyson.



We trace your Royal progress, and see you are all hard at work, bowing out of railway windows and appearing in divers uniforms. I should suggest to those whom it may concern that a quadruple suit, one arm an Admiral, one arm a General, and the back divided into two Generals, say Prussian and Russian, would be handy.

I have brought a cargo of books here, and am going to have a "lovely time." I hope you will enjoy yourself, but I think I have the best of it. The *Morning Post* said I had presented the Duchess with a "lovely bouquet" at C. Cross, so I got the credit of Mrs. Monson's.

THE GLEN, FRESHWATER, ISLE OF WIGHT,  
24th May 1883.

Lady  
Wolsley.

One little pencil line only have I had from you since you started, posted at Berlin. This is my second letter to you, the first I posted on Sunday. As to telling you of any events here, there are *none*. Our habits are very primitive. Dinner at one, "high tea" at seven. I have read two podgy and stodgy volumes of Lady Bloomfield's *Court and Diplomatic Life*. She meets many interesting people, but, beyond the fact of meeting them, has nothing to tell, and the book does not contain one single reflection. I would give it a month to be round the butter-pats. I am now in the second fat volume of *The Real Lord Byron*, by Jeaffreson. Interesting and well written. I am keeping Mrs. Carlyle as a *bonne-bouche*. I am surprised to find Byron was only 5 ft. 8½ in. high. He hung on to the ½ inch; and *listen* to Jeaffreson: "In question of height, it may be laid down as a sure maxim that the man who claims credit for the extra ½ inch, claims credit for what he does not possess." How about ¾?

In the way of *home* news the only thing I have to tell you is that the new footman wishes to "leave at his month." A bore, as we have clothed him; but I don't think he was anything of a servant. I have desired him to *go at once*, not wishing to house his idle carcase!!

31st May 1883.

Lady  
Wolsley

We laughed more than you can imagine over the *Times* account of the Coronation. I dare say *you* thought we were

much impressed by all your grandeur, but not a bit of it. The "conqueror of Tel-el-Kebir appeared (of disappeared) eclipsed behind a pillar, and could not change his base of operations as from Alexandria to Suez"; but I hope you peeped round your pillar and saw something? And that poor Emperor, unhappy gentleman, muffled in that mantle, encumbered with the sceptre and the globe, and even at luncheon we observed he with difficulty got rid of it even for a moment. I dare say it *was* a grand sight, and have no doubt it will be well reproduced at Covent Garden Pantomime next winter, where I shall see it all in less fatiguing circumstances than you are in now. How does your colleague keep up? I quite understand now, what puzzled me at first, why you write on *his* paper. When the spies read your letters *he* will be implicated. The great soldier is a sharp little fellow, and knows how to get the better of the Navy. Henry (footman) is here a distraction to all the village maidens; he *elbows* his way amongst them in his usual attitude of carrying an imaginary tea-tray. The little maid *here* is quite knocked off her centre, and Truman,<sup>1</sup> who, with the eyes of jealous middle age, no doubt envies her youth, says she "runs round and round him giggling" whenever he goes into the kitchen, and old *Madam* of the house has already begged he *won't* go in, "as nothing gets done."

I am at the second volume of *Mrs. Carlyle*, and am *charmed* with it. I am afraid you may think her, like me, rather *exhaustive* in details, for three pages are spent telling how the cat ran off with a red herring; but she is original, *accurate* in her originality, humorous, pathetic, sarcastic, everything that people *try* to be and are *not*, and all my sentiments about country houses, and hating snobs, by which I mean the people who would call me *one* and you one if you had not your Kebirs, etc.; tied to your tail.

To-day's post brought me a—I am not exaggerating—*valise* in crocodile skin—from Lady Brassey. It proved on inspection to be a new kind of paper, and it contained under her own signature an account of a microscopic pony 12 hands high, which she thought might suit Frances! I felt so inclined to say, why not have enclosed him "on approval" in the valise? Then Pandelli Ralli writes to say Lord Grantley is selling his estates in all-sized lots for building sites; he thinks you might like

<sup>1</sup> Lady Wolseley's maid.

one. I thanked him and said would he get up in the "House" and mention that if we did not get our money soon the best sites would be gone, or, if he thought it more telling, he might say compound interest, due to the long delay, would enable us to buy the best site.

3rd June.—Our weather here is quite too lovely. To-day F. and Truman go "on tour" by coach, and Mrs. Grant and I follow in middle-aged and sedate grandeur in a fly. I am still at Mrs. Carlyle, and I feel I shall cry at the end where she dies. You shall read that book, that you may derive benefit from old Carlyle's "Ah, me's!" and "too late's" (in notes) of regret that he did not make more of his wife while she was alive! I confess his notes annoy me, for I feel he does all his vain regrets at my expense, because I am dragged from his wife's bright letters to his groans at the bottom of the page.

If you come across any Russian illustrated papers of the Coronation festivities keep them for me. We have pasted all *Morning Post* and *Times* accounts into a book, and I shall add any illustrations I can get.

And so your Duchess is bored sometimes even there! I fear the evil lies within and not without. And has she yet found another "intelligent man," and are you eclipsed?

Frances wants so much to know if you danced the polonaise?

8th June 1883.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Yesterday we got home from our three days' drive round the island. You would have enjoyed it, and we should have been more active under your guidance; as it was, we drowsed along like two middle-aged blue-bottles, and basked in the sun.

We have returned to like Freshwater better than any place we have been to: so *un-touristy*, and the downs, beach, and rural lanes all so accessible, and within a stone's-throw of one another. "Pass me the salt" I have treated abominably, thereby no doubt anticipating what would have been my own fate at his hands. I wrote to Hallam Tennyson (thinking they were all in Sussex) to ask advice about lodgings. He very civilly replied from here, that they hoped I would stay

with them till I was suited. I, in alarm at having called them down on my own head, wrote again to say I was coming here in a mood of "savage unsociability," and when solitude had somewhat softened it I would go and see them. But I have never gone! and don't want to go. I think I shall pay them *one* visit of ceremony, and will on the least provocation give him pepper for his salt! as far as in me lies.

I find a deluge of notes—dinners, etc.—to be answered. Not many of the dinners can we eat, as, between Russia and Dublin, your time is a good deal cut up.

I wrote a *pretty* note to Lord Kenmare<sup>1</sup> excusing our non-attendance at the State concert on the 13th, and hope he will ask us instead to the second one. It is nice to hear such good music cheap.

Of all your sights I should have best liked to see the *popular* feast. That must have really been a wonderful sight, and what organisation it must have required!

I am to dine on the 22nd with the A. Russells to meet the Amphills; you cannot, as it is your *Cabdrivers'* day. I feel sorry for you coming back to these dreary *treadmills*; the actual labour will seem light after all you have had, but *that* was tempered by the kindness you met with.

6 HILL STREET, W., 29th June 1883.

*In bed.* 8 a.m.

A few lines to you while my marmalade is digesting; I don't believe *you* will have time to read them. I sat up writing till 1.30 a.m.; old de Cetto alone in the drawing-room. Evidently "St. Pierre" was entertaining him with a "feu de Bengale dans le bosquet," as my dear Gustave Droz says, so he did not disturb me. I have a heavy day before me. First to Victoria store for flowers, then to fetch *Ina* at Waterloo. I have invited her up to "Rotten Row," lunch, Chelsea Hospital Fête for Soldiers' Coffee Tavern, and a musical afternoon at Lady Lawrence's. Yesterday I called on Mrs. —, who is a nice woman. The "younger son" was there, and in ten minutes mentioned that fact *twice*, and also that he is "not such a fool as he looks"; but the *latter assertion* I could have disputed had civility permitted. They have taken a house

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

<sup>1</sup> Fourth Earl of Kenmare, Lord Chamberlain, 1880-86.

we looked at whose sanitary arrangements prevent any one taking it twice. I went on to Mrs. Oppenheim, and she was in, so I saw the wonders of the house—as great a contrast to the days when we met the “Antiquaries” there as *THE Antiquary* is to *Nana*. The ground plan of the house is excellent for space and circulation. The hall furnished with rather theatrical footmen, whom I conceived to be full of a withering scorn for their master. The front room very gorgeous, as if twenty Doges were expected, and each had sent his brand-new gold chair beforehand. The next room panelled with lovely carved wood, white, old French, from a château. Then a gallery, half conservatory, half Alhambra, in which, amongst ferns and hanging baskets, were recesses lined with looking-glass and furnished with couches for “Beauties and Beasts” to lounge on. (Beauty in history is often the greater Beast of the two. You see, the marmalade is *indigesting*!) Then the dining-room, wonder of wonders! the walls of exquisite inlaid wood “from Verona” and surmounted by a frieze of painted fruits (exquisite colouring!). These rooms run round a little well-like court, set out with little iron tables like a *café chantant*; but, alas! no money can prevail against the smuts, and so they can’t use it. When I see all these marvels of art brought together I feel rejoiced that nature resists rich people’s attacks, or, believe me, they would group together in the eighth of an acre a Swiss mountain, an Italian lake, a volcano, a glacier, a moor, a firth, and a fiord (don’t ask me to explain what the two last are). No, the house has no repose and no indication of a pursuit except that of collecting furniture. Mrs. Oppenheim was very simply and very well dressed; she has read and travelled much and has very great charm.

Sunday Evening, 1883.

[HIS MOTHER’S DEATH.]

Lady  
Wolseley.

I write, not that I can give you any comfort, but because I should not like to be absent from your thoughts when you have to meet any trouble or any good fortune. If I can take any trouble off your hands, which might be painful to you, about the funeral, you have only to tell me who to go to, and I will do my very best. Perhaps I could be of some use, could I?

In the same way please tell Fanny if I could get mourning for her or the girls, I will do it to the best of my power, and we can take in *two or three* to-morrow or any day she likes to send them up. I have written to Lady Derby and Mrs. Grant.

Good-bye ; I wish I could kiss your poor, tired, red eyes.

[At a period even earlier than that of the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, trouble was brewing in the Soudan, largely owing to the machinations of Mohamet Ahmed, who declared himself to be, and was widely accepted as, the expected Mahdi of Moslem belief. He quickly attached to himself ever-increasing numbers of fanatical followers, and after a series of petty successes, defeated and annihilated in October 1883 an Egyptian army under Hicks Pasha.

As the Khedive was quite unable to master the revolted Soudanese province unaided, and as the British Government jibbed at the offer of any active assistance in this direction, it was decided to withdraw the Egyptian garrisons and to abandon the country to the Soudanese.

General Gordon was sent to Khartoum early in 1884 to plan and to carry out the arrangements necessary to give effect to this decision. Meanwhile the trouble increased, the seaport of Suakin was threatened, and that brilliant cavalry officer, Valentine Baker Pasha, who had taken service with the Khedive, was the protagonist of another tragedy; for, while proceeding from the coast to Trinkitat with 4000 men, to attempt the relief of Tokar, he was surrounded by Mahdists and his force cut to ribbons.

The Government at home was spurred by an aroused public opinion into sending a British expedition, under General Graham, to protect Suakin and relieve Tokar. Two successful though bloody actions were fought at El Teb and Tamai, and the redoubtable Osman Digna having been dealt a heavy blow, the expedition was withdrawn.

Gordon's position at Khartoum was now one of the utmost danger; every day rendered his isolation more complete, and increased the difficulty of effecting his rescue.

Mr. Gladstone shut his eyes to Gordon's peril, and the Government turned a deaf ear to military representation that, to secure the safety of Khartoum and its garrisons, a force should anticipate the autumn fall of the Nile.

## THE LETTERS OF LORD AND LADY WOLSELEY 115

It was not until the month of August that a tardy and reluctant decision was made to send an expedition for the relief of General Gordon and to entrust the command to Lord Wolseley, whose views as to the feasibility of the advance by the river had prevailed over General Stephenson's<sup>1</sup> opinion in favour of the Suakin-Berber route.]

### CHAPTER X

WAR OFFICE, 4/2/84.

MY DEAR LOO,—Please go to my room and look in the second (I think) drawer on left side of my writing-table, and you will find some sheets in my handwriting, describing Gordon's conversation with me when he was here. Please put them in an envelope and send them to me by the bearer.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

21/4/84.

I have just seen both Stewart<sup>2</sup> and Buller: the latter has grown stouter. What a hateful place this is! it seems all the worse now that I know how pleasant the country can be without visitors or neighbours.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

A Cabinet to-day, where my proposals are being considered. Hartington said I might expect him to send for me in the evening, so I may lose some of the hours intended for *jolly old* Colonel North.

WAR OFFICE, 24/4/84.

Yesterday I was sent for in hot haste to go to Downing Street, where a Cabinet was sitting. I was kept there until long after post hour, so I could not write to you.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I was tired and very much put out owing to the line about to be taken by the Government on the Soudan question when I went to dinner at Northbrook's yesterday. The first person who caught my eye was the beautiful Lady Dalhousie.<sup>3</sup> Northbrook took her into dinner, and I was able to look at her all through dinner: and, really, it was a treat. Lady Dorothy

<sup>1</sup> Sir Frederick Stephenson, commanding British forces in Egypt.

<sup>2</sup> Wolseley's dearest friend.

<sup>3</sup> Wife of thirteenth Earl of Dalhousie.



Nevill was very amusing, but shocked Northbrook by having on the badge of the Primrose League. Joe Chamberlain was there. A large reception afterwards, in which I was caught by numerous boxes. I am dining on Sunday with Butler, who has returned "across" the Atlantic.

Have you seen in any of your society papers that Gladys<sup>1</sup> of Lonsdale is to be married to Edgar Vincent?<sup>2</sup> The engagement has been officially announced. She is really clever as well as handsome, but has only £5000 a year and a strong propensity to spend a fortune annually.

WAR OFFICE, 25/4/84.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I enclose the cheque you asked for. Please acknowledge its receipt by return of post—now don't forget to do this. We had an excellent dinner last night at Levy Lawson's<sup>3</sup>—no women. And I afterwards went with him to Fleet Street to see how the newspaper with *the largest circulation in the world* is printed and issued. It was very interesting, but very late hours. To-day I have promised to call on *your* Duchess of Sutherland. She asked me to dine. I said I could not, but would pay her a visit, and here I am let in by this weak promise of mine. I sometimes wish all my women friends were banished.

WAR OFFICE, 2/5/84.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Goschen breakfasted with me this morning to talk over Egyptian matters. We discussed the Edgar Vincent marriage. He spoke in the highest terms of the bridegroom elect, and in a manner that convinced me he had never contemplated having him for a son-in-law. I dined with the Solvyns<sup>4</sup> last night, and took in a pretty and very chatty woman—Mrs. Duff, wife of a radical M.P.; on my left was Lady Granville, beautiful but cold. Lord Granville sat opposite and was evidently lost in admiration of his wife all through dinner. We had a Belgian Countess—I don't think the Count was there—who is even larger than Madame Solvyns. The Countess was young—but her face had been subjected to a severe powdering before she arrived.

<sup>1</sup> Widow of fourth Earl of Lonsdale, afterwards Marchioness of Ripon.

<sup>2</sup> Financial adviser to the Egyptian Government; created Lord D'Abernon.

<sup>3</sup> Brother of first Lord Burnham.

<sup>4</sup> Belgian Minister.

WAR OFFICE,  
7.30 p.m., 12/7/84.

Nothing is talked of but the approaching campaign against the House of Lords. I wish all its members looked forward to this agitation with the contempt I feel for it. Either it is useful or not: if not, the sooner it disappears the better. I hate shams, and of all the most unworthy shams, that of sham power is the worst. If it has not the right and the power to reject a Bill which it thinks a bad one, then do away with it—but do not keep up an institution because it once had that power and because formerly it was regarded as wielding a power that was of use to the State.

Lord  
Wolseley.

However, I must not write about politics, and Fricke tells me I must dress for dinner.

WAR OFFICE, *Thursday.*

I rode home from Kneller Hall on Tuesday by myself, and a very hot ride it was. Went to the War Office, and then to the House of Lords, where I sat very near Mrs. Gladstone, who caught me by the arm as I was leaving and said, "How dreadful all this is!" Meaning how terrible it was that the Lords should dare to oppose her William's will. After dinner I heard Lord Salisbury make an admirable and, as it struck me, an unanswerable speech. Last night dined with the Wharncliffes, who sent you many kind messages. The Saxe-Weimars, the Waterfords, Lord Hardinge, the Secretary to the Italian Embassy, Lord Drogheda, and others, whose names I don't know. At 11 p.m. by special train with H.R.H. to Aldershot; we slept at Charley Fraser's. Up this morning at 5.30 a.m. to have a grand sham fight. We were to have started at 7 a.m., but it came on to rain so heavily that the troops were ordered home. It cleared up about 8 a.m. and we had a march past and several inspections, getting back to the War Office about 4 p.m., with hours of work before me.

Lord  
Wolseley.

IN THE TRAIN (SOUTH OF MAYENCE), 1st September.

This parting from you takes a good deal out of me, far more than you can have any notion of, and each succeeding occasion

Lord  
Wolseley.

is harder and harder to bear. Each time I ask myself, when out of your sight, "Shall I see her again?" I am very glad you did not go with me to Victoria, for I should have broken down; as it was, I was not fit for the occasion when I reached the platform and had to say good-bye to so many so-called friends. At Dover, Lady Stewart<sup>1</sup> was there to see me off. Her time comes to-morrow, but then I can't think they are as fond of one another as we are. It is generally supposed that couples tire of one another after years, and that, as they enter middle age, become somewhat indifferent; but I can truly say that I love you far more now than I have ever done. We were delayed nearly ten hours at Cologne by an accident on the line, which is unfortunate, as the evening will close in before we have got through the best part of the Rhine scenery. No wonder that the French should wish to have the Rhine as their frontier; but that can not be till the Germans cease to be a great military power.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, VIENNA, *Wednesday, 3rd September.*—After all, we are to stay here to-day. Lord Northbrook had never been to Vienna, and, therefore, wished to see it, and he added he did not see why he should knock himself up by unremitting travel at the beginning of his mission. We are to dine with Colonel Primrose this evening, and go to the celebrated gardens afterwards, where kings and *cocottes* equally enjoy life.

ON BOARD H.M.S. "IRIS" AT SEA,  
*7th September 1884.*

*Lord  
Wolsley.*

MY DEAREST,—This ship shakes so that it is as difficult to write in my cabin as in an express train; when you see this note, don't think I have taken to drink, or that want of nerve has caused my hand to quiver like an aspen leaf.

My hair being long, I sent for the ship's barber, a marine artilleryman, who dressed my head as if he were ramming home a charge in a big gun: he clipped me as if he were clipping a poodle. I have had an annoying pimple on the back of my neck for the last few days, which I made the ship's doctor stick his knife into. This ferocious marine began by rasping my head with a comb as he would have done a

<sup>1</sup> Wife of Sir Herbert Stewart, appointed to command mounted troops in the expedition.

horse with a curry-comb, and, of course, ran the teeth into the place where the doctor had lanced me in the morning. I remonstrated feebly; he answered by flourishing his scissors about close to my ears as if he meant to warn me that he would think little of cutting them off if I made any further row about the matter. He had one great merit—he never spoke, and, on the whole, I think I preferred this silent but ferocious marine barber to the oily and loquacious creatures who crop you in Mr. Trufitt's. I feel convinced that if any hair-cutting establishment was started on the principle that the operator was forbidden to speak on pain of dismissal, their régime would end in cutting out all other hair-cutting establishments.

Northbrook is a great gentleman but a very weak man. You must be with him to realise how impulsive he is. He catches at the views of men he thinks clever, and then rides off, determined to carry them out. He was sent to India as Governor-General, where he did nothing of note, and is now on his way to Egypt to evolve some policy for this wretched, boneless Cabinet of ours.

KASR EL NOUSSA, CAIRO,  
13th September 1884.

This day two years ago, thank God, ended brilliantly. I can remember my feeling of growing anxiety all through the hours from 1 a.m. until I stood on the bridge at Tel-el-Kebir, with a defeated army flying from us in all directions. If I am equally blessed, I ought to shake hands with Gordon near Khartoum, about the 31st January next. Remember that Khartoum by the Nile is over 1700 miles from Cairo.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

Brackenbury, for some personal reason, would not come out with the others, and the result is that when he arrives at Alexandria next Wednesday, he will have to go into a filthy quarantine place for five days. I can fancy I see him there now, biting his nails, which he invariably does when he is vexed or much put out by some disagreeable circumstance that he cannot meet with force but to which he must bend. I have just had a gracious telegram from the Queen on this anniversary—thoughtful of her, was it not? I am on the best of terms with dear "Ben" Stephenson; he is "such a gentleman" in

every way that it goes to my heart to be here superseding him in the command of the troops. I contrast him with Chelmsford, who was Stephenson's inferior as a soldier in every respect, but who, when superseded by me, evinced the worst spirit and met all my overtures with ill grace.

CAIRO, 20/9/84.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I settled with Lord Northbrook this morning that I would start for the Upper Nile myself about this day week. My own idea is to get up to a place called Debbeh or Ambigol on the river, from whence there are roads across the desert to Khar-toum and to Shendy, and if all goes well, to take 1000 or 1500 men on camels into Khartoum, *capture* Gordon, and bring him back with me. If I can do this and we have no fighting, I ought to be in Hill Street before April Fools' Day. I am in much better health and strength than I was lately at home. For the two months before I left England, I had been too much worried and worked and thwarted by H.R.H. of Cambridge. I had no regular exercise and was a little below par in consequence. Now I ride always once and generally twice a day, and I have not to fight and stand between two parties—the C.-in-C. on one side and common sense on the other. I know of nothing more wearing, because it is trying to the temper. Oh, defend me from having to deal with exalted personages; and yet when I say this, I feel how justly one's servants might say the same thing of all of us. We are dictatorial, we decide peremptorily, as our wants or whims dictate, in a way that must seem very unreasonable to our servants. You who, like myself, clamour against any want of consideration shown by exalted folk to those with whom they are brought in contact, remember this the next time you say "Do so-and-so" to Truman. I have not yet been able to get through the bundle of letters that I brought out unanswered: they stare me in the face daily, and the longer I postpone looking over them, the more likely are they to answer themselves. I have just finished my first letter to the Queen, and that is always an exhausting duty. I am amused at what you heard about Princess Edward. She always writes to me with the utmost frankness, and I don't believe she laughs at me behind my back. She always tells me what the Duke of Cambridge says of me, and, as far as I can judge, is candour itself in all her dealings with me. I always take people as I

find them, and am anxious never to bear malice, but to use men and women too for my own purposes even when I doubt their sincerity, which I very often do. I have just had a telegram from the Prince of Wales asking me to employ Arthur Paget.<sup>1</sup> I have replied how much I regret that I cannot do so. An odd mail just arrived brings me a letter from Lady Dorothy, but the writing is so difficult to read that I take a few lines each day and still can barely make it out.

CAIRO, 27th September 1884.

I leave this evening for Assiut, by rail, to embark on Sunday morning for Assuan, and then on to Wady Halfa, Dongola. I paid the Princess Nazli<sup>2</sup> a visit this week. She is really not the least pretty: her face, like all these women, is powdered or painted quite white, which, with her very dark and large eyebrows, gives her rather a ghastly look. She spoke a great deal about the Goschens and begged to be remembered to all the family. She receives about 6 p.m., when she has a sort of twilight enlivened by some lamps which sets her off to advantage. Daylight would not suit her complexion, I think. I hear that Lady Florence Dixie means to force her way up the Nile. She shall not do so if I can prevent her.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I have just said adieu to the Khedive, who has done everything in his power to help and befriend me in the nicest possible manner. We shall be in the train all night, and a precious dusty journey we shall have. I often see Edgar Vincent; he does not seem much cut up at his engagement being broken off. What a silly thing of Mrs. R. coming here! She will be able to see no more of her husband than if she were to remain at home. These arrangements are, I think, all made for effect and not from affection. I have just been bidding Mrs. Val Baker good-bye. She wanted me to dine with her this evening, but I declined. I believe the noble "tin bellies" and Hussars embarked yesterday. Fancy a Life Guardsman clothed like a scarecrow and with blue goggles on, mounted on a camel, over which he has little control. What a picture! I hope you have a good map of the Nile from

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lieut.-General the Right Hon. Sir A. Paget.

<sup>2</sup> Cousin to present Sultan, the first Egyptian lady to receive Europeans at her house and to dine out.

Wady Halfa to Khartoum. If not, ask Hopkins to send you one. You will be glad to hear that I sneeze very little now, and attribute it, to the fact that since I left home I have seldom used a pince-nez, using spectacles instead. The place where the tickling in my left nostril makes me sneeze, is just the exact spot where the pince-nez presses on my nose. I think my sneezing has been occasioned by the pince-nez.

Poor James is very much put out that he has not been employed on the expedition up the Nile, or what I find is called in my cipher telegrams the "Nubian Expedition." It is not easy to steer between all the difficulties raised by men who think that no military operation should be undertaken without them. Meanwhile, I have a long letter from H.R.H. of Cambridge in which he begs me to find some light work for his son Augustus, and I have said I will gladly do what I can for him.

ON BOARD THE "FEROOZ,"

1st October 1884.

Lord  
Wolseley.

We are comfortable on board: cooking bad and the animals cooked worse; however, it is all the height of luxury to what we shall have in the desert. I feel a carpet knight to mention any inconvenience when I think of what Stewart and Gordon have been enduring in Khartoum. I have just written to Northbrook about a steamer for him when he comes up here, and referring to my hero, Charlie Gordon, said, "Whatever may be our opinion as to his policy we must, at least, all feel proud of him as an Englishman at bay, fighting to protect the men, women, and children he was sent out to bring away safely." Northbrook and E. Baring<sup>1</sup> dislike Gordon, and never lose an opportunity to *dénigrer* his worth: they call him mad because he does not worship the party gods whom Gladstone and Co. have set up.

The *Ferooz* is one of the Khedive's yachts, which he placed at my disposal for use on the Nile during the expedition. My party on board is twelve in number, including Swaine, my four A.D.C.'s, Buller, and Brackenbury. At the last moment I gave a passage to the artist of the *Graphic*, whom I knew in South Africa, and here again in 1882, so I expect you will have numerous drawings of my doings during the voyage in that newspaper. It makes my party thirteen, a number of

<sup>1</sup> Agent-General, afterwards first Earl of Cromer.

which, as you know, I have a horror, so every day I have to ask the Captain—who can't speak a word of any language but his own, Arabic—or Messrs. Cook's man, who is a Spaniard, to make up our number to fourteen at meals. Yesterday, at Luxor, the English Consul—a very black man—was very anxious I should take away with me a mummy hawk; but I resisted. He said he would have a full-sized mummy ready for me when next we met, so unless I can avoid stopping there on my return you must expect to see me arrive with a mummy coffin on the box of our carriage. Where shall we put it in Hill Street? I expect to reach Assuan at 3 p.m. to-day, where I hope to post this letter. There I shall remain two or three days, as I hope to get this steamer up the first cataract and to take her on to Wady Halfa. At the latter place I shall meet Evelyn Wood.

Northbrook and Baring have now determined to let his army die out slowly, replacing it by an armed police. By and by this may be good policy, but until the Mahdi is disposed of in some way and the eastern Soudan brought back to peace and order, an army will be required to protect the frontier, or, at least, by its presence at Wady Halfa and Assuan, give the feeling of confidence without which trade is impossible. The Baring Firm must not forget this in their hurry to carry out the radical programme of their party.

I often think, when men talk of military examinations and the Staff College, that the only one of my four A.D.C.'s who could not pass a scientific examination is Wardrop,<sup>1</sup> and yet, as a Staff Officer all round, he is worth the other three put together. One is an Engineer, the other two Gunners; all three educated at Woolwich, yet how inferior as soldiers to Wardrop, who, until I induced him to study for the Staff College, knew as little of equations as I do of the mysteries of Isis. Swaine<sup>2</sup> is not so clever as accomplished, and delightful to deal with; has plenty of that sound common sense necessary for the man of the world, and which is far more generally useful than mathematical knowledge. He is not happy outside of a horse, or, indeed, of a donkey, for he generally manages to get an animal that stumbles or tumbles, or the saddle turns round and he gets a cropper.

<sup>1</sup> Major Wardrop, Lancers, afterwards military attaché at Vienna.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Lieut.-General Sir Leopold Swaine, military secretary to Lord Wolseley, 1882 and 1884-85.



P.S.—*The Life of Cicero* is at my side as I write; that eloquent talker who reminds me of Fox or Gladstone—all talk, talk, and pandering to the whims of a mob in order to gain and retain power; characters wanting in the quality that has given immortal fame to Cæsar, Cromwell, and Napoleon.

KOROSKO, 4th October 1884.

Lord  
Wolseley.

We have just arrived here, and I find two English officers with a small detachment of native troops. We are a peculiar nation, with representatives everywhere, even in the midst of this great Nubian desert. And wherever that representative is an officer of the Army or Navy, you may depend upon his word as you would upon the oaths of other men, and you know he will uphold the honour and reputation of his country. I have just had a telegram from the *Central News* saying the *Times* states I have been recalled, and asking if it be true. What a curious rumour! Remember you can always telegraph to me. It would be well if you bought two little English dictionaries of the same edition and sent me one. You could then always cipher to me.

In the same way you can often safely put a name in clear without giving any clue to meaning of sentence. In fact the clever thing to do is to put as much as you can in clear, and as little as you can in cipher, and yet make the sentence entirely unintelligible to those who have not the key to our cipher.

WADY HALFA, 6th October 1884.

Lord  
Wolseley.

You will have heard before this reaches you all about the fate of poor Colonel Stewart.<sup>1</sup> We do not yet know for certain that he has been murdered, but I can have no doubt about it myself. We have actually two lady nurses here in our hospital: they are a real boon. Before we got them recognised as part of our medical establishment, the doctors pooh-poohed their value, and tried to keep them at a distance. I wish we had plenty more of them; they serve, moreover, to keep the doctors and the hospital orderlies up to the mark.

I have begun already to roar at every one, from talking to

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Stewart, 11th Hussars, murdered by the Monassir tribe on his way down the river from Khartoum, October 1884.

Wood ; strange to say the Railroad Engineer here, a Major Clarke, is much deafer than Evelyn, so you can imagine how pleasant it is to do business with them when they are together.

WADY HALFA, 9th October 1884.

Our camp now consists of two dahabeeyahs, in one of which reside myself, Swaine, Wardrop, and Fricke, and in the other Buller and his A.D.C. The rest of the Headquarters people live in tents pitched on the bank. Mine consists of self, Military Secretary, four A.D.C.'s, and a doctor—by and by the party will be increased by Lord Charles Beresford and a native A.D.C. called Zohrab Bey. The last named was attached to my staff when I was here in 1882, and is a very useful man, speaking Arabic fluently. His father was an Armenian and his mother English ; he is a very nice fellow. When in Cairo, where he does duty with the Khedive, he has a little establishment presided over by a French lady who used to sing on the stage in light opera. When he leaves he sends her to her friends in France, as I don't think he believes in grass widows in a place like Cairo. I have not yet begun camel riding, but one of my two camels threw its rider twice yesterday evening, and it is no joke tumbling from such a height. The great Camel Corps arrived at Alexandria yesterday. I am anxious to see all the fine gentlemen of H.M. Household troops, dressed in workmanlike fashion, moving over the sands of this desert on camels.

Lord  
Wolseley.

WADY HALFA, 13/10/84.

MY DEAREST,—I am sure it was no fault of yours that the post of yesterday, which brought me English letters of the 26th September, did not bring me a line from you. You in England, surrounded with every comfort and as many pleasures as you wish to enjoy, cannot realise the pain and irritation caused by the arrival of an English post that does not bring you letters from the only person you care to hear from. I am becoming very tired of this place ; waiting, waiting, waiting, without anything very particular to do all day, is trying to the temper of a man like me. However, if I had not come out, I don't think that any relief of Khartoum this winter would

Lord  
Wolseley.

have been possible. Just off to one of the very difficult cataraacts up the river to see some native boats dragged through it. A good rattling day of discomfort in the broiling sun is good for one, and prevents one from feeling age creeping on. In London one hears so much of party politics and the struggles of place-hunters; but when one gets clear away from the politicians' atmosphere, one loses all interest in the subjects which absorb people at home. I could not read one of those speeches Gladstone has been spouting in Scotland lately, unless forced to do so at the point of the bayonet. Any shred of concern as to whether Parnell will have forty or seventy Irish savages to do his bidding at the next election vanishes after a few weeks spent in the Nubian deserts. If, to please the Gladstones, the Brights, and vestrymen of that ilk, the English choose to see their Empire wrecked, provided the catastrophe takes place in accordance with law and the theory of Parliamentary Government, all I can say is, they deserve to lose it.

WADY HALFA, *Tuesday, 14/10/84.*

*Lord  
Wolsley*

Oh, my dear little woman, what a night we have had of it ! We had had an extremely violent dust-storm during the day, but it subsided towards evening, and I went out for a ride on my camel until dark. I always dine at 7 p.m. so as to get to bed early and have plenty of sleep before daybreak, which is about 5.30 a.m. Every evening I have two guests to dinner ; we dine on the upper deck of this dahabeeyah in which I write this and where I sleep. Well, we had just finished our candle-grease and water which we call soup, when on came another sand-storm ; I thought we should have been blown away from our moorings right out into the broad river—such a scene : the native captain and his sailors howling at one another and jabbering like monkeys. Fricke holding on like grim death to the awning, which the wind caught, making the ship lean over in an uncomfortable manner. I clutched at some tumblers and glasses, others seized the plates, another the tablecloth, and struggled down below into the saloon, there to wait until the storm blew over. During the time we were exposed to it, we were covered with dust and sand. When Fricke reappeared to lay another cloth in the saloon he was as black as a Nubian. I have a little steam cutter moored alongside my dahabeeyah ;

it was nearly swamped, and in trying to get shelter had to pass under a spar extending from the dahabeeyah to the shore, and in doing so carried away its steam whistle. After dinner I went to bed; the heat was very great and oppressive, but being, as you know, a good sleeper, I was soon in the land of dreams. I awoke a little before daybreak and felt very dirty. I put my hand on my blanket and then on my pillows and found them covered with dust; in fact my head was in a sand-bag and my eyes clogged with mud. Everything in my cabin was thick with brown dust. We had had another, and, as I found out, a much worse storm during the night, which I had slept through. Oh! the discomfort of waking up and finding oneself in such a condition of dirt as I was in this morning! However, it is all in the way of business; I had an early breakfast, and rode out 14 miles to see some boats taken through the worst cataract here, which is called the "Gate."

WADY HALFA, 17th October 1884.

As yet I have seen nothing about Egypt that would induce me to come here for pure pleasure. Of course, if you compare it with Ashanti—but purgatory is agreeable if weighed in the scales against hell. Oh, the heat to-day! and now that every cranny has been stopped that would allow the outside air to enter in, I feel as if I were being gradually stewed in my own juice, having been well larded beforehand.

<sup>†</sup>Lord  
Wolseley.

I enclose a note from Baker Russell. Good lieutenants are prone to be troublesome; my followers forget I cannot employ every one in a little war like this. The longer I live the less I count on personal friendship. Men like you as long as you can help them, and then are apt to kick down the ladder by which they succeeded in mounting.

HALFA, NUBIA,

22nd October 1884.

MY DEAREST,—Buller's A.D.C., Lord F. Fitzgerald, is a nice youth, but I am told a rare fellow to ask questions. He saw me using a single field-glass, and said, "Is that a good plan to have only one glass instead of binoculars?" The answer was obvious. "A capital plan to have a single

<sup>†</sup>Lord  
Wolseley.

glass when you have only one eye." He has made no further inquiries from me.

WADY HALFA, NUBIA,  
26th October 1884.

Lord  
Wolseley.

This is, I hope, the last letter I shall ever write to you from this place, the name of which was unknown to 999 out of every 1000 educated Englishmen a year ago, but which now all have heard of. I leave before daybreak on Tuesday morning; by rail 34 miles to Sarras, horseback for about 15 miles, then camels for about 16 or 17 miles more to a cataract on the river named Ambigol. Sleep in the desert, to Akashah, and so on to Hanek, the third cataract, which I hope to reach early on Sunday next, where a steamer meets me and I go on in her to Dongola. You know from my journals—that is, if you ever read them—what my object is in going so soon to that place ahead of the bulk of my army. Sir H. Stewart is now commanding the troops at Dongola. I am curious to see what I can do with the Mudir of that place, who is a pompous and vain man, with a great deal of energy and ability; a great autocrat whom the people like because they respect him, and respect because they fear him. Fricke started this morning by river; he never could ride all day on a camel. So I am being valeted by Wood the coachman. I feel he will come in some morning with a wisp of hay, making a hissing noise with his mouth, and try to wisp me down before I have my tub. I have just heard from Lord C. Beresford that a certain lady has been left £15,000 a year by one of her "friends": "*virtue rewarded!*"

DONGOLA, NUBIA,  
5th November 1884.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Butler is now here. I think as he grows older his rich Irish accent becomes more marked and still fuller. I like his earnestness and go-aheadness, never tied by conventionalities or red tape. He must work, however, in a zone of his own. He does not pull well in a team.

Things have not been going with me as well as I could like. These infernal old steamers of the Khedive's are worn out and constantly breaking down, and the result is that I cannot be at Shendy (on the Nile below Khartoum) for at least a

month later than I had in a sanguine mood calculated upon. This will retard operations so, that we shall be well into the hot weather before we can be back again in Cairo. However, perhaps I may be able to avoid moving up the Nile beyond Debbeh or Ambikol, and may, from that neighbourhood, be able to push on camels across the desert direct to Khartoum. I have this morning received an answer from Hartington to my application for Baker Russell, telling me the 13th have been ordered to the Cape. I pity them, unless the Government have determined upon reconquering that Colony from the Dutch, for, unless there is to be a real war there, the work for the regiment will be tiresome and uninteresting, and will be felt by the men, who had been looking forward to a spell at home after their tour of service in India.

DONGOLA, NUBIA,

10th November 1884.

Have you seen the *Army and Navy Gazette* of the 11th October? There is an article intended, I suppose, to be antagonistic, but I regard it as complimentary. It says I am the strong man who insists upon having his way; that is just what I strive to be, but I am heavily handicapped. I have just had a telegram from the Prince of Wales asking me to employ Sir John Willoughby of the Blues, who took you into dinner one evening last season. I have also had a telegram from Burnaby,<sup>1</sup> saying he will be in Cairo on the 20th instant. There will be the devil's own row if I give him anything to do, and yet I should like to do so, as he is clever and as brave as a lion. I shall let him come on to the front at any rate, and if there is to be fighting, he shall have a place in the forefront of the battle, which will please him and confound his enemies. It is difficult to steer safely through friends and foes. I have just read some quotations from the book that the Executrix of the late Lady Bulwer Lytton has recently published. Fancy, with interesting works on all sorts of subjects open to one, to pore through the pages of foolish letters written by a young man in the silliest strain to a young woman he was about to marry! Who on earth can care to probe into the causes that led to the

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Burnaby, Royal Horse Guards, a great traveller; author of the *Ride to Khiva*.

separation of these two people, and how can it interest any one to know that the husband in a rage bit his wife's cheek?

I am amazed at the bickerings and dodges of professional politicians. At this distance from Westminster, Private Tommy Atkins, slaving away here amidst a thousand discomforts, seems a far more respectable person, and one of whom England should be much prouder than, say, of Sir W. Harcourt. The Duke of Cambridge is evidently pleased, and writes to me that he hopes other members of the Royal Family will now visit Ireland. There, I think, he is quite right, for the Paddies would give the Prince of Wales a reception such as he has never had anywhere else. The Princess of Wales would help him greatly in this respect.

WADY HALFA, 17th November 1884.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I am told that the post bag for home will close in twenty minutes, so I must scribble you a line. I reached this place last night a little before eleven o'clock, having come from Dongola in four days, which distance took me seven when I went to Dongola from there. I start again from this at half-past seven this evening to return to Dongola, which I hope to reach, D.V., in four days. To-night I shall sleep in the desert. I have two A.D.C.'s with me, one of whom—Zohrab Bey—has a native servant. He is the only domestic with the party, and I have no escort of any sort beyond an Arab guide. I never took even my boots off coming here, and only once washed at all, so, as you may imagine, I was glad to have a bottle of champagne here last night on arrival, and a good tub and clean clothes on this morning. I am very glad I came, however, as I will describe in my journal, which I shall write up when I reach Dongola. I had food with Maurice on my way here, so if you see his wife you can tell her he is very well and prospering. My poor camel that I rode yesterday for over fourteen and a half hours could scarcely stand when I reached Sarras at 9 p.m. last night. It had had neither food nor water all day, and its rider had had very little either, as the whole distance was through a howling wilderness of desert, where not one drop of water was to be seen or had. At one time I had to dismount to lead him. The camels of the others were much worse than mine. You must tell Frances this. On my way here I rode one night for several hours on a pony which I owned in Cyprus. Do you remember

one that was most difficult to mount? That was the one. I am "very fit," as Baker Russell would say, and, with the exception of a burnt-up nose, I am all the better for my 220-mile ride.

DONGOLA (ORDER), 24th November 1884.

I enclose you Charlie Gordon's letter to me in reply to one I wrote him when in Cairo. There is much in it that has not been made public, so if you show it in triumph to any of your pals don't let them read much of it. Keep it as a curiosity. I paid over £100 to the messenger's people for its safe delivery. What a strange man Gordon is! I hope I may not have any trouble with him; I don't anticipate any, but with him you must be always prepared for the unexpected. Your plan of sending me cuttings from the newspapers is excellent. I have read no papers, I may say, since I came to Egypt. I amuse myself with the picture papers, but I am so tired and wearied with Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet of vestrymen, with their plans, their Franchise Bill, their littleness, love of party, and indifference to the honour or greatness of England, that I hate to read anything about them. They will have their day; a dirty, dunghill sort of democratic wave is now passing over the world. Old creeds are laughed at; power and strength are scoffed at. The stump orator, poking his head out of a railway carriage, tells a man that he is a splendid fellow and the pink of wisdom as long as he keeps the Prime Minister in power.

Lord  
Wolseley.

25th November.—I feel a little depressed by news I have just received from Buller at Halfa, about progress of supplies to the front and the slowness of our whalers on the river carrying the troops. I have such a trust in God, who, I believe, regulates all human affairs and listens to the prayers of those who ask in faith for His blessing on their doings, that I am sure He will not forsake me now, but will help me. He has been with me in all my previous expeditions, and when things have looked blackest, much darker than they do at this moment, He has come to my assistance and shown a way out of my difficulties. It is troubles of this sort that make men old before their time, and I have been so hounded down by enemies at home, that the thought of failure is to me more dreadful than it would be to one who would be merely regarded as having failed to accomplish a very difficult or impossible task. My



only real trouble is time. My task would be simple if I had a couple more months of cool weather before me than I can calculate upon. I know you don't take the same views I do upon the interposition of God in all our doings—I wish you did. How often I have escaped death by a hairbreadth, always with the feeling that God watched over me. This was when no responsibility rested on my shoulders; but I have realised it far more since chief command lies on me. At home I neglect God sadly, but when embarked in any difficult enterprise, I turn to Him as my Protector, as my Guide. My prayers have never been for riches or happiness or long life, but God has given me, up to the present, what I craved of Him—the power to work. I feel that my mission is not yet fulfilled, and He will not forsake me now. Is this a gloomy sheet? To no other person in the world could I or would I unburden myself as I have done here. I am as cheery as ever, and whatever may be in my heart no man of my party laughs more or looks happier than I do. My next sheet to-morrow will be in a different tone, and, indeed, I feel inclined to tear this up and not send it.

*Wednesday, 26th November 1884.*—I feel quite ashamed of having written you so lugubrious a sheet yesterday. I have just come in from a good canter, the first since my fall from the camel, and I feel healthy and ready to fight the Mahdi and all his belongings, or to march south across the Equator and find my way into Bechuanaland. I have no uneasiness about fighting the Mahdi, but if great mortality occurs, it will be Gladstone's fault in not being able to foresee the necessity of this expedition, or understand the arguments of soldiers who told him early in the year that it must be undertaken. The amount of human blood that has been shed and will yet be shed through his want of statesmanlike ability is bad to contemplate. Heaven knows I am not squeamish about taking human life, but, when taken, the action ought to be deliberate and well thought out, some great object being in view, one of the chief objects being to limit the extent of wars and bloodshed in the no distant future. His action has been the reverse of this. He talks glibly about bloodguiltiness, and yet no Englishman of modern days has so much on him, not because he loves to kill, but because he cannot rule the affairs of England. Whilst he is canting on halfpenny cards about the sinfulness of war,

and talking bosh out of railway-carriage windows on trifling subjects connected with this vote-catching Franchise Bill, he is planting the seeds of trouble which must end in a great Boer war in South Africa, and eventually in a war in Europe.

1st December 1884.

Little things sometimes make one cross when one is anxious. I always try to resist this, but human nature is very weak. To-day I am "put out" by the Foot Guards. They have come bounding along through the desert as if they were racing, and the consequence is, they come in here with any number of camels having bad sore backs. Yesterday morning early, when I sat down to write a General Order upon the occasion of the first of our boats with troops on board having passed the third cataract, which is just about 40 miles below this town, I wished I could have had you with me to correct it. I employed only the simplest English words and plainest metaphor, so that the most unlearned bugler should comprehend the meaning of the appeal. You must give me your criticism. Any one can write and tell me it is "beautiful," etc., but I want your candid opinion.

Lord  
Wolseley.

DONGOLA, 10/12/84.

I am anxious to see how much of Gordon's letter—which I sent you home—the Government have published. Hartington telegraphed to me asking how much should be made known, and I answered that they should leave out all about supplies, number of days Gordon can hold out, all mention of men like Cuzzi, and everything that could possibly be of use to the Mahdi. I told you, when I sent you Gordon's letter, to keep it to yourself, for the Government, having refused to make most of it known, it would never do to allow its contents to leak out through you.

Lord  
Wolseley.

ON BOARD THE KHDIVE'S DAHABEYYAH, *Saturday, 13th December*.—At last I am off with my face towards Khartoum, where I hope, please God, to be not very long after you read this. If I go by the desert route into Khartoum *via* Shendy, I shall be

Lord  
Wolseley.

cut off from all telegraph stations for some time, so I beg of you to laugh at all tales of disaster which are safe to be circulated the very moment I leave the "wire." "Lord W. killed and his army destroyed," etc. etc. I can see the little boys with their dirty yellow posters running up Hill Street calling the lying news out, but do you laugh at it. I wish Frances and you could have seen my embarkation to-day. First there was an English guard of honour, and then two lines of Bashi Bazouks from the Mudir's residence to the quay: our band playing some martial strain as the guard presented arms, whilst a few key bugles played by men as black as ebony gave out discordant sounds, the Mudir's soldiers being determined to mark their presence by some musical display. In the background a small crowd of men, women, and children, not only of all ages and of all sizes, but of every variety of colour, from the intense blackness of Equatorial slave to the fairness of the Turk or of the Mameluke, from whom many here are descended.

KORTI, 23rd December 1884.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Your nice fat letter of the 28th November reached me yesterday evening. I found it on my table when I returned from my evening ride. I read it most deliberately before dinner, and then again after dinner when I left my festive board and got back to my tent. I dine at 7 p.m., and always have two or three men besides my "Household" to dinner, and I am glad to say these strangers generally retire about half-past eight or nine. If they don't, Swaine calls me out on telegraph business, or one of the A.D.C.'s tells them I go to bed very early. Well, much as I like sleep, my bedstead, which on outside measurement is only 24 inches wide, is not of that tempting nature that I care to get on it except when I want to sleep. One can only turn on it with care, and if you are not extremely cautious in turning, you find your blankets on the ground. However, I must not find fault with it. I am very glad to have it to keep me off the ground, and I shall miss it very much when I leave this for Khartoum and take again to the desert. Well, when in my tent at 9 p.m., I find it difficult to pass the next hour, for I am afraid to read. With eyes as bad as mine I cannot afford to weary them in this climate. It is the want of a good crop of eyelashes that makes you suffer in the desert, and

especially of eyelashes under the eye, as the heat is reflected up from the desert, and unless well provided with a natural hedge of bristles beneath your eyes, you suffer accordingly. With your long and thick eyelashes this desert glare would not affect you, but with my scraggy eyelashes—only one here and there, and that a very poor affair—it is very different. When I smoked it did not matter much, for a cigar will always help you kill a useless hour, but I have, I may say, almost given up smoking, and very seldom indulge in a cigar, much as I enjoy smoking. I found my nerves were being affected here if I smoked, so, great as the privation was, I gave up tobacco in order to have all the nerve possible for the Mahdi.

*26th December.*—We dined earlier than usual yesterday evening so as to attend a sort of open-air concert. Wardrop was Master of the Ceremonies, and the affair went off very well. The songs were all of the music-hall type, and a ridiculous parody, sung by a sailor, of " 'Twas in Trafalgar Bay." At dinner we had a very good plum-pudding and champagne which had been stored up for Xmas Day. Also two very fine wild geese that Arthur Creagh shot. Their flesh was excellent, but the flavour a little too strong for me. If I had had nothing else for dinner I could have got through them very well, but I am a poor creature at novelties in food.

*Monday, 29th December.*—I have just telegraphed to Hartington, telling him that the troops began yesterday pushing up the region where they will soon be in an enemy's country, and that to-morrow Herbert Stewart leaves with a large convoy for the Gakdul Wells, which are in the desert, half-way to Shendy. He returns here without delay, and I hope to start myself with all the mounted troops on the 7th January for Khartoum in the desert and Shendy. My spirits rise at the prospect, and all the fighting instinct that is in me comes bubbling up, until at last I feel inclined to draw my sword and try its temper on the tent pole.

Only fancy your friend Brack converted into a Brigadier-General!! The Duke was angry when I made him Deputy Adjutant-General. He will be angrier when he hears of this new rank now conferred upon him. Most of the rows I get into with H.R.H. are about other people whose battles I have to fight and for which battles those most concerned are never the least grateful.

KORTI, 31st December 1884.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

Last night messengers from Gordon, carrying letters for me, reached Merawi, about 35 miles above this, and I am, as you may imagine, anxiously expecting them. They say that Gordon has plenty of food to enable him to hold out, and told them to tell me I was not to divide my force. If he gives me in his letters good reason why I should not operate as I had just made up my mind to do in two separate columns, each entirely independent of the other, I shall have to change all my plans. Gordon, of course, wants to keep at least some of our soldiers here all the year, so his advice may be biased by that wish. The march of Sir H. Stewart yesterday into this incomprehensible desert was really very imposing. The slow, steady, and measured pace of the camels, the silence of the big men who sat upon them, and the order and regularity of the formation all conspired to make it a scene the remembrance of which will be long impressed upon the memory.

What a strange machine a large staff is to drive! Old Wellington was perhaps right in never having able men about him. Nearly all his generals were duffers, and he made no secret of the fact, and most of his Staff were selected for social reasons, a few outsiders with no family influence or position to give them power or influence—like old Colonel Scovell—your friend's great-uncle—being kept in the background to do all the real work under his own direct guidance. Of course he had to work very hard himself in consequence, but his system had its advantages. I have always gone on the principle of getting hold of all the really able men I can find, but the moment they feel they have an assured footing and can do really good Staff service, they torture themselves with jealousy one of the other, and sometimes even in their dealings with me are inclined to kick over the traces. It is often difficult to keep them in their places. The fact is, there are very few really able men in the world, and a small proportion only of that clever lot join our Army. When any of these clever men are employed in important positions they soon realise their own worth, and are inclined to serve you only on their own terms. A number of them together form a team very difficult to drive. The only plan is to change the leader for each journey, that is, campaign. It is very often a sort of Chinese puzzle to fit them all in to the square they should

make when put together, for there are some of such curious shapes, who will fit in with no one, and who think they should form a square by themselves. Gordon's messenger just arrived—most provoking, he brings no letter, only a piece of paper the size of a postage stamp with: "Khartoum all right, 14/12/84, C. G. Gordon." Of course his messenger has plenty to say, and I have not yet heard his story. I send the piece of paper, as years hence it will be looked upon with great interest. The blue marks on the back are Gordon's seal. It came rolled up as thin as a thick pin, and was sewn into the hem of the messenger's clothing. . . . *Write this under it.*

1884

## CHAPTER XI

TITTENSOR, STOKE-UPON-TRENT,  
23rd April 1884.

*Lady  
Wolsley.*      Rumbling to-day in my *tin box*—don't you wish *you* could have peeped in?—I found those book memos of yours : also these two blue documents. Perhaps *you* will understand them. Fricke heard in the village that there was an earthquake in London yesterday and that a church fell down. I believe the event, if true, was a judgment on *old North*. We shall know nothing till our paper to-morrow. Would you soften your heart to the poor distressed parson and send him the *Times*? I enclose his address.

To-night you will be at the Northbrooks. Tell me whom you take in and all about it. I hope our house feels a little dull without me. This sweet place gets sweeter every day.

TITTENSOR, 24th April 1884.

*Lady  
Wolsley.*      No letter from you this morning to say the earthquake had not gobbled you up ! It seems to have been quite a tidy little earthquake for England. I have been working hard at those vile bills all day, and have not read one line ! There is self-sacrifice for you.

The Duke of Sutherland's housekeeper has been here to-day to look round. "His Grace was shocked at the bare walls." I told Truman to walk her about well and let her look at the carpets ! She "can't think where all the nice things are gone to, the house used to be so pretty." She drove over in a grand carriage, with her Duke's coronet all over *them* all ! I mean the horse and carriage.

Sunday, 27th April 1884.

Please inquire for old Sir Harry Verney at 4 South Street.

I enclose you a new *Marl.* to gloat over, and have marked a few enticing items. Here is a quotation from my Lord Hervey. You might bring the bit about sending an army without a general into Italy and a general without an army to the Rhine into a speech about Hicks and Gordon if you dared.

Lady  
Wolseley.

With regard to the Karolyis,<sup>1</sup> I suppose you think the notice too short; but as they have—vide *M. Post*—only just *rentré* from Clieveden, and as every one is *rentrez-ing*, I do not think you need be huffy about that. However, I enclose you two notes—one to accept and one to refuse—so send which you like. I think they are nice superior foreigners, but do just as you like, *only tell me*. Also please send off enclosed to Mrs. George Cavendish Bentinck if you have not engaged yourself for 10th. If you have, write her a refusal for us both. It is to “meet the Waddingtons.”<sup>2</sup>

TITTENSOR, Sunday, 4th May.

Truman paid a visit of ceremony to the Trentham house-keeper—in return for hers here—yesterday, and it was settled in confidence between these two great powers that the Sutherlands will provide the Wolseleys with “the necessary.” The Duke, innocent creature, went home that Sunday and searched the cupboards himself for ornaments for us; but it appears that whatever he found he still thought could not be parted with, as it is wanted at Trentham! so Dukes are very like little Barons, for I am sure it is just what we should do.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Monday.

I am glad to tell you you will not find my face so pale as this hotel ink! I am decidedly better and have even *nibbled* a bit of a book to-day with some pleasure.

Lady  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Count and Countess Karolyi,<sup>o</sup> Austrian Ambassador and Ambass-ress.

<sup>2</sup> French Ambassador and Ambassadress.



I am not going to throw over Mrs. Washington Hibbert. I shall valiantly dine with her to-morrow night. I feel she will soon be giving an account of us all in heaven, and who knows but that that little extra weight in my favour may not turn the balance.

If you *can*, you will meet me at Victoria, but I know that is an hour when H.R.H. is likely to have his arm round your neck.

TITTENSOR,  
23rd September 1884.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Little "King" takes my photograph and a bag of chocolate cakes. We think a nibble of them before you start on your *rickety* camel in the morning will settle your stomach and prevent sickness. If the journey causes them to coagulate into one large lump you must eat it out of the box with a spoon. I hope, too, you will like the photo. Please slip me out of my frame and observe the beauty of my arms, which is very remarkable! I am delighted to hear of the camel present, and that he is worth £200. Long live the Khedive and the Camel—if the latter sells for a good price.

A word about your spelling. *Week* (*semaine*, not *faiblesse*) is not spelt *weak*, and *development* has not got two "p's" or "l's."

You write an excellent simple style usually, but *sometimes* there is something rather *apprêtée* in your sentences, a little air of writing for posterity, and remember, if you write with your eye on posterity, posterity won't care to keep its eye on what you write, because it will be unnatural and wanting in life. There is a sermon for you. My critical faculties are much sharpened by a course of *Sainte-Beuve* I have been going through. This criticism does not apply to the journal, which is simple and forcible throughout, but to sentences in your letter to me. As I give you up so much and so often to the service of the public now, I claim as a right that your letters to me should be written primarily for me.

Nos soupçons sur la cuisinière ne sont que trop vrais! Elle est depuis sept mois dans cet état. Je la trouve très impertinente de rester chez nous si longtemps car cela pourrait arriver d'un moment à l'autre. Je l'envoie, *with an escort*, chez sa sœur qui est une femme mariée. Il paraît qu'elle serait restée

jusqu'à son accouchement, si on n'avait pas fait cette découverte.

TITTENSOR, 27th September 1884.

Have you had any more "Tartaric Acid" from the Duchess of E. in the shape of recommendations not to write "bombastic speeches"? I hope you will speak up for the soldiers when they deserve it, whatever she may say. It is much more important that *they* should like you than that she should.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

Gordon's telegram that he intends burning Berber and handing the Soudan over to the Turks sets us wondering; but will the country give him the £30,000 he mentions? I think the hose of your common sense turned on your hero will have a very good effect. I hope you will soon send me some journal. Don't keep it till it gets too fat; it is much more interesting to read it fresh and fresh. You shall have a photo of me, I *hope*, by next mail. I enclose you part of a letter from "Alf," in which you will see what Lord Carnarvon thinks of you. There is an amusing picture of you and Northbrook flying through the air as the Dioscuri. Isa is furious with you because you promised to put "Charlie's" name down on your "special service" list, and you have left your list at the W.O. of officers to be sent out and no Charlie on it. I am inundated by letters of mingled congrats and condolences on your departure.

TITTENSOR, 2nd October 1884.

I see to-day that you have arrived at Assuan. There may not, or may, be much fighting before you, but I think there seems plenty of danger without—crocodiles, sails catching fire, boats upsetting. I only wonder I ever close my eyes, but I *do*, and have even an afternoon nap. I read horrid accounts of the crocodiles lying like logs of wood, and snapping their crunching jaws as you tread on them. I beg you to be careful. Be as dirty as you like, but don't bathe in the teeth of the crocodiles.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

6 HILL STREET, 23rd October 1884.

Here has another week gone, and to-morrow my letter to you must go off. Last Saturday Frances and I returned here from our junketings; since then the cares of a household

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

have fallen on me—gas escapes, broken blinds, taps that run, coals, shoeing for horses. But, oh dear! why should I tell you all this; you have your expedition to drive along and your right only to be *égayé*. Mrs. Newdigate drove me into Derby, where we took train. *En route* we passed Chaddesden and called at the door, hoping Lady Wilmot would come out and speak to us. But she was shut up in her room with a “crying” cold, and only appeared at her window, a vision of blue dressing-gown and red shawl and pantomime expression of cold.

Sir J. M'Neill asks me to tell you that the Queen sent for him lately and told him that as you did not seem likely to take him to Egypt, she would like him to go to India on the 24th December. What he is to do there he does not quite know, as she has not explained, but he thinks to be useful to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, as owing to some little difficulty (with the Downes), Sir M. Fitzgerald does not return to them.

I had a long and very civil note lately from Frank Holl. Before I left town, I went to the Academy *Diploma* Gallery with Mr. Long, and we remarked your picture was not there. Long seems to have told Holl that I regretted it, and Holl writes to explain. The law is that a picture given to the Diploma Gallery must be first *exhibited* at the Royal Academy, with a notice in the catalogue that it is to be the artist's diploma picture. Holl was elected just before your picture was exhibited, and did not know the rule, consequently the picture could not be accepted for the Gallery. The rule was made to prevent parsimonious artists giving unworthy pictures.

I send you a *Diamond Dictionary* by Major Turner, R.A., who started on Tuesday. All the diamond *Johnsons* have two columns. I have a twin to the one I sent you, so you can wire to me when you like.

I met Lady R. to-day, and walking with her we were joined by Lady G., who affected not to know me. I let her do so. By and by Lady R. introduced us, and she said she had not recognised me, so I took the opportunity of saying, “I did not in the least know who *you* were.” She is a saucy baggage.

I am longing to hear how you like my photo. Several people won't take it, they think it so bad and so artificial. It is rather a *café chantant* actress, I think! Sometimes I

get very low and anxious thinking about you, and the Nile seems full of crocodiles and cataracts ready to eat you up. Last night many tears trickled down on the pillow.

P.S.—I have improvised a coachman, a helper in Wood's coat—and his legs wrapped in a rug. This leaves the booted Thomas free to go with the carriage and ring the bells (town is full and I have visits to pay), and Frederick remains at home to open the door.

31st October 1884.

As you perceive, I am using our old Dalton paper for your benefit. Before I say anything else let me explain that with this you will get an envelope of newspaper cuttings. I thought you might not always have time to "search the Scriptures," and have cut out whatever I thought would interest you. General Herbert tells me, too, that as you get farther away you will very often not get your papers nearly so quickly as your letters; by this means you will at least know a *little* what is going on. If the cuttings don't interest you, you can but throw them away, but till you tell me not to I shall send anything I think you will care for each week. I have divided them into *days* to save you trouble and confusion. I have no doubt, like the novels, you will read the last first. I enclose here the instructions old G. says you received. I trust him so little that I think it is just as well you should know what we are all led to believe your instructions are. I see Mr. Onslow gives notice in the House that he intends asking what instructions you have had respecting your official position with regard to General Gordon and if the Khedive approves of those instructions, General G. being his servant. I think one good thing in Bechuanaland and the Zambesi is, it a little prevents the war questions there would otherwise be about Egypt. Hobart was here yesterday and tells me your eyes are already fixed on South Africa, and that you wish to know about it. He seemed surprised at such vitality with your present job on hand. Last Saturday I dined with the H. Northcotes and they had a very pleasant party. The E. Stanhopes, Robert Bourke, *Julia* Lady Tweeddale, Albani and her husband, the Stephens, and Sir John Macdonald from

Lady  
Wolseley.

Canada; he is *very* agreeable. A very good dinner, and Albani sang divinely afterwards. Last night Lady M'Dougal dined here and we went to see *Divorçons*, very improper and very amusing. I am glad to say they only charge the usual prices.

I am to dine on the 5th at Mrs. Hibbert's to meet the Saxe-Weimars. The Princess is supposed to be *dying* to know me. Certainly she has controlled her longing admirably for some years! So many people send you loves and doves that if I gave them all my letter would have room for nothing else.

6th November 1884.

Lady  
Wolsley.

At the literary feast on Monday we had two men only, a well-known author and an unknown poet. The dinner was *bad* and the wine worse. Literary men and women are not good in their cellars and kitchens, and the talk rather shoppy about Books; they none of them ever asked a word about you or your doings, which was certainly very unlike other people, who all ask volubly. Perhaps being "penny-a-liners" they thought it would look as if they were catering for their papers, for I suspect they all "write for something." On Sunday Colonel North came hot from Gloucester House with news of a telegram the Duke had received saying Khartoum had been taken, Gordon prisoner, etc. etc. All London has buzzed over this ever since, and the *Times* put in on Monday that the Queen and Prince of Wales had had telegrams from the Khedive—and after all the *Central News* was responsible for everything. I wonder who is the *Standard* correspondent with you? He seems a person with a very jaundiced view of life. His telegrams are full of the difficulties of the Expedition, how the Canadians say *now* the cataracts are much worse than they expected, how we must expect much drowning, how it is hard on the men to have no ration of spirits given them after the very hard work they do. Your kuss-kuss grass has arrived. I must read over your letters, for I think you told me what you wanted it for. I see a good many people and *really am at home* at 5 o'clock every day, for droppers-in, but it bores me horridly, and it is such loss of time to sit jabbering there instead of reading one's book.

When I get into my comfortable bed at night I think of you

and all the miseries you are going through, and I feel a *wretch* for leading such a quiet, easy life while you are toiling and moiling. I wonder if the chocolate cakes and the photograph have reached you. I hope they have not been con-fused into one another by the heat.—Yours always,

L. W.

14th November 1884.

On Saturday Frances and I went to Seacox till Monday. We travelled down with Mr. Goschen. A small and pleasant party. Evelyn Ashley, Mr. Duff, the Whip—without his delightful wife—and the Lyulph Stanleys. There was a great deal of political talk, from which I gleaned that Brassey<sup>1</sup> replacing Campbell-Bannerman<sup>2</sup> seemed to give dissatisfaction. Brassey's *old* place was to have been given to Mr. Duff, a reward to a Whip being usual. But when Lord Northbrook came home and found that Brassey was to succeed Campbell-B. at the Admiralty he protested and insisted on a certain Mr. Fowler, an M.P. and sharp solicitor, being put in instead of Duff. They all told anecdotes of "bloomers" in H. of Commons speeches. One man said, "We will plant the British flag on the crest of every wave." Another, "The white face of the British soldier is the backbone of the Indian Army." Another, "We will *embark* on the *feature* upon which this question *hinges*!"

Lady  
Wolseley.

Our kind friends' house breaks one's heart. It is so *upholstered* and might have had such dignity. I hear when the Carnarvons went to stay at Montreal they evidently thought they were going to a desert wilderness; their luggage passed belief, and included stores of tinned meat, biscuits, etc., and a large bath.

20th November 1884.

I have a thousand and one little nothingnesses to tell you, and you are very encouraging in your letters and always say my rubbish amuses you, so I really hope it does. When I think of all you have on your hands and in your brain, I feel almost hopeless of your ever finding time to read it. I dined

Lady  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Sir T. Brassey, created first Earl of Brassey.

<sup>2</sup> Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Prime Minister, 1905.

on the 16th with the old Bretts, a pleasant party though rather strangely composed. The Richard Wallaces, Mrs. Henry Leigh—sister and sister-in-law to Mrs. Gerard Leigh, now Mme de Falbe—Miss Gurwood, and I were the four women; and the men, Bodley (secretary to Dilke), Lord Justice Bowen, old Lord Gerard, and a pleasant diplomat called Haggard. Lady Wallace's presence was rather "springing a mine" on one, but she is most harmless and, dowdy, refuses to speak a word of English. Sir Richard Wallace is charming. I made up to him and he has promised that we shall go *alone* to see his house in the spring. He is a most attractive man, I think. On Saturday at the Skirrows, a very different lot—old Browning, Sala (who is just off to Australia for eighteen months), "Miss Braddon," and her husband, Mr. Maxwell. Tuesday, Mrs. Lang and I went to see *Les Pattes de Mouches*; most amusing and not improper at all. Last night at the George Trevelyans the precedence went astray. I was sent in *before* Lady Sudeley and with Lord Carlingford! and as Lord President of the Council he goes in before a Duke. Louie is engaged to Mr. Hanbury, aged thirty-one, of Pontypool Park, 6 feet in his stockings and £20,000 a year. I am delighted. Then Mary, after twelve years of matrimony, is going to have a baby. She fell down, hurt her side, lay on a sofa for three weeks—and this is the result.

27th November 1884.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I hope you are edified at my economy in using up my old Dalton Hill paper on you! I am not afraid of your taking it into your head that I am living there now, as any one else might do. Your letters fill me with amazement at the wonderful way you have foreseen so many of the difficulties of your campaign which I should have thought no one would know of without being on the spot. You are a very wonderful and very clever little General! I am quite sure you must be worrying to get on and get to Gordon, and those hateful steamers breaking down must perturb even you. I got your letter of 5th November on 25th, and immediately after a letter from Messrs. Cook, putting themselves at my disposal. However, I have written to say that I am *not* going to Cairo at present—but, that when I *do* go, I will certainly write and ask them to help me. I don't like this rumour of small-pox at

Dongola. I hope it is nothing. Please always tell me frankly if you are *ill*. I shall be much less anxious if you tell me the exact state of the case. I am sure to *hear* it, and would much rather know it from you. Have your delays so far been greater than you expected, and are the difficulties *greater or less*? *Answer this*. I am discreet, as you know. I shall feel anxious about you till you are at Khartoum. I wish you would have a little cord ladder hanging down from your camel to climb up by in case he gets up too soon. I am sure this would be a good precaution for you and others and prevent Prince Imperial catastrophes.

All Friday and Saturday from 10 to 4 I spent at the Adams and Coleridge trial. I went with Mrs. Lang, and a Judge, Sir C. Bowen, gave us seats and luncheon in his rooms. The Roundells were also of the party, and old Baliol Brett, in his majestic wig, lunched too. Judge Manisty has got into great hot water by reversing the jury's verdict for Adams, and giving his verdict for Coleridge. It is said that he, the Judge, had a quarrel himself with Lord Coleridge some time ago, and that he leant to the Coleridge side all through the trial lest he should be suspected of spite to them on account of the quarrel. At that rate it would be well to pull the judge's nose the day before one was tried to ensure his giving a verdict in one's favour. Some of the witnesses were deaf and some bothered, which lead to most amusing mistakes. Sir Henry James<sup>1</sup> was undignifiedly sharp and cross, I thought. Altogether I was not impressed with the scales of justice being very fairly held. Good-bye, my dearest Darny. Shut your eyes tight in a dust-storm, don't tumble off your camel, don't bathe in the Nile for fear of the *Croqueniles*, and *run away* the moment you are in any danger.

12th December 1884.

Your letter of the 27th November, which reached me on Tuesday (16), was alarming in the way of what *might* have been in the matter of your tumble from that camel. I wonder much the correspondents have not got hold of it, but not a word of it has appeared in the papers. Nevertheless, I have told it to a few people, for there is so little in your letters that I can and *do* tell (I am very discreet, I assure you) that that seemed to me

Lady  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord James of Hereford.



quite allowable, and it is even advisable that people should know what personal discomforts and perils you go through. I am sure otherwise they think you lie on a bed of roses. How dreadful if you had been laid up with a broken rib or collar-bone ! How you would have fumed and fretted at your work being "entravé" ! I cannot think what would have happened. I declare I would be tied on, I think, in future. I liked your last letter and *épanchements* particularly. I wish you would oftener write as openly as that ; but you can only do it, I know, as the spirit moves you, only never think that I am not in sympathy with it. Don't let *that* feeling ever withhold you. I don't think you and I talk enough about our feelings, but then at home you are always in a hurry ! You have no time for God or me. I don't say that unkindly, my dear, but it is a fact—is it not ?

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has brought me in contact with her brother-in-law, Ashmead. He owns a Conservative "weekly" called *England*, and wants to write a *popular* article for it on Egypt. She asked me if I would give him a few extracts for it from your letters. It is not to be in the least political, merely narrative. Accordingly I copied out a few very safe—and rather uninteresting—things for him, and he came here for them. You need not tremble for an indiscretion. I mentioned the nurses dining with you, the women slinging the birds in the fields, your ride to Wady Halfa, sleeping boots, feeding on dates, fourteen hours on your camel, etc. etc. I trust you won't disapprove, but at any rate there need be no alarm in your mind. The Conservatives may come in, so it is best to be civil. I have made a round of studios with Lady——. I don't *dislike* her now, but I don't care about her. She is an old "gamine," with no high-minded views, beliefs, or aspirations. She spends her life turning cart-wheels for the sake of seeming original. Even her taste is *broker's* taste, and her house, with all the good things she has in it, a dirty, ill-arranged den. Also she is so strong about *class*, while she does nothing to dignify the class she is proud of belonging to ; for she is proud of it, despite her cheap trips and her cart-wheels. She said to me to-day, apropos of artists, " I am so glad that clever people of *their class* are admitted now amongst *us* ; they never used to be." I said I hoped the clever people appreciated the advantage ; they certainly had little to gain by it, and must meet with much dullness. She is something of a snob who, to put

herself *en relief*, affects airs of equality, but they are only skin deep. On the whole, she leaves rather a bad taste in one's mouth.

12th December 1884.

I feel very lost without a letter from you. I keep on dining out, and seeing people and all that, but I want a letter from you to give a thread of interest and continuity to my life. I feel anxious about you, and for you, just now. I know you are tied for time and that whatever good face you may put upon it to others, you must feel anxious about getting to Khartoum in time. I counted up the forty days Gordon gave you, and find they are up to-morrow (13th), and how you must have counted them. I send you a *Morning Post* article in this letter, mentioning the forty days. Mr. Hopkins writes me that he thinks you will be annoyed at its appearing in print, and suggests where the leakage has occurred. I am sure the Government will be angry, because little Hobart begged *me* to keep the forty days secret, and of course I did, and you should have been better served by a privileged person.

Lady  
Wolseley

On Friday I dined with Miss Gurwood, Lady Brett's sister—a very bright party. Sir C. Dilke was there; you know, however, I don't like *him*. He told me, *as a secret*, that a dispatch from you had caused great amusement at the F.O.; in it you had begged no *hum-drum* Generals might be employed! They seemed to think that most daring of you. There also dined a Mr. Haggard of the Foreign Office; he has a brother, a Colonel H. at Suakin, who, he says, is very "dashing"—and would I say a good word to you about him. I said I would tell you of him, if Mr. H. promised to tell me in return all the secrets not publicly recorded in your dispatches to the Foreign Office. I don't think we shall get much out of one another! Lady Arthur Russell is still separated from the world by Flora's scarlet-fever, but we walk together in the open air in the park from 12 to 1 (Hutton says that is quite safe) almost every day. She is so clever and delightful. It is fresh air for one's mind and body. Mrs. Earle thinks Sir C. Dilke will marry Mrs. Mark Pattison; at least Mrs. M. P. (she will still be Mrs. "M. P." when she marries Sir Charles, won't she?) leads her to think so by her radiancy and by the notes she gets from Sir C.;

but Lady Arthur says, "Some women always write and the men *must* answer; so that proves nothing."

I am cultivating a new talent in Frances, and having her taught to carve—fowls, I mean, not wood. I got one of the waiters to come and give her a lesson, and he says she got on very well. I have just had four brace of pheasants sent me, so that will be a good practice for her. Marianne is to have No. 7 while the Colonel is campaigning. That man *must* be muzzled.

25th December 1884.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Yesterday morning I got your letter of 1st to 4th December, containing your address to the troops and Colonel Butler's letter, also a mention, once or twice, of your hip still hurting you. I don't at all want to croak, but I think you must have strained it, or more than bruised it—or it would not continue to hurt you for so long. I shall be anxious to hear more about it. Pray tell me exactly what you feel, and any accidents or illness that you have. I shall feel so much less anxious if I can always count on knowing exactly how you are from yourself. Then in your letter you lament your previous letter to me. I assure you I am sure it would bring us much closer together if you would always tell me your melancholy and downcast feelings as well as your bright ones. You know I have always told you that when you have run away at a battle, I shall be *really* fond of you. I don't suppose you want to pay so heavy a price for my affection! but, what I mean is, that my estimate of you is neither raised nor lowered by the esteem in which you are held by a few thousand English jackasses. I should not *grieve* like Lady Colley if you had a failure, because of public opinion. I should grieve because it would grieve *you*, but I should know the failure was inevitable, and what all the other people thought would not move me or even interest me. You often feel, I am sure, a *numbness* in me from want of ambition, but at least it must leave me the qualities of my defects, and my interest in public opinion, or faith in it, will not *begin* when your success ceases.

Now about your address to the soldiers. I think it *excellent*, in the least bombastic, clear, manly, and dignified. I don't smell the sawdust of the circus, or hear Franconi's whip punctuating the paragraphs. No, I think you may be well satisfied with it.

Now about your unruly subordinate. I can quite understand your annoyance, and you were right to pull him up and make him feel he must obey, but I think his chief offence is *trop de zèle*, and the manner of his offence is due to his being an *im*-perfect gentleman.

Here is something military for you, but I fear other pens will have written it to you. General Harman was my informant. It seems the W.O. was thrown into consternation lately by Sir A. Herbert getting a letter recently from Sir H. Ponsonby, saying H.M., *while recognising* (it is always dangerous when they show recognition) how ably he was performing your A.G. duties, felt he was overtaxed, and that Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar had better now take them, as the present temporary arrangement could not continue.

Poor Sir A. H. was terribly perturbed, and, by advice, wrote an answer couched in circumspect language, saying he was not overworked, and, of course, if he were not giving satisfaction he would retire, but, etc. . . .

The Duke was away shooting at this time, and General H. seems to think was no party to the plot, and was indeed dead against it. So Sir A. H.'s letter was accepted, and there the matter rests, I believe.

To-day being Christmas Day I was to have dined at the Hennikers', but I felt so seedy—a coming cold—that I sent an excuse. I did not feel up to Helen and her "mashers." I have not dined out at all this week, and have enjoyed reading at home very much indeed. You will be amused at my prosaic Christmas box to Pannebakker.<sup>1</sup> I gave her *half* her false teeth! that is, a cheque for £8—half the amount she is to give for them.

Hobart paid me a long visit lately. You seem to keep them all in the dark as to your future. Meanwhile, I let him see Gordon's letter, and he partly read it. I thought afterwards I had perhaps done wrong, and there might be portions of it you had kept from the Government, even; however, he had only a bird's-eye glance of it. No one else has been or will be allowed to do more than look at it. I enclose Ashmead B.'s article, in which you will recognise the extracts from your own letters.

P.S.—Last night (25th) at 12 o'clock Mr. Lawson sent me his correspondent's telegram about your Christmas festivities.

<sup>1</sup> Sometime governess to the present Viscountess Wolseley.

*your* attending the "Concert," and the Duke and Lord H. telegraphing to you. I was sitting over my fire with Carlyle.

Our servants drain our health at their supper, "all standing," Truman said, "like for the Queen."

28th December 1884.

Lady  
Wolseley.

At the Jeunes' dinner the other night I sat next General Crealock, and knowing him to be "against" you I made myself as pleasant as possible, so that he should not pay himself the compliment of thinking we were leagued together against him. They had no *stars* like Miss Fortescue, but a *coruscation* or two, of Justin M'Carthy—with whom I had a long talk—and his son, who has suddenly come into notice by writing a smart play full of political allusions. Also Mr. Hurlbert dined there, an American, who is a possible successor to Lowell, who *may* leave on the change of parties consequent on the election of the new President—and Heaven go with him, say I! Saturday to Monday I spent at Alderbrook. Lady Reay was too amusing! affecting to be so well informed, so prematurely informed on all political subjects, that if you asked her the most simple question of when the House would adjourn she appeared afraid to commit herself. She was a good match for the Transatlantic Lowell. Fancy his saying some woman had the "good fortune" to have an American grandmother! It seemed to me the good fortune consisted in its being a further away connection than a *mother*.

Lady Wood has got into ill odour with Her Majesty by taking upon herself to *write* to the Queen pretty often and give her ideas of people and things respecting Egypt. It has been notified to her that she is *not* to write again, and the Queen thinks Lady Wood's head has been turned by the notice H.M. took of her.

My dearest little General, how feeble and futile are my little sayings to you with such work on hand. If you despise the Distribution Bill, what must you think of *my* poor sayings. Still you *like* me, not to use a stronger word, and that covers a multitude of deficiencies, I hope.

1885

## CHAPTER XII

CAMP KORTI, 8/1/85.

If you will read my journal you will see something to interest you, as I give the outline of the recent communications I have had with our Government upon the subject of my campaign and the plans I intend following. I am very sorry I have told them as much as I have done, for the less one tells them the better. I had better tell you I think you have done enough now for Mrs. —, and would not advise your stopping to speak to her anywhere in public. Poor woman, I pity her, for I feel she never had a chance, but was made what she is by her own mother and her husband. Butler is now in camp and seems subdued. Lord  
Wolseley.

You will see by my journal that I have given up all intention of forcing my way into Khartoum with a small column owing to the warning that Gordon sent me by his messenger. I expect Sir Charles Wilson back here on the 28th instant, having been into Khartoum. He will be able to tell me what Gordon's prospects and wishes really are. In the meantime, I am collecting supplies at Matammeh so as to be prepared for all contingencies. This delay is provoking, but it all leans towards increased safety, or rather, I should say, less risk. The Government seem to be in a funk about me and my Army, as you will perceive from my journal: I am in hopes that my winding up a telegram by a request for umbrellas may amuse you. I think I told you in my journal that I have written now three times to Her Majesty, and as yet have neither had any thanks nor any notice taken of my letters.

9 p.m., 4th January 1885.—Just heard from Herbert Stewart, who will be here to-morrow, two days earlier than I expected. I enclose you his private note to me, as I think it may interest you. It is a comfort to have such a man to work with. He

is always cheery—always prepared to undertake any job, no matter how unpleasant it may be, and the very best Staff Officer all round. I have known since poor Colley's death. As I have already telegraphed this news home, it will be a month old when this reaches you.

Will you please see Sir A. Herbert and ask him to get Mr. Hopkins to purchase wholesale in the city six thousand wooden pipes for me, and to have them sent to me to Wady Halfa. I intend them as presents for the men who relieve Khartoum. They are all badly off for pipes already, and I don't think I could give them from myself a more acceptable present.

*Monday, 12th January.*—The post goes out this morning, so I am finishing this by candlelight at a very early hour. Evelyn Wood dined with me last night. He is much deafer than he was, and his eyes are much inflamed. In other respects he looks very well. He has resigned his appointment in the Egyptian Army, or perhaps I ought to say, it has resigned him, because the pay is to be reduced to £2000 per annum; I don't blame him. I am having an account kept of my mess expenses in this country, so as to make a claim for them when I return home. The pay allowed to a man in my position is simply ridiculous if one is to keep up that position as it should be maintained.

KORTI, 15/1/85.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I am deeply hurt by a letter from the Queen, which I enclose; it seems to me ungracious to a General in the field fighting her battles. I have always regarded the peace [of Majuba] made by Wood as infamous, and I have no doubt whatever in my own mind that it would never have been made if General Roberts had not been sent out to supersede Wood. This fact drove Wood to make an end to the war, *comme que coûte*, before Roberts could arrive to supersede him. Such is the whole story but, of course, because the Queen likes Wood she believes that he only made the terms he did because he was forced by the Government to make them. When a General is desired by his Government to do anything that he regards as infamous it is his duty to resign and say why he resigns.

George Colley, whom the Queen reproaches—she adopts Wood's story—would never have carried out the policy that

Wood did (Evelyn was promoted to be a General for this unhappy act), and poor Colley said so in one of the last letters he ever wrote.

However, I am very sorry I referred to the matter in one of my letters to the Queen—all I said was, apropos to our action in Africa, that I hoped we should be able to wipe out the disgrace of "General Wood's ignominious peace." I wrote at the same time about him to her very nicely, saying he was working hard and doing all he could to help me. As she is the Queen I cannot argue, so I must be silent.

You do not say a word in your pleasant letter of what your plans are. I cannot be home before June at earliest, but I hope you will be at home when I return. Oh, how I long for the days to pass! This next fortnight will be a most trying time to me. I expect Sir C. Wilson with two steamers and about 100 soldiers and 50 of the Royal Navy to reach Khartoum next Tuesday, the 20th instant, and that Wilson will get back to Matammeh on 23rd, and be *here* on evening of 27th or morning of 28th. On the news he brings will depend all my future movements. Then, again, Earle moves into the enemy's country on the 21st, and unless the enemy bolt he will attack them, I hope, on the 26th or 27th instant.

Herbert Stewart will, I *hope*! occupy Matammeh to-morrow, and I ought to know the result, whether he has done so without opposition or after a fight, on the 20th instant.

You can well understand, therefore, how my poor brain will be on the stretch throughout the next fortnight.

My dear child, what a host of enemies I have! Do you suppose it is only the usual number that a successful General has, or is there something about me that makes men bear me ill-will? I believe there are many who would rejoice if this expedition failed, because its failure would be mine. And yet in general society I don't think I am disliked. I wish your palmistry friend could explain to me this mystery. To tell me my fortune at 51½ years of age would be rather absurd, and yet remember if Marlborough had died at 50 his name would be unknown to fame, and the House of Commons would have no fourth party, for Randolph Churchill would have been a simple Mr. Spencer, possibly, wheeling a "barrow through streets broad and narrow," selling cockles or gingerbread. A weariness comes over me at times, possibly the result of



years, but which I fancy arises from a feeling that, work as I may, there is always a powerful clique, studded all over with Royal personages, who are determined to *dénigrer* all I do that is useful. Sometimes I think that I ought to settle down to spend my remaining years in ease and comfort. A small country place with plenty of books in the house, a nice garden, with woods and heather and running water beyond, make up a picture my mind delights in dwelling upon. The centre of every such picture is you.

“WINDSOR CASTLE, 15th December 1884.

*Letter  
from the  
Queen.*

“The Queen thanks Lord Wolseley for two very interesting letters of the 21st September from Cairo, and of the 8th November from Dongola.

“We are quite aware of the impossibility of more rapid progress, and of the unfortunate results of too long delay before a decision was taken.

“It must cause Lord Wolseley many an anxious thought, and we look with great anxiety—daily, for news.

“As Lord Wolseley is always frank himself, the Queen will be equally so. She must therefore say that she does not like his promise of a 100 pounds to the regiment which proceeds with the greatest rapidity. British soldiers should be able to do this without a reward being held out, and she fears it is not a good precedent.

“Again, Lord Wolseley speaks of ‘Sir E. Wood’s ignominious peace,’ which is most unjust. Sir Evelyn was ordered to make Peace by the Government here, and was unable (to use his own words) ‘to drive the Boers off Lang Nek’; the defeat of Sir G. Colley should rather be called ignominious. Since this Peace Sir E. Wood has always been put in a position where he had no scope for showing his great fighting powers.

“The Queen rejoices to hear that the health of the troops is till now good—there will be many an anxious heart and many an empty place round British hearths at Christmas.

“The Queen concludes by wishing Lord Wolseley and her excellent troops every possible success in his arduous undertaking, and a happy and prosperous New Year.

“She deeply deplores Colonel Stewart’s untimely end.”

*Friday, 16th January.*—This morning, when out riding with Spencer Childers—whom I like *very* much—in talking over the power exercised by the Queen apropos to Connaught ever being Commander-in-Chief, he said the difficulty always is to get a Cabinet to be unanimous in opposing the Queen's wishes. "For instance, upon a matter concerning yourself, my father was beaten because Hartington and the Whig lot would not agree to withstand the Queen." If the Cabinet had told Her Majesty, as Gladstone and Childers wanted, that they would resign, then she must have given way; but the Whigs said to themselves, Why fight the Queen for Sir G. Wolseley? I am glad to know this, as I always thought myself badly used. The Radicals were all for insisting on my peerage; the Whigs—weak-kneed as they have always been for the last eighty years—were prepared to throw over anybody not political, and from whom they had nothing to fear. They are like the people here, remorseless to those in their power, and the only lever you can move them by is fear: of gratitude for services rendered they know nothing.

*Saturday, 17th January.*—Just received the enclosed note from Herbert Stewart. I had hoped he would have occupied Matammeh to-day, but he will not do so until to-morrow, Sunday. I wish you to see from his note what fettle our men are in. If you hear any croakers giving vent to their lamentations you can quote Stewart. Since I landed in Egypt I have smoked very little and I am ever so much better. I still feel the privation horribly, and as I look at the cigar case now on my table I long to open it and smoke contents. I felt that my nerve was not as good as it used to be, so I gave it up in consequence, and the result has been all I expected. I wish I had never smoked. I am now giving up tea, and contemplate giving up wine; the latter would be no privation, but I do like my tea. However, to give up any eatable or drinkable is a small matter compared with giving up smoking, especially whilst living this life. I dine at 7 and generally get into my tent again at 8.30 p.m., where I write perhaps for an hour, or else walk round my tent thinking. It is then that I feel most intensely the longing, the craving, for a cigar. I remember how I used to pity men obliged to use spectacles and who talked of certain things disagreeing with them: they could not do this or that: now here I am giving up smoking

because it affects my heart and nerves, [and contemplating giving up wine. You know that for me nerve is of the first importance: if I fail in the least in that respect I should be very wrong to accept any command in the field. When my nerve goes you and I must think of Gibraltar or Chelsea.

CAMP KORTI, 20th January 1885.

Lord  
Wolsley.

MY DEAREST,—I have had next to nothing to do all day, and consequently my brain has been amusing itself with thinking. I could not settle down to read—for I have two books—*Life of Cicero* and of *Frederick the Great*. I have been walking round my tent purposelessly, whilst my mind has been off in the desert wondering what news I should hear this evening or to-morrow morning from Earle. I had written so far when Swaine came into my tent in his drawers with a telegram to say that the reconnaissances I ordered Earle to send out along the road leading from Hamdab, where he now is, towards Berber had returned. The natives ran away in all directions, so although nothing in the way of taking cattle or camels has been accomplished, as I fondly hoped might take place, still the movement will frighten the enemy at Berber, and make them think we intend moving across desert to attack them. I want to frighten them and to convey the idea generally that we are everywhere, and going forward by every route. Well, now, my thoughts are exclusively with Stewart at Matammeh, from whom I might hear, and I think ought to hear, on Thursday next, the 22nd instant.

Fricke has just come in to reprove me for writing when I ought to be dressing for dinner, for I would have you know I do dress, even in this outlandish place, for that meal. I wear blue all day, and blaze forth in scarlet jumper for my thin soup and claret and water.

*After Dinner.*—I am disappointed by Earle's reconnaissances, of which I have now had his official telegram. It would have been better if he or Brackenbury had gone in command of it. When the latter was here last week he rather swaggered at what he meant to do. If you look at your map you will see a dotted line—indicating a desert track—running from the Gerendid Cataract, about 50 miles above this, to Berber. About 30 or 40 miles out on this road from Hamdab, where Earle

is encamped, is a place called Bir Sarniyeh (Bir means well) ; there a number of the hostile Monassir tribe (the tribe that murdered Stewart) are encamped with their families and their cattle. I was most anxious to make a sudden raid upon them, to pick up a few prisoners and perhaps some camels and cattle. Earle and Brack have had a week to make preparations and this is the result !! Baker Russell or Herbert Stewart might have managed differently. It is blowing a gale, so Fricke is now barricading the door of my tent with my scant allowance of baggage, supplemented by some empty packing-cases. When I was a small boy, whenever it blew and rained, my dear mother always reminded us how fortunate we were to have a good roof over our heads and a comfortable bed to lie on, when so many thousands of poor people were houseless and homeless and comfortless. Even now I think of that when I am under my shelter from any storm.

*Thursday, 22nd January.*—Yesterday I received the good news of Stewart's victory. Alas, it is marred by heavy loss, especially among the Heavy Cavalry. In a few minutes all the mischief was done. I am glad to learn that no Arab who ever got into the square, or very near it even, got away. So no man can go back and say he killed an Englishman. Stewart had some narrow squeaks, I believe. His official report will go home by this post, but I send you herewith his private letters to me, which came in with the official report from him. I hope to hear from him again to-morrow that he has successfully occupied Matammeh. One or two more such tussles will finish the whole business, but it shows us that we are not to have a walk-over, and that the Mahdi means to fight hard. I wish I could only get at him at once and end the campaign by one big, stand-up fight. If he waits for me at Khartoum, he ought to be done for, as he will have some difficulty in getting away when he is beaten, as beaten he will most surely be. I am nervous about Stewart, for his loss—even his being badly wounded—would really, at this moment, be a national calamity. If he lives through this campaign he will be a Major-General, the youngest there has been in our day. I was a Major-General at forty, but I doubt if Stewart is forty yet. When I first met him in 1879, in South Africa, he was only a captain, so if he becomes a general officer this year, he will have gone from Captain to Major-General in six years. He well deserves it,

for he is, to my mind—taking him all round—by far the best man we have got, better even than Evelyn Wood or Buller. I am sure you will be sorry for poor Burnaby. Every man's hand was against him because people in high places frowned on him. He must have died soon if condemned to live in England, so I think he is fortunate in having died as he did, fighting hard, surrounded by desperate enemies. I enclose a letter from the little King to Frances. He is broken-hearted at having missed this fight. However, he goes off to-morrow in charge of a convoy across the desert, and I cheered his drooping spirits by telling him the Mahdi meant to fight it out at Khartoum. You have never answered my question about poor Sir William Muir—is he still alive? He had been tapped for dropsy before I left home, and I fancy that is about the last phase of the disease that was killing him. I don't read the newspapers, so half of my friends and acquaintances might have died without my knowing anything about it. The Gough killed in the recent action married one of those rich Miss Guthries who are Lady Stewart's nieces. The other Gough here—Nora's brother—was wounded, but it was only a contusion. I shall be on tenterhooks, as you may imagine, until I hear of Stewart being all right at Matammeh. When one is present at a fight oneself it is all right, but when one can exercise no control whatsoever over the conduct of operations at a great distance, I confess I always feel a disagreeable anxiety. As long as Stewart is safe I don't mind, but a stray bullet might at any moment rob me of all confidence in the success of the operations he is now entrusted with. Only fancy how all the *Generals of the old School* would rejoice, and yet howl, if any serious repulse were encountered here; their hatred of me is only equalled by my contempt for them.

*Sunday, 25th January.*—I am not in a writing humour. To you I confess to being anxious, as I had hoped to have heard from Stewart possibly last night, certainly to-day. However, I may yet hear before night. Here, at this distance from the sea, we are now, at this season of the year—the cool weather approaching its end—cut off from all outside help. We must fight this business out on our own bottoms. It is the difficulty of feeding my troops in this howling desert that stumps me. I have troops enough, but cannot employ them, because I cannot feed them beyond this point. We shall have

the English post in this evening, and I expect a long letter from your ladyship, which I know will both interest, amuse, and soothe me, and take my mind from the anxious thoughts it has been feeding on for the last few days. However, I have a great deal to be thankful for. I have never in any previous campaign had such good health. You know how I generally suffer from fever. I had a little at Cairo, but not a twinge of it that I remember since I entered Nubia or the Soudan. I have your photograph propped up in front of me as I write this.

*Monday, 26th.*—No news yet from Stewart. "A private cipher telegram just in from Hartington expressing deepest anxiety about his force: this arises from the fact that I heard of his fight of 17th on 21st inst., and they naturally think I ought to hear of his further proceedings with equal rapidity. The fact is that he had five Bashi Bazouks with him on the 17th, and gave them over £100 to ride straight on end the 150 miles in here. He has now no more of these wild gentlemen at his command, and consequently must send his dispatches by our own people, who cannot ride camels like natives. Until I hear from Stewart, however, I cannot enjoy any letters. I am sending Arthur Creagh off into the desert on a swift camel to try and meet Stewart's messengers, and to ride for his life in here if he meets them, bringing me Stewart's dispatch. Yesterday I sent Spencer Childers on a similar mission, but he returned during dinner with no result. There is a little hill in the desert about 13 or 14 miles from this, which is the first landmark to make for on the road to Gakdul and Matammeh—it is to this Creagh goes to look out. I rode there myself lately, as I have told you in my journal.

I shall close this now, as the post must leave. It goes as usual on camels, but I am keeping a fast steam-launch ready to take extra letters down the river to overtake the post in the event of my having good news from Stewart before this evening. How odd all this will be to you when you receive it! All my anxiety will have passed, possibly into some other groove.

I am delighted with your spectacles, the books, and the chocolates. What a good woman of business you are!!!

You don't mention having received my Christmas telegram, so I shall have inquiries made here as to why it missed you.

CAMP KORTI, 27/1/85.

Lord  
Wolseley.

MY DEAREST,—I don't show it, for I laugh and talk as usual, but my very heart is being consumed with anxiety about Stewart's column. It is now nine days since I heard from him. I have to-day had news from Gakdul up to the 24th inst., all was quiet there; but nothing known of Stewart. My heart feels actually cold, and it is with difficulty I can keep my mind fixed on any other subject. I have spent most of to-day on your cipher business, as it diverted my thoughts from the one subject that engrosses it. I think after all the letter cipher will be the easiest for you—I send you two messages as they would appear to you in a telegram for you to practise on, and you can take your choice of the two systems whichever you find the easiest to work—I hope my explanation is clear. I sent you a little telegram on Xmas Day, wishing you a happy Christmas, but as you have not alluded to it, I am afraid it has never reached you. Be sure you tell me if you received it, the date when you got it, for if it did not reach you on Xmas Day I shall decline to pay for it. I am writing this in my tent after dinner: it is a real solace to write to you when I am down in my luck as I am at this moment. It is so good of you to say you like my journal and my letters. Some time ago you said my journal struck you as if it were written for posterity. It is really written as a sort of supplement to the official diary, which is kept of our proceedings, and I endeavour to jot down all that strikes me of the country that would be useful hereafter if cruel fate ever rendered it necessary for England to send another army into this land. Remember this country differs from all others in this respect that, like the mathematical definition of a straight line, it is length without breadth. Here we are about 1400 miles from the sea, and the moment Egypt proper is quitted the average width of the country is not more than about 500 yards. In fact, it is nothing but a very narrow strip of cultivation along one or, in some places, both banks of the Nile. "Beyond" is the howling desert, parched, dried out, and baked brown with heat.

28th January.—Thank God, my suspense is at an end. A little after 3 a.m. this morning I lit my candle and read for some time. Towards 4 a.m. I heard a camel grunting not far off, and realised that some one had arrived, and in a few

minutes I met Captain Pigott, who was the bearer of dispatches for me. In a few minutes I learnt the news! Sir H. Stewart wounded—St. Leger Herbert killed—losses not heavy. It is a great disappointment to me that we have not occupied Matammeh, which I think we should have done if Stewart had not been wounded. Sir C. Wilson, very useful for the political work, is no soldier: this is his first dose of fighting, and it has evidently hurt his nerves. How grateful I feel to the Almighty! I am sure He will bless our further efforts. I have ordered off Buller to take Stewart's place. We shall have some hard fighting before Khartoum is relieved, and the Mahdi driven off. I must stay here for the present, as beyond this we have no telegraph, and I must be on the spot to control both the desert and also the river operations. I trust that Buller may not be rendered *hors de combat*, for I have not any large number of fighting leaders at my disposal. I have dwelt so much in my journal on this fight that I shall now dismiss it from my mind. Major Gough has been queer, poor fellow, from a crack of a spent bullet on his skull. I hope soon to get all the wounded in here. Lord Airlie,<sup>1</sup> who was wounded twice on the 17th, was again slightly wounded on 19th instant. He has written a most cheery, jolly letter to Colonel Swaine, winding up with, "All we want now is more *bully* beef, more biscuit, and plenty more rifles." He is not on the sick list, but is doing his duty as usual. He is a soldier whose heart is in the right place. I am very sorry for poor Lord St. Vincent, who studied his profession, and would have had a career before him had he lived: he was a nice, cheery young fellow. Good night, my own dearest. I hope you will sleep as well to-night as I am certain I shall.

30th January.—Stewart's wound reported not to be so bad as at first thought. I send you his letter to me in which he refers to the first impression it conveyed to the doctors who examined him. I have just been correcting my draft dispatch in which I send home the account of the action of the 19th instant and of the operations immediately subsequent to it: how I wish I could lay them before you for correction. I can see you, engaged *very* unwillingly, at the job with the writing end of a pencil in your mouth to give additional force

<sup>1</sup> Eighth Earl of Airlie, killed while gallantly leading the 12th Lancers at Diamond Hill, June 1900.



to the changes you make and the blotting out of my too numerous sentences.

I have not yet begun the *Countess of Albany*, which you so kindly sent me, but I shall do so by and by. My mind and thoughts are so engrossed—too much engrossed—with the work I have in hand that I might read pages of it and not know a word of what I was reading. I suppose you never see the *Daily Chronicle*?

1st February.—I think I have in my journal referred to letters written by Gordon to his friends bidding them a formal adieu. I have kept back this fact from the public and do not intend sending on the letters for a little while until events are more fully developed, so consider this fact a secret for the present. I am in great hopes that the arrival of Sir C. Wilson, and even the few red coats who accompanied him may give fresh hope to Gordon and his garrison. Indeed, I should not wonder if the Mahdi raised the siege in consequence and retired south into the mountains. Much as I should like to engage his army in front of Khartoum, looking to the lateness of the season and to many other circumstances, I should rejoice immensely if he did so. What ups and downs there are in one's thoughts and feelings and sentiments: to-day I feel as bumptious as ever I did when I was an ensign, and everything looks bright and hopeful. If I knew what it was to suffer from indigestion I should imagine these "fluctuations" had their origin in my stomach, but as I have no "digestion" I feel they spring from my brain. When it is over-wrought and over-worried the world looks dark "and shadow, clouds, and darkness rest upon it." Please don't think that I am habitually in low spirits or "down in my luck." No one at my table is jollier than I am, and whatever my cares may be I communicate them to you alone. You encouraged me to tell you all my griefs and troubles, so you see I have taken you at your word, and have given you a real dose of them.

As soon as I can get away from Korti I shall be much happier, but I must wait here for some time yet, until I know the result of Earle's operations and movement upon Abu Ahmed. Every one here is in good spirits: those only are wretched who have been told they must stay here. Of course every one cannot be in the front, but this reflection never seems to satisfy the unfortunates condemned to remain in the rear.

This fighting has a strange fascination, and it is good that it should be so. If we were all of the kidney of Mr. Bright (who, nevertheless, loves to torture salmon on the end of his fishing-line), England would cease to be an Empire, perhaps even an independent people. How stale all I tell you must be when it reaches Hill Street ! for the telegraph so completely forestalls all I can say, that I might as well describe the events in Queen Anne's reign as what takes place here under my very nose. I enclose a separate note to wish you happiness on your birthday, as I did not wish to embody this in a 'woebegone epistle.

1885

[THE news of the fall of Khartoum was to hand late on the 4th February, and two days later, after a four hours' sitting of the Cabinet, Her Majesty's Government decided to authorise Wolseley to make preparations for an autumn campaign, in which the Mahdi was to be destroyed and Gordon rescued or avenged. At the end of March came the so-called Pendjeh incident, and war with Russia threatened sufficiently to cause or enable the Government again to change its mind and order the recall of troops from south of Wady Halfa. The incoming Conservative party in the summer did not see its way to reverse this decision, and thirteen years were to elapse before the release of the Soudan and the avenging of Gordon should be effected by Lord Kitchener.]

### CHAPTER XIII

Lord  
Wolseley.

10.45 p.m., 4th February.—I am in despair. News just in that Khartoum was taken by treachery on 26th January. My steamers reached Khartoum on 28th instant just in time to see it occupied by the enemy and have a very heavy fire opened upon them from Mahdi's batteries. I have telegraphed home for fresh instructions, for now I have no "mission" left to carry out, and to begin a campaign at this season of the year with British troops in the Soudan would, in my private opinion, be simply madness. I have proposed to concentrate my little army at Debbeh and Abu Gus, and there at least for some little time to await events. Poor Gordon! for his sake I sincerely hope he is dead. Death was always looked forward to by him as the beginning of life—one of my family mottoes, "*Mors Mihi Vita Est!*" I should think this blow will kill poor old Gladstone. He alone is to blame. Had he been a statesman, this misfortune could never have fallen upon us: but he neither could nor would realise the necessity for making preparations for the relief of Khartoum:

indeed, he would not even admit it was besieged. The Government, already very shaky, will most probably be kicked out by a vote of want of confidence. If—always an if—Stewart had not been wounded, the steamers with Wilson would have started for Khartoum on the 22nd instead of the 24th January, and might possibly have reached that place before the treacherous surrender. The moral effect of steamers with English soldiers on board arriving would probably have saved the city. I believe the Mahdi was at his last gasp. It was neck or nothing with him. He has won, and we all look very foolish. Indeed, if it were not that I have to think over the fate and position of the gallant Gordon, I should be lost in pity for myself and this little army generally. To have struggled up here against immense difficulty and at the cost of great labour and the expenditure of vast energy and thought, and then, when the goal was within sight to have the prize snatched from one, is indeed hard to bear.

*Thursday, 5th February.*—I don't expect to receive orders from Government until about midnight, but every hour is now precious.

*Friday, 6th February.*—The Cabinet is to sit to-day. Of course every one was in the country.

*Sunday, 8th February.*—To my extreme astonishment the Cabinet have determined to fight it out with the Mahdi, and as I am not in a position to do so before next cold weather begins, we shall have to stay here and wait until reinforcements reach us in the autumn. So I shall not see you until perhaps this time next year. "I am glad for England's sake, for Egypt's sake, indeed, for the sake of suffering humanity, that our weak-kneed Cabinet have at last determined upon an energetic policy for the Soudan. What a parody upon sovereignty and upon the ruling of a nation is to be seen in all Mr. Gladstone has done as regards foreign policy, but especially as regards the course we have pursued in Egypt and its dependencies. I have just telegraphed to Brett<sup>1</sup> to tell you that I should not be home this year, so that you may make your plans accordingly. How I wish I were with you, never to leave you again. But now this Mahdi must be disposed of before I can hear your voice and amusing talk

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Reginald Brett, private secretary to Lord Hartington, afterwards second Viscount Esher.

upon passing events. I think I shall give up roaming after the Soudan business has been settled, and take my ease for the few remaining years I have to live. But how foolish to attempt any, forecast of my life! Possibly God has other employment for me than home duties and home pleasures. When at my present work how small, how unmanly seem the pleasures I enjoyed in picture galleries, curiosity shops, and at Christie's. It seems almost impossible that I should ever have cared to collect Staffordshire figures or grotesque monsters in oriental china. Even the repose and luxury of a room decorated and furnished after Bodley's most approved taste, appears now to my imagination so insignificant that I would not walk a hundred yards to look at one. In a flannel shirt, living in a tent, with the stern realities of life to encounter and to provide against for others for whom I am responsible, all the amusements of the frivolous world of society seem contemptible.

*Monday, 9th February.*—The English post arrived this morning, but without my bag, of which no one knows anything, so I have no letter from you to cheer me up, and I want some cheering up just at this moment. I must now end this, as the post-bag must be closed and fastened on its camel appointed to carry it the 400 miles which intervene between this and Wady Halfa.

CAMP KORTI, THE SOUDAN,  
14th February 1885.

Lord  
Wolseley.

MY DEAREST,—The missing post-bag arrived yesterday afternoon with your letter of the 16th January. It found me down in my luck—inwardly, not outwardly—as I don't like the present position of things. My mind keeps thinking of how near a brilliant success I was, and how narrowly I missed achieving it. But God's will be done. I have made myself sad over Gordon's journal, which I had to read for the information it gives. Gallant Earle's death has been a sad blow to us all. I enclose Bruck's letter on the subject, which will give you all particulars. I have extracted that portion of it referring to how Earle was shot, and sent it to Lady Codrington to be communicated to Mrs. Earle. I also sent the news by telegraph to Eaton Square, and followed it up with a message to poor Mrs. Earle. Holding my views of life and death I never pity the man who dies as Earle did; all my sorrow is for those he

leaves behind him, to whom without doubt he was very dear. I don't think I shall be able to take part in the capture of Berber, as the Government does not relish the notion of my going away for weeks from the end of the wire, and looking to our position at present I think the Government is right : I must not allow any personal feeling to influence me on such a point, but I am very sorry for those about me, who will not consequently see any fighting until the autumn campaign begins and we advance against the Mahdi at Khartoum. I have been very much amused by your story of John Rose's proposal to Barbara Lyall. Is her future mate rich ?

I am so much jollier since I began this to you—next to seeing you and having a chat with you, writing to, or, better still, receiving a letter from you does my heart most good. Only fancy old Bob Lowe<sup>1</sup> going to marry again. Who on earth is the bride ? I suppose a bread-and-butter, seventeen-year-old ? I have, alas, very little hope of ever seeing poor Stewart alive again : my last news of him was on the 5th instant, when he had taken a bad turn. He is not, they tell me, a good patient ; is fretful and inclined to be irritable, and yet when well he is a most even-tempered fellow. The little King dined with me last night in the highest spirits at the prospect of getting off into the desert to-day with dispatches from me for Sir Redvers Buller : the King's regiment, 7th Hussars, is now near Gobat, under Colonel Stanley Clarke, but have not, as yet, had a brush with the enemy. To-morrow I expect Buller will attack Matammeh, but I shall not know the result until Thursday, the 19th instant. It is this separation from the scene of action that causes me such uneasiness and anxiety, joined to the fact of having my force divided into two columns between which there is no direct communication.

*Sunday, 15th February.*—I am sending off Evelyn Wood to-morrow to Matammeh to take Buller's place in the event of his having been wounded in the attack on that place, and also to confer with him if he be all right and arrange for the capture of Berber. I think that place ought to be taken by the combined columns of Buller and Brackenbury about the 16th March. If I can only tide over that month of March without any attack upon my line of communications between this and Egypt I shall go to bed for several days and sleep

<sup>1</sup> Right Hon. Robert Lowe, created Viscount Sherbrooke, 1880.

in order to become young again. I have been so extremely unfortunate all through this business that I pray God may now give me a little sunshine to brighten me up. I want it, for I have been running risks that I don't like, and sometimes think I ought not to take. I hope to get a letter from you this evening, and that will cheer me up. I was not able to ride this morning as we had church parade, but I shall go out and have a gallop at 5 p.m. Nothing sets one up so well as a scamper over the desert. Last night I was up for a long time writing and went to bed again at daybreak. How I hate the sight of my tent here; I have never before in any campaign had to stay in the rear, and I find it extremely trying to the nervous system, if I have one, which I sometimes doubt. I have been packed up ready to start for the last fortnight, but now have abandoned all hope of getting away, although I don't dare to tell that to those round me.

*Monday, 16th February.*—Wood has just left, very glad to get away from this desert, and from all the worries of this place. Yesterday evening upon my return from riding I found your note of 23rd January, written just after you had received the news about Abu Klea. By the time you receive this, please God, most of my anxieties will be at an end. I am so anxious to take Berber that I am straining every nerve to do so and, I must add, running risks that are serious tests to the nerves. Good-bye for the present.

P.S., 16/2/85.—I am sending with this a parcel containing two standards from poor Earle's fight at Kirbekan. Each has the translation of what is written there attached to it. I can see you displaying these trophies at five o'clock tea to the bores who haunt you at that hour. If I could only finish this business without waiting for an autumn campaign, what a piece of good fortune for me, for the Government, and for England.

CAMP KORTI,

*Sunday, 22nd February 1885.*

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I shall not dwell upon dear Stewart's death; when I heard of his wound I made up my mind I should never see him again. The army can ill spare him. Both he and St. Leger Herbert

were unbelievers in revealed religion, which to me is always terrible to contemplate. So was dear Colley. However, if they could not conscientiously believe, I cannot believe that our Maker, who is certainly the incarnation of mercy, can punish them in the way clergymen and priests would have us believe. I am sure that faith in God can only be secured by constantly praying for it, and that when you have obtained it, you are the happiest of mortals. However, we will talk all this over when we meet. I shall be curious to hear what you tell me of how Greaves took his appointment to Swakin. I wonder if he and M'Neill knew that it was I who caused them to be sent to that enjoyable place. We shall all be anxious to hear the result of the vote of censure to be moved to-morrow. If ever a Government deserved to be kicked out by an indignant people the Government of Mr. Gladstone deserves that punishment; but if I were a party man, and a Conservative, I would certainly not advise that party to accept office. Let Gladstone get the country out of the scrapes his incapacity has brought upon it. Church parade over—I cannot say that I am edified or feel any the better for it; but when in camp I have always made it a point to attend Sunday parade. How curiously ineffective are some of our Protestant chaplains. The little man who has just read prayers to us served in the ranks of the Zouaves in Algeria and also in the Franco-German War, where he was taken prisoner. He preached us a sermon which he preached to us a very short time ago. He evidently wants imagination, especially as the discourse had no intrinsic worth. I have not yet settled where I shall have my Headquarters for the summer, but I think I shall decide on Dongola. I enjoy your letters telling me of all London's doings and sayings, but I cannot boil up enough interest in the noble lords and their noble ladies to study their doings in the newspapers. You must tell me whether society is down upon me for being too late to save Gordon. I presume the Government people—worshippers of Mr. Gladstone—and the politicians will endeavour to throw the blame of having failed to save Gordon on me. The Ministers will not dare to say so openly, for I could at any moment publish the proposals I made to them on 8th April last, begging of them then to consider seriously Gordon's danger, and the necessity of preparing a force for the relief of Khartoum. No one can be his own judge,



and it may be owing to ignorance of my trade that I assert I did all that was possible to get forward to Khartoum from the date of my arrival in Egypt. I dislike saying this, for I remember hearing that Sir A. Horsford always felt inclined to support Lord Chelmsford until Lord C. told him that if all his Zulu business had to be repeated he would do exactly as he had already done. Horsford said, "How, under these circumstances, can I go on defending him?" He and others would possibly say the same of me; but I can at least say this to you, and I know that all my staff and superior officers would endorse it, whilst those round Chelmsford in 1879 would certainly not have agreed with him in the views he expressed to Sir A. Horsford as I have related above. I am sending a bank-note for £1—issued by poor Gordon in Khartoum. Up to this they are very scarce, so you can show it as a curiosity. I enclose you also a pewter decoration which he bestowed on the soldiers who distinguished themselves. He had a few stamped in gold which he gave to his best Generals. Do you remember Captain Grenfell<sup>1</sup> in Canada? He used to act, and had a trick of shaking hands with himself on the stage. Well, he is now here as a Brigadier-General in command of the L.J.C.—and very good he is. I shall have some bother, I fear, with Wood, because I now want Buller to come back to me as Chief of the Staff—a position which Wood took up when Buller went forward to replace poor Stewart. I have just written to Lady Stewart, a melancholy duty. She is young to have been twice left a widow.

My mind is kept on the stretch by having Buller's column in a difficult position in the desert and Brackenbury far up the river, without being able to communicate quickly with either. I prowls up and down my tent, about eleven or twelve feet square—like a panther. I rush to my table and scribble a few lines; then I lie down and snooze for some minutes until some active but mind-at-ease fly tickles my nose. I look out of my tent and see a willy-wagtail hop about who seems to say, "See how happy I am although I am only a little bird, whilst you, a man full of stuck-up pride, a so-disant General, are dejected! For shame! take a lesson from me." To-day, to escape from disagreeable thoughts, I took up your book about the unfortunate wife of the young Pre-

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell.

tender and read seventy pages of it with great interest. The style is affected, but just suited to my present mood, as it caught hold of my attention. I have received just now the pleasant news that the Kablabish tribe have sent off a number of laden camels to-day, and the other tribes ditto, ditto. A great relief to my mind, for during the last few days I thought they had been hanging back owing to my withdrawal of troops from Goubat. I am dependent very much upon these tribes, for my own camels, reduced to skin and bone, are so weak they can barely carry themselves, much less a load.

Charlie Beresford has done first-rate service. I hope Hartington will publish the dispatch in which I praised him very highly. If he does, be sure and tell me what you think of it. In fact, tell me how you find my telegrams on the subject of the actions and skirmishes that have taken place here.

Buller wrote me rather a complaining letter from Abu Klea that my instructions in cipher had nearly driven him mad, as he had no house, no tent, nor any shelter to read or decipher in, and that he existed by day in a dust-storm, whilst the enemy fired all night long into his position. In reply I said, from my heart I envied him the luxury of being fired at all night, and that I felt even the distant smell of gunpowder would have been a perfume to my nostrils. However, when I advance in the autumn on Khartoum it will be in one compact column, and I shall be, please God, at its head. This war will cost the country millions, all of which might have been saved if we had had a real statesman at the head of affairs this time last year.

10 p.m., 22nd February.—The English post in and I have been reading my letters. They all drive me wild with congratulations, which are like the fruit on the shores of the Dead Sea: all powder and dust within. In your letter alone is there the sensible remark that perhaps after all some unforeseen accident would mar all my calculations. God's will be done; I should be stuck up and proud if all my ventures turned out perfectly. I never liked this desert venture, and only embarked on it because I thought I might save Gordon, a hero for whom I had the deepest reverence. I never knew any one like him. General Robert Lee was the only other hero I have ever personally known. I hate to see Sir C. Wilson, because I cannot help remembering that he *might* have been

at Khartoum easily the day before it was betrayed, and all *might* then have been well. I enclose a note just received from the Queen.

In another ten days nearly all my pressing anxieties will be at an end, and "Garnet will be himself again."

CAMP KORTI, 26/2/85.

Lord  
Wolseley.

About the pipes—I have only as yet received the specimen. It is just what I wanted, and you have acted with your usual promptitude and businesslike decision.

I have known Gleichen ever since the Crimea days. He has a story of finding me covered with blood amongst a number of dead soldiers and thinking I was dead, too. I had fallen down from sheer exhaustion and gone to sleep.

I can't believe any man would marry Helen, so, until I hear she is wedded and bedded I shall continue to think of her as *la belle Hélène*. I have to-day opened your envelopes with the cuttings in them. I have not had time to read them before, and besides, I dreaded to read praises of my arrangements and plans, well knowing how all my enemies are, by this time, shaking their heads in glee at the failure of all my schemes, and one old General saying to the other, "I told you so," with the rejoinder, "Serve him right." I know you at least will believe me when I say how supremely indifferent I should be were the point at issue merely my failure. But England is now embarking upon an enterprise that is beyond her normal military strength. The English people howl for the conquest of the Soudan, but if you told them that it means increasing the Army by 21,000 men, they tear their hair and say all the military authorities must be fools and knaves not to have an Army fit to bear the strain. As a General, to whom this job is committed, I ought to rejoice. But ambitious, as I confess I am, I don't want to have my ambition gratified and satisfied at the expense of English interests.

Amongst your cuttings I have been very much interested in those referring to George Eliot's life, published by her husband. Although I haven't read all her books, I was a great admirer of hers, and took a deep interest in her life. She certainly was the most remarkable woman of our day.

27/2/85.—I send you Gordon's last letter to me: it is piteous reading. I am sending it home now officially, so it is

no longer any secret ; but don't show it to any one who would refer to it in the newspapers.

I have just had a telegram from the Queen, which she ends by saying you had been at Windsor since the 25th—her telegram being dated 27th instant. Since the fighting began she has been very kind and gracious to me. Great as she is in so many ways, she cannot realise that the art of war is very difficult, and that I am perhaps more likely to understand it than the Duke of Cambridge.

*2nd March.*—I am amused by the real funk which seems to have entered the marrow of "London heroes." Please laugh when people groan over our approaching destruction, and say your husband and those with him will take some destroying before they disappear, and that you know I hope the Mahdi may pluck up enough courage to attack us. It is he that requires the sympathy of the croakers, not us. I have just written to the D. of Cambridge in this strain, for I am sick of "dreads" and "fears" and doleful anticipations. Whatever may be in my heart, I don't want pity from any one, and I don't require sympathy from any invertebrate creature. Nothing could be so good as that the Mahdi should now come on here and attack us. Although I am quite strong enough to fight him on my own ground, I am not strong enough to lay siege to Khartoum, for which operation this little army was not organised.

Melancholy, depressing letters make me so bumptious that I long to go out and engage the Mahdi single-handed. Please God, when I sink I shall go down with my colours flying and the band playing "God save the Queen," and the cheers of victory ringing in my ears.

Everything is fair in war. I am now going in for forgery. I am having the seals of the Mahdi and of his principal men copied, so I can when I obtain these seals issue proclamations in their names over their own seals. No one ever signs his name in this country, but every man has a seal. Do you think this villainous ?

CAMP KORTI, 4th March 1885.

I am perspiring from every pore as I write, for what is known as the khamsin wind is now blowing as if it came from the mouth of a furnace. Fricke looks very gloomy over the

Lord  
Wolseley.

prospect of a summer in the Soudan, and I live in dread of his telling me some morning that he must go home. I declare if I were him I would certainly go home, for it is only a sense of duty that would keep any one here, and except whatever duty he may imagine he owes me, he is not actuated by that pride and soldier-like feeling which is felt by the officer class. Yesterday I had a good two hours at *The Countess of Albany* and was much interested. You know how little I care for reading the lives of poets or of any but men of action. So Alfieri would have been a foreign bore of the worst type; vain, egotistical, and overbearing, I now learn from Vernon Lee. The red-headed lover of the young Pretender's wife was *not* a poet, but he was "*hysterical*." I can understand an hysterical woman: hysteria is a curse from which a large proportion of your sex suffer and to which every woman is liable, but that a male creature should be hysterical is loathsome to contemplate. Poor woman, with a drunken husband who used to be sick over her, and an hysterical creature like Alfieri for a lover. I cannot scrape together the least possible atom of interest in the lover, but I am very much taken by the story of this poor little German whom nature, or rather fortune, dealt with so hardly. Send me a small book now and then to read, good print, if you please. If I could get the Old Testament in several volumes printed large I should like it. I have not read it since I was a boy. I think you can obtain it in a shop on the right-hand side of Northumberland Avenue, which is, I fancy, the emporium for the Society for Propagation of the Gospel. I want to read over again the history of David, who to me as a boy was the Alfred of the Jews. He was so brave, so human, such a sinner, and yet with such a trust in his God.

1885

## CHAPTER XIV

2nd January 1885.

On the 30th December I got your letter of 10th, telling me of your horse falling with you. What escapes you have with horses and camels! and Colonel B. still insubordinate and nagging at you! But I feel that nothing will have been so great a comfort to you as making your final move from Dongola. You feel now really *en route* for Khartoum.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Now for your commissions. The chocolate I thought a most innocent request—I send you a box of best tablets. I thought two would be a nice little nibble for you. There are fifteen, I think, in the box; that would last you a week; and next week you shall have another box. Then here are two pairs goggles. Then I felt afraid to embark on the “Commercial book.” I thought I should never understand it, so I send you another Dictionary containing *small* words. It has, alas! two columns, but I think that difficulty might be overcome by your ingenuity. I am afraid to propose *how* lest I should confuse matters, but I will adopt any plan you advise. Then I send you *The Countess of Albany* to read. It is a thin, small book and light reading, and I think it may wile away a few hours. Finally, you said you would never go on another campaign without a carriage clock, so I send you one. You may just as well have it now. It *repeats* by pressing the button at top. It is a very good and very *strong* one, not likely to get out of order. I hope Mr. Hopkins will find room for it in the bag to-day.

Your little nephew, Garnet, is here from Wednesday till Saturday. I thought I ought to ask him, and he is a nice, manly little chap. I have given him a present of a riding lesson each day. I thought it the kindest thing I could do for him, for a boy *ought* to ride.

I dined with "Theresa"<sup>1</sup> last Sunday, and met Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, "Charlie" Fraser,<sup>2</sup> and an unknown (to me) Lord Langford. I never knew before that "Charlie" wears one heel *inches* high to conceal a lame leg, I suppose. The dinner was good and the conversation *not* intellectual and slightly indecent. On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Lang and I went to hear Dr. Liddon preach at St. Paul's. Ashmead Bartlett gave me very good seats. His mother and wife were there, the former a kind of aged quakeress. Drummond Wolff told me that A. B. is a decided "dawg," but if so he mitigates with airs of great piety. The service and singing were excellent and so was the sermon. Under that great dome I said a prayer for you and your success, and trusted it reached some way towards heaven. *Don't regret your serious* letter to me. I liked it the best of any I have had.

DALTON HILL, ALBURY,

8th January 1885.

Lady  
Wolseley.

MY DEAREST,—The Stewart move to Gakdul, so successfully conducted, has caused great enthusiasm here. Every one is full of the marvellous manner in which difficulties melt away as *you* approach. To my superficial mind it appears as if the general public are *not* keenly interested in Egypt, but your own friends are more than usually interested in your share of this campaign. As I have lived through several campaigns I may be allowed to be a judge in this. I am glad to say they all seem fully impressed with the difficulties you have to encounter. I have described your camel fall to some hundreds of people! Don't be angry at this. If you had broken your bones I would have kept it quiet, but I think it excellent that they should know that you share the ups and downs and bumps and bruises of the commonest (I beg pardon, the privatest) soldier of your army. I don't want you to have more kicks than halfpence. I want *you* to have more halfpence than kicks—from the camel (the newspaper kicks don't count, for we don't care about them, do we?).

Last Friday I met Gladstone at dinner at the Reays'. He looked *very ill*. Sleeplessness returned. He had been to consult Andrew Clarke, who advised different remedies, amongst others, chaffingly, a new work on Education, as an infallible

<sup>1</sup> Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury.

<sup>2</sup> General Charles Fraser.

soporific. This Mr. G. told Lady R., unconscious that Lord R. was one of the principal contributors. Mr. G.'s tattle was chiefly of the Jews and the redistribution. He said, a few civil words to me about *you*, what unbounded confidence every one felt in you, etc., and asked if you were in good spirits; and I administered a little stab by telling him that the only difficulty you dwelt upon was the matter of *time*. It was a pouring night, but he insisted on walking home.

Lady Reay was very *light and airy* with him, and Lord R. anxiously watched her. I think he is very much afraid of her making *bévue*s. To-day F. R. got in at tea-time. (I begged Frederick afterwards to remember that gentleman, and never let him in again.) He is—to console himself for not being in Egypt!—writing a Life of Peterborough! He knew you were meditating Marlborough.

Shall you recollect that on the 27th I shall be *forty-two*? I wish you could enter Khartoum that day, as you did Cairo on F.'s birthday.

15th January.—I propose to start as soon as you get to Khartoum; till then I don't want to leave this end of the telegraph, though you will have left the other end. I quite agree about *not* taking a house at Cairo; Sheppard's will be the place for me. A fortnight there will satisfy me.

Your old servant G. Andrews is dead, and his widow is very badly off. I sent her some money through Hopkins, but begged him not to tell her who sent it, as I did not know if you would wish me to give it.

I wrote to Lady Muir to let Sir W. know that he was in your thoughts in the middle of all your occupations. I enclose her very nice, touching answer. I also send you a most strange letter I had from Lord R. We had talked of French novels and French books. He said he would lend me a wonderful historical book if I would promise not to tell *any one* he had lent it to me, not you or Lady R. or, above all, Lady G.! I said I would certainly tell *you*, but not the other two. Well, I kept it for a week unopened, and then one evening read twenty pages of it. It was an atrocious, scurrilous, *dull* book about Marie Antoinette—rare, I dare say, but quite unreadable from depravity! Next day I returned it to him with a very *frank* note, telling him twenty pages had convinced me it was too bad for *me*, and that I was concerned



to know what I had done to make him think I should like such a book, and still more concerned as to what I *could* do to convince him I don't like it. Here is his cautious and mysterious answer. It *only shows how* utterly at sea and astray these social science prigs are in a simple matter of *decency*. With all his meetings and statistics for "fallen women," he can't even gauge what a woman of his own class would or wouldn't read! I feel certain his practical morality is above suspicion, but his theories of curing immorality have muddled his common sense. I must explain to you that the book was *worse* than common immorality, there were depths and darknesses beyond belief in it.

I had a visit from Mr. Haggard—he is in the Foreign Office, and elder brother of the Colonel Haggard at Suakin. The latter has had passages with Chermiside. Of course I know nothing of who is right or wrong, but, according to the Haggards, Chermiside is a man of the "I told you so" type.

Your pipe business is settled, and I send you a specimen of the pipes sent. Major Gough was married to Lady Stewart's niece, and Lady Stewart had to tell her of his being killed; very trying, with her own husband in great danger at the fight. The dynamite attempts will interest you. Sir E. Whitmore's joke was "This is the real distribution of seats." I went to see the blow up on Sunday—an extraordinary sight. The Speaker *must* have been killed had the House been sitting.

On Tuesday I dined with the Wilfrid Seymours. The Gleichens,<sup>1</sup> Sir C. Brownlow, and General Gipps. Count Gleichen is in face *exactly* like Henry VIII. He would do for François I., too. I am sorry not to see Cairo with you in it, but nothing would persuade me to go there *except* to see you.

23rd January 1885.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Of course I can think of nothing but Abu Klea, which I heard of about 6.30 on the 21st. As ill-luck would have it I had a headache, and instead of being at my tea-table I was lying down. I therefore missed General Bulwer and General Harman, who came to tell me and who were sent away, and immediately after that I got the copy of the telegram from Mr. Hobart.<sup>2</sup> It was good news, and how bravely *we and the*

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Prince and Princess Hohenlohe.

<sup>2</sup> Private Secretary to War Secretary.

enemy fought! I know you are sorry for big, brave Burnaby, and so am I, and many others, though a certain gang may rejoice at his being got rid of! I feel still all agog with the fight and cannot settle down to tell you of my own little miserable doings. It really does not seem worth while.

I wish you would not keep on regretting what you call your *melancholy* letter. I valued it extremely. I don't want you to feel that you must always put your bright side out for me. If so, to whom *can* you relax? If the news makes me feel anxious I need not refrain from telling you so, because before my letter reaches you things may have taken another turn and you will *know* that any cause for anxiety I had is over. Of course I do feel anxious, but I have the greatest belief in you, I don't mean your *luck* (hateful, senseless word) but your giving every one, yourself included, every chance that good sense can suggest.

I send you an extraordinary letter from "Annie Sutherland" about the Widow Blair. I don't propose to be had up for libel, and I am thinking out a diplomatic excuse and will tell you in my next what I have said, but I will *not mix* myself up in the matter, of that you may be sure.

To-day Mrs. Lecky and I drive down to Richmond to see old Lady Russell at Pembroke Lodge.

30th January 1885.

A week of great excitement and anxiety, ending most satisfactorily on Wednesday 28th by your telegram of Sir Herbert's victory and the move to Gubat. It was brought over from War Office by a little Mr. Fleetwood Wilson<sup>1</sup>—he shall be asked to the first *man's* dinner you give. Poor Hobart was engaged breaking the news of Stewart's wound to Miss Stirling, who broke it to her sister Lady Stewart. I had the greatest confidence in your plans, foresight, and arrangements, but who shall say that all those gifts may not be thrown over by some unforeseen circumstance? The Camel Corps mammas had nearly driven me wild by their visits, doubts, questions, and fussy anxiety, and the relief after all this was proportionately great. Also I knew that *you* must be like a cockchafer on a pin at Korti waiting for news. Oh! my dear, *what* a strain for you! I really

Lady  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Later Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson.

behaved valiantly in never showing that I knew you were in doubt. My five o'clock tea became a hideous hour, for the Camel Corps' relatives swoop down on me then like wolves, and I daren't shut my door or they would at once believe in a disaster. I *never* propose to stay in London again during a campaign. I can stand solitude anywhere, but I can't stand vapid thrashing of a subject over and over again by *doubting idiots*. I have sent you all the papers of yesterday giving an account of Stewart's victory, wound, etc. I have got a second set to send out for the Book cuttings, so you need not keep these. Mrs. Goschen lunched here yesterday, and her "George" came later. They were most acutely and intelligently interested in the whole affair. She sends you word that Chamberlain has got into hot water in his recent speeches; he has out-Heroded Herod and frightened his audience by his demagogism. The consequence is a request to Goschen to stand for a division of Edinburgh, signed by all sorts of people who have hitherto had most advanced radical views. Goschen has not consented to stand, but is, in a couple of speeches, to give them a taste of his "quality" to see how they like him.

Wednesday I dined with the Reays. A serious (not a smart) party—Dr. Liddon and Mrs. Ambrose and Sir F. Haines (India gathering round the Reays already). He seemed a jolly old person, and "poufféd" with laughter at his own mild jokes almost before he had made them. Lady R. is getting up India, just as you would imagine. She already talks glibly of all kinds of places, and knows how, where, when their time will be divided. A book on India on every table, with a paper-cutter in it, always near the *beginning*. I don't think she gets to the *end* of any.

I was hugging myself with delight at dining alone at home to-night, and the Reays have just asked me to meet Mr. Gladstone, who dines with them after the Cabinet to-day.

Friday, 6th February '85.

Lady  
Wolseley.

A day like this one feels terribly the slowness of communication between us. What I think now will be out of date 24 days hence, when if still at Korti it may reach, but goodness knows where you will be and what you may have been through before it does reach you. I must tell you of yesterday, the

day on which the dreadful Khartoum news reached us. I was on my way to see Lady Reay. Meyer, the one-legged sweeper, came across to me. "Hope you have good news of his Lordship." "Yes, I hope he is quite well." "Bad news this that Gordon is a prisoner." "Oh! there is no news. I have only just left home and I should have heard it." "Oh! but it's true, my Lady. I have just heard it from Marlbro' House!" and I saw a royal carriage standing the other side of the street which the crossing-sweeper had left to come over to me. This gave me a little shock, for I thought the Prince's servants would not drive about spreading untrue news. I went on, feeling very unhappy, to the Reays. I found them *both* and told them, but they pooh-pooh'd it. They would believe any folly from a Duke and not the greatest sense from a beggar. I found Sloane Street in a hubbub, full of boys and papers. I felt there must be something wrong, so I jumped into a cab and came home, and found a letter from Mr. Hobart condensing your telegram. So you see *really* the wife of the Commander heard the news from the Sweeper! I have cut out all the leading articles in to-day's paper about Khartoum's fall, for they cannot reach you quicker than through me, and you may like, though it will be stale news when it reaches you, to know how the shock was taken by the various papers. The first news appeared in an edition of the *Daily Telegraph*, published at 8 a.m. This was a great blow to the Government, who had intended to keep it dark and who knew that you were holding the wires back for 24 hours on your side. They can only surmise how it leaked out. It seems your cipher message began to arrive about 11 o'clock the night before. The clerk deciphering it, finding the first few lines very important, wrote them on a piece of paper and enclosed it in a note to Sir Ralph Thompson<sup>1</sup> for him to judge if it were not of sufficient importance for him to come at once to the W.O. They think this note must have been tampered with, for what appeared in the papers was exactly the message as far as the clerk had copied it for Sir R. T. However, they would have *had* to tell it this morning, so what was got hold of did no harm. Of course it is quite impossible to think of any other subject. I *grieve* for Gordon, even with you to think of and the vista of dangers and difficulties it brings upon you. Gordon *ought* to be one's first

<sup>1</sup> Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War.

thought. I am sure he is yours, and that you could bear anything better than the anxiety about him. Dear old General Eyre called to tell me he had seen Sir H. Gordon, who was satisfied of his brother's *safety*, that he was much too valuable to kill and they would keep him to sell. Kind Hobart to see me late, and read your *whole* telegram to me, including your asking them to decide on their policy. *He* is strong for troops to Suakin; although you called it an "expensive luxury" he did not see why even as such you should not have it. I said that you told me troops from Suakin could not possibly assist your operations, but, of course, matters are entirely changed. You see, Sir Andrew Clarke,<sup>1</sup> whose hand, I think, may be recognised in the *Times* article to-day, is hotter than ever on Suakin-Berber, and *because* Khartoum has fallen finds a thousand faults in your mode of advance. They expect you to advance in haste to reach it *before* it fell, and slowly as if you knew it *had* fallen, all at the same time! but I must admit that this one discordant note in the *Times* is the *only* unfavourable word the papers, *any of them*, have said about you.

"Alfred" (Austin) thinks the press has behaved very badly to you in this campaign, giving you much criticism and little praise. I disagreed with him, for I think on the *whole* they have been nice about you. The *Daily Telegraph* certainly has been most staunch. The *Standard* has been gloomy about everything. I said to him, "Why do you think that they are hard on him, if they *are* hard." "Well, you know they get tired of its being always Wolseley for everything. I wrote the article in yesterday's *Standard*; but they cut out my best paragraph about Garnet." Now, my dear, here is the keynote to his whole observation. Because they curtailed *his* article, he attributes it to dislike of *you*, but I believe it to be that *his* opinion has no weight and they cut up his articles as they like. He is not a power with the press, despite his piquant and powerful pen. For some reason or other they don't like him, and it would do you more harm than good to have him for an advocate with them. This is instinctive reasoning, not logical reasoning I know, for I am ignorant of the machinery of the press, and talk of it very vaguely, not understanding what I talk of. To *me* newspapers seem like garrulous people who talk of things they don't always understand. The least check you have is a

<sup>1</sup> I.G. Fortifications.

"disaster," the least success is a "walk over"; they have only one talent, that of writing a many-sided leading article which permits them, whatever happens, to say "I told you so." I assure you, that as far as my own peace of mind is concerned I would just as soon *never see a newspaper*, and only know of the campaign by what you send to the War Office. The rest is only bubbles and bosh at rd. a line.

Did I tell you of the *woman* crossing-sweeper's homage to you after Abu Klea? She said to me one day, "I read all about Egypt, m'Lady; knowing his Lordship *personally* as I do, I take a great interest. This march over the desert is a fine thing! It'll be a dook-dom for him, or if it ain't, it ought to be." I think that better than "Alfred's" best turned period.

I admired your brave, firm telegram, no sign of your being alarmed in it. I fancied that you threw the brunt of the decision what to do on the Government, to make them feel the weight of the disaster which their imbecility had brought about, but that you were making, or had made, your plans, regardless of their decision. Was I right? Tell me. It is right to give them a "*mauvais quart d'heure*" when all your genius and energy can't prevent you and your soldiers having "*mauvais*" *months* in consequence of their folly.

11th February 1885.

Notes, telegrams, letters, succeed one another so rapidly that it is quite difficult to write the impressions of one before they are effaced by the other. Certainly wherever you go you carry an air of excitement with you. You are not like the cuttle-fish which dashes off under cover of a black liquid; but is there not some electric fish that gives a shock to those near it? Your shocks increase in vivacity with distance; I believe *we* feel them here more than you do there. Last Sunday I found Brett had been here and left word he would call again. While eating my humble lunch—orange, etc.—there comes a note from him enclosing your telegram, "Delighted at pluck of Ministry, tell my wife I shall not return this year, to make her plans for herself." Fancy hearing that on the 8th of February! I thought your "delighted at pluck of Ministry" delightfully suggestive of your *surprise* that they should be plucky, and I thought I would let him see my eyes were open to the responsibility they are only too glad to throw on you.

Lady  
Wolseley

Well, the Private Secretary came to see me, and sat nearly two hours and was very nice. I think he knows you tell me things, and in consequence he is not quite so bouncey and consequential as he was. Perhaps he feels too that you can't think much of the slave of such slavish masters. I remember, before you went, thinking him a very patronising young man, but he is less so now. To return to your telegram, it did take the starch out of me to think of all the time you will be away! To-day comes the news of Gordon's death, and the papers are in mourning. The *Globe* this evening was awful reading. "Carnage at Khartoum, streets running with blood, children spiked with spears, women violated and massacred." I felt I should have such a surrounding of the *Camel* mammas, that I told Frederick I was only at home to *gentlemen*, not to any ladies. The women are so enervating, they won't be comforted, whereas men do give one some consolation. I really do put a very bold face on matters, and I never let any one see I am anxious. I try to be like *you* and not to admit there is any danger, but when I have had the mothers here I cry my eyes out as soon as they are gone. Last night I dined with old Colonel North. Of course there was a hubbub over Lord C. Beresford and his rescue of Wilson, boiler mending. Lady Charles dined there. She came twenty-five minutes late, "because of all the telegrams she had received"—one from the *Queen*. The Duke of Cambridge had been to tell her the news when she was in her bath. She arrived *full* of excitement. "I've been so anxious, I thought I should have died," etc. Now if one is anxious does one run about proclaiming it? Then she told me Hartington and Sir W. Harcourt had dined with her on Sunday, and they had had such long melancholy faces, she went to bed feeling certain that some dreadful disaster had happened which they could not tell her of. No row of "Animated Sandwiches" could rival her advertising power for her husband, to whom she is devoted. She is a Brigade of Correspondents in herself. I do poorly for you in that respect, for I can't talk you up! Old Greaves is in town again and full of Horse Guards' talk. He hoped at one time to have the whole Suakin command, but to-day it is decided he is to be Chief of the Staff. He tells me there is a great tide of public opinion in your favour even in the old school military world. The "old gentlemen" stand up for you even at the

U.S.C., and it is looked upon as bad form to abuse you. He has much aged in India and looks shrivelled. I feel doubtful about Fremantle. Is he good? He has borne the heat and burden of the day, and I suppose must be given the command, but has he any knowledge? And Sir Gerald Graham—did you wish for him? I know you so often have to “compromise” that even if I am told you asked for these men I should not feel therefore sure you wanted them above every one else. I read the Queen’s letter to you before I read your remarks on it, so as to have an unprejudiced opinion, and I thought it had not the usual graciousness. I don’t think I told you the Duke of Cambridge wrote me a conventional letter, “our brave soldiers,” etc., on the desert battles, but otherwise not one of them has recognised my existence since you left, though the moment “Charlie’s” boiler burst they seem to surround *her*.

Yesterday Mr. Goschen came to see me on his way to speak at Liverpool, and I drove him to Euston Square. He had thought of attacking the Government for putting the responsibility on you, but decided not to do so. Chamberlain is very angry at Goschen being entertained at Liverpool.

13th February.—Yesterday we got the news of General Earle’s being killed. I am sure you will know how sorry I am. All one’s little prejudices against people seem to die away or rather to rise in judgment against one at such a moment. I have often intended to tell you how admirable she has been this winter, so calm and sensible, not a bit like these odious screamers and grumblers of women with whom I cannot feel sympathy. I *know* she was anxious, but she looked to the bright side of things. Since old Greaves has been named Chief of Staff to Graham and is working at the W.O., I often see him. He is very amusing about his General—“a fiddle-headed General,” he calls him. He—G.—has secured an A.D.C. 6 foot 4 to be on a *level* with the General, as he himself cannot be! He says the *civil* officials at the W.O. were all for giving *him* the command, but the Horse Guards’ side of the house—Whitmore especially—could not hear of it on account of Fremantle<sup>1</sup> being senior. G. suggested he might be made a Lt.-General *till* he got to Berber, but on the contrary they wanted to make him a Brigadier-General, which deprives him of, an A.D.C., does it not? (they

<sup>1</sup>General Fremantle eventually commanded the Guards Brigade at Suakin.



thought nothing of lowering his rank, though they said they could not raise it); but anyhow he remains a M.-General *with* an A.D.C. I am sure I have garbled all this, because you know I am "no soldier," but perhaps you can *débrouiller* it. I found, in my talk with Hobart and Brett on Sunday, that they were quite alive to Sir A. Clarke's railway machinations. Fancy my having been *twice* importuned by Editor of a paper to put in my portrait. I said "no" firmly.

P.S.—Two nights ago, tossing about after the Khartoum fall, I comforted myself thinking Mr. Gladstone had had a *worse* night. Next day Mrs. G. was heard to say that William has quite regained his sleeping powers!

20th February 1885.

Lady  
Wolseley.

MY DEAREST—Your last "Sister Anne" letter—will that remind you of it?—was really tragic. What an agony of expectation, and after all to hear of poor Herbert Stewart's wound. How that must have marred the relief of knowing there had been a success. And since then what blows you have had! One after the other—Khartoum, General Earle's death, Swaine's illness . . . and how bravely you keep your spirits, *apparently*, through it all. I think your telegrams so *wonderfully* good, not a word too much, not a confused expression. I was *so glad* you write to me exactly as you feel, and don't *try* to be cheerful as if I were an outsider. I am never alarmed as long as you tell me the real state of things, but I should be if I thought you doctored up a version for my ear.

Poor Mrs. Earle sends *you* a little message. "Tell Lord Wolseley that I am being as brave as I can." I feel the greatest admiration and respect for that woman. She makes less to-do over her husband's death than these other women do over theirs going out, and I don't believe they *care*, and I know she *does* care. Mrs. Gladstone—Mrs. Earle called her "that woman"—had been to see Lady Codrington, and Lady C. had told her some very wholesome truths. Mrs. Gladstone began by saying, "We had no idea General Earle was in any danger!" Lady C. told her it was not the last valuable life that would be lost owing to the procrastination of the Government! Mrs. Gladstone walked off in dudgeon. Ask Sir Owen Lanyon for *his* story of his farewell to Mr. G. on going out

to join the Expedition. The story that runs from mouth to mouth is that Mr. G. said, "What Expedition? I know of none. I suppose you mean the troops that are temporarily quartered in Egypt under Lord Wolseley." Mr. G. came to call here one day last week, but I am *glad* to say I was out.

Mr. Goschen has paid me several visits lately. I hear from the A. Russells that he is much *alarmed* at the retreat on Abu Klea, so many people will be. I think it a pity that the Government did not publish your telegram at once explaining your reasons (I have seen them) to allay this panic, *but* I think as the retreat is a necessary consequence of the fall of Khartoum and Gordon's death, and your telegrams show it to be so, they prefer to let the public think that it is, on the contrary, the result of your finding the enemy in greater strength than you expected. Take my advice and try as much as possible to let the public into your reasons for doing things. *You have them with you.* The Government, for their own party ends, will conceal anything that emphasises (as this does) the result of their procrastination. Do you understand what I mean? Mr. Goschen tells me he thinks — very clever, but the opinion of him amongst men of his own age and standing is that he is not over straight and not to be much trusted. He is a press man, and Goschen says lets out Cabinet secrets to the press, in return for which they write articles which he inspires. He then works Lord Hartington by means of those articles, which he represents as public opinion. He likes to hold the threads of power. I tell you all this for what it is worth. A warning does no harm, and you are as wary as *he* is and much cleverer.

WINDSOR CASTLE,  
26th February 1885.

Last Friday I went with Mrs. Grant to Hampton Court, and we were walking back through the Gardens when a man in the *deepest* black, like a mute, came up and handed me a letter with deepest black border and the largest black seal. You can guess what *horrible* thought came into my mind for a second! The seal, the border, the man, seemed to make one huge blot which darkened the very sun. When I had courage to look at the letter and saw it was from the Queen, I took heart, for I knew she would not be the person to tell me of any misfortune. The man said in a sepulchral whisper, handing it to me, "Lady

*Lady  
Wolseley*

Wolseley, I believe? The letter is from the Queen, and I am to take back an answer." I read it ; and enclose it, with a copy of my answer, which I had to write at the Greyhound Inn. On Monday I got my summons to be here on Wednesday and stay till Friday. What do you think of *that*? You have never been here for so long! Tuesday we drove over to Petworth. I wanted Mrs. Grant to see it. The porter said it was not shown, but perhaps sending in a card might do. Accordingly I boldly sent in my card, and we were put into a sort of waiting-room. After some delay, some one appeared with a jingling bunch of keys, who turned out to be Lady Leconfield. She had most kindly come herself, and you can't think how nice she was. I made many apologies for what I feared might seem like an intrusion, but she seemed really delighted to show us the house. Yesterday I spent some time with Mrs. Goschen on my way to Paddington. You must read his *excellent* speech. S. Northcote's "Censure" is mild and weak, and Mr. G. is gathering courage from there having been no indignation meetings about Gordon. Then we came on here, a Royal carriage and Sir J. Cowell to meet us. I dropped Frances with Lady Cowell, and went in and had a chat. Then Sir John Cowell brought me on here. I felt a waif and stray, but not nervous. Lady Southampton, the Lady-in-Waiting, came at once to see me: very friendly and kind. At 8.45, preceded by the usual bishop-like person, I began my walk along the Corridors. The Equerry only, Major Edwards, was at his post ; then came Lord Methuen, the Lord-in-Waiting, Miss Stopford, that was all. By and by we drew ourselves up in battle array across the Corridor. The Queen came in, came over to me, and as I kissed her hand she kissed me, but said nothing ; then the Duchess of Albany, Princess Beatrice, and Prince *Louis* of Battenberg. Princess Louis had had her baby at 5.30 to-day, so *she* did not appear! Prince Louis is *so* handsome. I dare say you have seen him, but I was quite struck. You know the dinners are not boisterous! This was awfully *whispery*, and such pauses! I felt as if I should have liked to give one good *screech*, tuck up my petticoats, and rush round the table. Princess Beatrice talked a little to me and smiled, and was quite nice, and *whispered* to the servant, "I will take a little *roast* chicken," as if she were confiding a murder to him. After dinner, the Queen talked to me most of the evening—very kindly and simply and intelligently,

knowing more about Egypt and every detail of every officer than all of us put together. Several slashes at Mr. Gladstone.

What do you think of your wife's courtier-like qualities? Two more state dinners! Oh, good mercy! However, it's a blessing to know that in my ignorance I have done nothing to offend H.M. and to mar *your* fortunes. I may play Sarah yet to your Marlborough, sir, but won't I trip up whoever tries to be Masham. But seriously I do think it very nice of the Queen to show me so much kindness and goodness.

To-day after luncheon, Miss Stopford, the maid of honour, told me the Queen would be much pleased if I would stay till *Saturday*, that I was not to do so if inconvenient, but it was a great comfort to H.M. to talk to me! Of course I consented. Then F. was sent for from the Cowells', and had a private audience *without* me, which I hear she got through very well. Then Lady S. took me for a drive through the *lovely* Park. It is quite exquisite—trees, deer, water, everything. Tea in my own room, and at 7 the Queen sent for me. A "Bishop" conducted me into a lovely little room. It is panelled with white and gold arabesques, and let into the arabesques all round the room like jewels in gold setting are miniatures, 50 in each panel, I dare say, arranged in families (the Queen told me) beginning with James I. Above them, forming another kind of panelling, portraits of all George the Third's children, himself, Charlotte, etc., charming pictures, heads only, by Gainsboro', I should think. I had time to see all this, as the room was empty. It was very small, and gave one somehow the idea of a *lift*. A bow window with chairs arranged in a semicircle, as if to receive the Emperor of all the *Roosias*, a large straight couch with a table before it, and two large glass-topped tables filled with miniatures and orders made of all sorts of precious stones. Quite exquisite. There are three doors, and as I did not know which the Queen would come in by I felt as if my back was always towards the wrong one, and kept pirouetting round. I did not think it manners to sit down! I only waited about five minutes, and she came in smiling very kindly, and I curtseyed. She made for the big sofa and sat down, and made a sort of *pat* with her hand on the empty part of the sofa, but I would not see that till she said, "Won't you sit down?" So we sat down together, the Queen and I. She was in a black silk dress made *anyhow* and *nohow*, and a lace shawl over her shoulders. Sitting, the

lack of stature is realised, and she rested her feet on a stool, but once *up* she moves with great ease, grace, and lightness. Her "allure" is really remarkable. She *swims* and *floats* and is never awkward. To repeat the conversation is more than I *can* do. It was principally about Egypt, but with an occasional side wave to Gladstone and politics. Rather interrogative and ejaculatory on her part, submissive on mine. She has a more changing expression than any one I can think of. A very bright *young* smile, when her face lights up and she shows her gums and some little teeth in her upper jaw. Then she has another expression when she wants to emphasise her disapproval of Mr. G.'s meanderings and maunderings, her mouth tightly drawn down at the corners, and her eyes fixed angrily not on *me*, but on space, when her accent then becomes more foreign and there is a little action of the hand—"First they *will* (hand advanced), then they *won't* (drawn back), and then they will again when it is too *late*. Always the same, they seem *afraid*." This, with variations of subject, lasted twenty or thirty minutes, and then she went off by her door and I by mine, and I had just time to dress for dinner.

The Queen told me, as a secret, of your wishing to be made Governor of the Soudan. The Government seem halting about it, she says, but she is all in favour of your wish being granted and without *delay*. I said I hoped it would not be "a five years' appointment," and she laughed! Do not think me *mad*, but I had sent her by Miss Stopford your last letter.

I slept in the Lancaster Tower, and had a tiny sitting-room full of nice oval portraits of the Georges and their queens. A nice bedroom, with a lovely small Gainsborough of "Mrs. Robinson" sitting on a rural bank with a white Spitz dog beside her. At dinner I sat between Sir H. Ponsonby and General Gardiner. Lord Methuen, dear old man, sent you *most* affectionate messages, but so inarticulate that I could not gather them all together.

FERNHURST, SURREY,  
4th March 1885.

Lady  
Wolseley.

The last evening at the Castle, Miss Stopford told me the Queen wished I could go and live near Windsor during your absence! I felt a little taken aback—Miss Stopford was most affectionate, kissing me, holding my hand, and

when a favourite in waiting does that, I feel sure it shows how the wind blows; but winds, of course, do blow hot and cold. Still, I must say I found the Queen *most* kind<sup>a</sup> and most equable during my three days there. When she sent for me before leaving she was more reproachful even than before of Gladstone and the Government. I cannot tell you with what friendliness and confidence she spoke of *you*. Nothing could have been nicer, and it was said so simply and just in the spirit you would have liked. She also said vaguely that she wished I could come near Windsor, but I (respectfully) gave her little encouragement. I told her I had for the present a house lent me here, and that afterwards I hoped to go abroad; that taking a house near Windsor would be expensive, and she seemed to enter into my reasons.

We had rather an affecting little passage. She gave me a photo, framed, for Frances, which I was really touched at, and as her little hand was so near me—we were sitting together—I ventured to take it up and give it a kiss! I *think* she liked it. I said I should be very jealous of Frances' possession and should borrow it, upon which she at once said she would give *me* one, and the next day she did. Then when she got up to go and bid me good-bye, instead of going into her own room, she said something about her daughter-in-law and went out into the corridor and flew along at such a pace! She really runs as if on castors! When I finally said good-bye, she showed me your telegram about your concentrating at Merawi, but said I was not to mention it for a *week*. (I am surprised at her trusting me.) She returned to her strong wish that they should consent at *once* to your being appointed Governor of the Soudan. In short, it appears quite clear that no delay is to be traced to *her*.

Miss Stopford in our adieux again alluded to Windsor as my possible residence. I said after my three weeks here, the Queen would be abroad and then at Balmoral, I supposed. She said, "No, *here*, in May." I said if the Queen really *wished* me at any time to be near Windsor, I would, of course, make a point of doing it, but that otherwise than its being a direct *wish*, it did not fit in with my plans.

I paid Mr. Goschen—*she* was out—a visit on my way through town. He was full of the Censure Division. Gladstone had said if it were under 15 he would resign, but he now "considers "

the *real* majority was 22, which was the division for to-morrow's amendment. He always considers whatever he likes. Mr. Goschen had met him in the Lobby, and not wishing to appear to run away from him went near him. Gladstone said to him, but not unamiably, "You have done it." Mr. Goschen had promised to write you a political letter through *me*, and I hope it may come in time to go with this. I had the *other* side from Alfred Austin at Waterloo. He had, according to his saying, been "pulling all the wires and working the party up to the mark," impressing on them they *must* take office if the chance offered. He seemed not without hope of a coalition with Goschen. However, as events prove, their turn has not come *yet*.

I have mastered *both* the ciphers, but I decidedly prefer the Dictionary one in groups of figures. I have already added one word :

222,500—Queen.

We may want that.

Also tell me, how shall I convey to you that my message is *private*? I mean that your A.D.C.'s or Secretary are not to decipher it. Till I know this, I shall, if I have occasion to telegraph, begin with the word Private or Very Private, so as to warn them off. Also instead of putting from Lady Wolseley I shall put from "E," my maiden initial. Will that do? The number cipher is quite easy. The letter one I quite understand, but it takes me longer to decipher.

Yesterday (3rd) I heard from you up to 9th February. Three sheets of your journal were taken up with your hearing of Khartoum's fall and your subsequent plans, and you entered into particulars of what made a retreat necessary and desirable. Beyond a whack at "procrastination" (which Her Majesty won't mind), there was not the least bit of dynamite of any kind, and I sent off the three sheets to the Queen. A fourth sheet I suppressed, as it would not have done at all for her eyes. I hope you will not be angry with me or think I am foolish, but I think it very good that she should hear your views, and especially when, as in this instant, she can't think them *arranged* for her. You will see the letter I wrote to her with the journal. I wished her to understand she was not always to see it, and to think the reason is your remarks about your comrades. I said you kept it (*while campaigning*) to prevent her looking on you as a Greville

in peace-time. How astute I am becoming! But I shall not be happy till I know you approve, and if you don't, pray say so frankly, and though it will grieve me, I will implicitly follow your instructions in future.

..

*Thursday, 12th March 1885.*

MY DEAREST,—Your little extract from Gordon's Journal saying "a steamer and 100 men would have relieved Khartoum," I am promulgating everywhere because it justifies any "rashness," as it would no doubt be called by captious critics, on your part.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

Brack's letter amused me. Such a lot of personality about it. No simplicity or unconsciousness of self without which no man can be great, and which *you* have. He describes all a Chief of the Staff ought to be evidently from a mental mirror of what *he* was to General Earle. I dare say he was, but it is the mirror's part to say so, not his. He wants to do his part and the mirror's too. I am rather pleased with this conceit!

I am most curious to know why finally Matammeh was not attacked. Perhaps I ought to have deduced it from other facts, but my mind is not military enough for that. The standards reached us quite safely. They must go into a glass case in Hill Street against the wall, designed by Bodley. I see it in my mind's eye, swords and other curios in it too. You will have got a cipher message from me, "Understand both systems, prefer Dictionary." I thought it well to send it at the cost even of £2, 2s. 9d., to show you I can understand every message you may send. We live in stirring times, and it seems to me from one moment to another you might have something to communicate and might hesitate to send me a message unless you knew I could understand. I am sorry to lose Col. Stewart's gunspike, but I think it quite right his relations should have it if they wish to, and *your* praise of him, which I would rather have than the spike. I will find out from Ralli what claimants there are. I thought Lord Hartington's letter to you a poor wishy-washy unstatesmanlike affair. Three sheets that might have gone into ten lines. The Duke is hard to read and his ratiocinations not of much value either, but still I like to see what he says to



you. The Queen has been good to me again. Here is her answer to my letter—which I sent you last week—enclosing her your bit of journal about the fall of Khartoum. You see how *very* nicely she writes. Then I got a telegram from Miss Stopford saying she wished me to telegraph inquiry about your eyes (I had got Hartington to do so already), and let her know the exact truth about your return. Luckily I had just heard the good news that you were perfectly well (that telegram reached me on Saturday morning, the 7th), and sent it off to her. I inquired of Hobart—the truth of the rumour of your return—hoping to *draw* him if they really did think, as appears from his enclosed letter, of sending for you, and I enclose *his* telegram. Now I must try to tell you any news of myself and others I can think of. The *political* part of my letter that Lady A. alludes to and says she read to Lord Arthur was an argument I used in answer to her letter of 27th February. She said Gladstone was not to be blamed for individual deaths. I said he was, just as a bad doctor would be blamed. The patient might die equally under the hands of a good doctor, but having a bad one (an incompetent Prime Minister) would add to the keenness of one's regret. I must tell you that Lady Stewart is left not so well off as I hoped. Herat looks threatening to-day. Perhaps you will have to be bundled off there as C.-in-C.

Brett asked me some months ago if you would "like to go to India." I sent Miss Stopford, for the Queen, your quotation of Gordon saying a steamer and 100 soldiers would have relieved Khartoum. I see to-day the Gladstones are at Windsor, so the Queen can let that off at Mr. G. She will like to, I am sure.

I go up Tuesday for the Drawing-Room on Wednesday. Kind Colonel North lends me his brougham, and Lord Kenmare<sup>1</sup> has given me the entrée, and says, "as I am sure the Queen would like you to have it at this Drawing-Room."

6 HILL STREET, *Friday, 27th March.*

*Lady  
Wolsley.*

My Windsor No. 2 is over. The Queen sent for me last night after I arrived and kept me till 8.30, and I had to be dressed for dinner and *was* at 8.45. Sharp work. The interview again (I have stolen this paper by mistake) in the little room as before,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Chamberlain.

sitting together on the sofa. She was very gracious. She wanted to see me to get me to send you a telegram, which I shall do to-day. She was to write down the substance of what she wished to say, I to reduce it to telegram length and into cipher. She spoke even with *affection* of you and your *anxieties*. I asked her if she thought you were to be brought home at all this summer, and told her of the "cold fit" that Colonel Swaine had found prevailing. She seemed to have been kept in the dark about that. She had seen Lord Hartington yesterday and he had seemed, she thought, firm about going to *Berber* if not Khartoum, but even possibly Khartoum. I told her of your anxieties about the great heat for the troops and your feeling that our army was too small—our general army—to keep so many troops locked up in Egypt, and that you thought it ought to be increased by 20,000 men. I did not say a word about *your* thinking of handing our responsibilities over to the French, or preferring the Cape of Good Hope to Egypt, etc. I am certain she would be averse to any packing out of Egypt, and I suspect that the Government would like you to do their dirty work and back out for them, and I was determined I would not help in that. I do hope I was right in what I did or didn't do! I am a poor stupid mole working in the dark and wish I were clever and a statesman.

At dinner we had the Dow. of Roxburghe—a civil Duchess—old Lord Sydney with his nose in the air, Miss Stopford, Major Edwards and Lord Methuen, only the Queen and Princess B., no other Royalties, Princess Beatrice looking quite pretty and slim and young. The Queen talked much to me after dinner, and I am to write to her abroad if anything occurs. I sent her the Mahdi's letter and Gordon's, two to read, and she sent me, when I was stepping into bed, by Miss S. what she wished telegraphed to you. You will have had and answered it long before you get this, and from discretion I don't repeat it. "Angeli" is doing a full-length portrait of her, and she wished me to see it, which I did this morning before leaving. It is a very fine picture, *exactly like*, yet giving her height and managing her figure admirably. After dinner last night she gave me the telegram to read of Lord Greville's question in the H. about Sir J. M'Neill, and was delighted that Lord Greville had had a good snubbing. She also lamented "Arthur's" postponed return, but said the appointment was "very gratifying." She

is very angry they didn't make you Gov. of the Soudan, which she had most strongly urged, and said she had told Mr. G. he was treating you like Gordon over again. Sir E. Baring had advocated it too most strongly. She said, "I have been obliged to be very rude to them all, they are so dilatory and tiresome." Poor great lady, I really feel very sorry for her, especially since she is nice to *me*! but that is human nature. She said although she wants rest she dreads to go abroad, "for I never know what they will do when my back is turned."

The Queen does everything in her power to be nice to me and about you, so we must try to forgive the letter which gave you pain.

I have spent a long time ciphering the message to you. I am afraid you won't be over-pleased to get it, but still remember I *do* think the Queen is anxious to be on good terms with you and that you should be confidential to her. I have to go out and send off my message and then scuffle to Waterloo to go down to Haslemere by a 5 o'clock train. I am hurried, therefore. I can't tell you how much I feel for you and all your worries and bothers, and how I wish I could help you, and above all that you could come home for good, but don't be persuaded by politicians to *advise* a retreat. You have the country with you now, and I am sure you would *not* if you advised retreat unless you could show in black and white that it was because it was doubtful whether at the end of the summer they would after all go to Khartoum. If you threw up your command on that ground I believe every one would be with you.

## APPENDIX

### (THE QUEEN'S LETTER.)

Knowing that you are often with poor unhappy Lady Stewart, I write these lines to you begging you to say to her *how deep*, how intensely deep and heartfelt my sympathy is with her in her present overwhelming misfortune! I lose one of the most distinguished Generals in my Army, and who from *his* youth might have been of inestimable service to his country. It is too terrible to think of him, struck down just after the brilliant

victory of Abu Klea! I know what a grief this is to your husband, who had also such a regard for heroic General Gordon, to save whom he went out and wanted to go and urged the Government to send an expedition out long ago. "It is all terrible, *such* an anxiety, and I do feel so much for Lord Wolseley, for the shock of the fall of Khartoum *just* when it seemed within his grasp must have been fearful; I have, however, the *fullest* confidence in him, and feel sure he will do all well. What an anxious time for *you*! I hope soon to see you.

Pray let me know how poor Lady Stewart is and how she bears the frightful blow. I think she has a boy? Trusting your little girl is well.

GREYHOUND INN, HAMPTON COURT,  
20th February 1885.

Here, on my way to spend a few days at a friend's house near Haslemere, I have just been overtaken by your Majesty's messenger, who has given me your most touching letter. I do not know how sufficiently to express my gratitude for the terms in which you mention my husband. I know your Majesty has no more devoted, I would if I *dared* say more loving, servant and subject than he is, and that a few words of praise from you will have the most inspiring influence on him, and your approval will help him to bear what, even to his cheerful mind, must be a terrible load of anxiety.

*Lady  
Wolseley's  
reply to the  
Queen.*

I feel I must not dwell any longer on *ourselves*, but must tell your Majesty that before leaving London this morning, and the moment I heard the dreadful news, I went to see Miss Stirling (her sister), who is with Lady Stewart. She told me her sister is wonderfully calm, more so almost than they could wish; but the long tension of anxiety, with alternate hopes and fears, that she has gone through for so many weeks, being now succeeded by this last crushing blow, have completely prostrated her; she was quiet, but stunned and scarcely realising it all yet. The news was broken to her at half-past seven this morning. May I be permitted to add that I also saw Mrs. Earle to-day? She is bearing up quite wonderfully and with the most admirable and unselfish courage.

I trust I am not doing wrong in sending your Majesty's

letter to Lady Stewart. I think it will help and support her to know the Queen has such heartfelt sympathy for her.

Begging your Majesty will overlook the many shortcomings of my hurriedly written letter.

WAR OFFICE, 25th February 1885.

R. H.  
Hobart to  
Lady  
Wolseley.

In my short note to you to-day, written amid the usual interruptions, I forgot to tell you that we recently had a most unexpected ally in H.R.H., who bowled out the Visionary R.E., as clear as a whistle. He would not hear of him deserting his post at the Horse Guards, and his vigorous refusal was delightfully comic. Knowing all the ins and outs, I screamed with laughter—so magnificently did H.R.H. play our game—and in a most genuine manner.

Col. Ewart, R.E., goes out to look after the Lines of Communication and the Railway at Suakin—the poor Visionary R.E. tells me that he is very sad.

I glean from Lord Wolseley's telegrams that he thinks of making a concentration at Korti, as a prudent move, but Gen. Brackenbury's advance on Abu-Hamid may still make the opening of the Korosko Route possible and advisable.

The Government will probably win in the coming Division, and whatever may have been the deplorable procrastinating past, I hardly think Lord Wolseley will wish to change masters, who, if they are nothing else, are thoroughly loyal to him through thick and thin.

You will, I trust, enjoy your visit to beautiful Windsor, and all the interest with which you will be surrounded.

They are making a great fuss in Parliament about General Gordon's letters. Would you tell me *in confidence* how many original letters you have got, with their dates, and whether if Lord Hartington asked to see them you would let him have them to see or copy?—Yours sincerely

R. H. HOBART.

69 PORTLAND PLACE, W.,  
22nd February 1885.

Mrs.  
Goschen.

DEAREST LADY WOLSELEY,—I have not much to tell you, but I think I will write and give you a general idea of things

as they are here. The Government are in low spirits, chiefly about the *work* before them. Hartington met George yesterday and they had a strong argument, He saying George *ought* to turn them out; and G. telling him that the Government must and ought to stay in to finish the war. On the other side Sir Stafford is nervous at the idea that he will be obliged perhaps to take the reins, his party hounding him on, I hear—thousands of letters from the country saying that if this opportunity is lost the Tory party will never come in again! Poor man, the difficulties in his path *cannot* be estimated!—Rads, Irish, and some Liberals would go in a formidable body against the war and out the Tories would go after three miserable bickering months, if they lived so long. We hear Mr. G. is in a state ready for explosion; the cork of the champagne bottle is to be drawn at 5 o'clock to-morrow. What can he say? He tea'd with Lady Derby yesterday (the second time in the week). He was talking of George Eliot's Life. A man present said, "I wonder you have time with your heavy work just now to enjoy such a book." "Oh!" Mr. G. replied, "my work does not occupy *three* hours in the day, and I have all the rest for pictures, books, or anything that may be interesting people at the time"—*three hours!*

We dined at the Hayters' last night. There was an evening party, but George said he could *not* stay for that, he could not stand discussing the present situation to fine ladies or stupid M.P.'s, so we ordered the carriage at 10.30 and left. G. Trevelyan took me in. We did not touch war or politics. In the end he got cheerful, but she was fearfully depressed. I never saw a smile cross her face. Lady C. Beresford sat next but one to me. Lord Dalhousie took her in. She made me cross. She evidently wished to set the Soudan in order, and wound up with, "Well, *I* think it is a great thing for them to have a *practical* sailor with them." Lady Dalhousie looked very handsome, although in a kind of theatrical high dressing-gown. There was great uneasiness all yesterday about Buller's column, and to-day we get the good news that he has routed the Arabs. At 11 they were calling, "Tremendous victory," but it was splendidly arranged by Major Wardrop. I was so pleased when George told me that Lord Hartington's voice shook with emotion reading the General's telegram about Sir H. Stewart. Every one agrees nothing could have been more miserable than Mr. G.'s opening speech in the House. I have not been out to-day,

it has been so damp. Lord Acton and Sir R. Morier diné here; the latter is nearly wild about the Russian business. I have been writing away so fast in case any one should interrupt me. I hope you are really resting mind and body. Did you drive down in that fearful wind?—Ever yours affectionately,

LUCY GOSCHEN.

1885

## CHAPTER XV

*Monday, 9th March.*—Yesterday I received your nice, fat letter of 13/2/85. I have only read it once as yet, but as soon as this post leaves I shall reread it slowly as a gourmet sips his 1821 sherry, spending as long as possible over every glass. Brett has been a friend to me all through in this business, so please be nice to him. The special umbrella intended for me was, it appears, a present from him, and it has gone down in the *El Dorado*, recently wrecked at home. I assume that this letter will reach you abroad. I have read Goschen's speech at Liverpool with great interest. After so many years of deep humiliation as a nation it is refreshing to find the English people waking up a little, and discarding those who have pulled them down into the mire. I cannot help wishing, however, that our energy and new "National policy," as Mr. Gladstone now calls it, should not be wasted on such a wretched place as the Soudan. Were I the despotic ruler of England I should be inclined to put in the Turk here, paying him a subsidy to rule the country and protect the frontiers of Egypt. I should prefer spending my millions on fortifying my coaling stations all over the world, and in aims that would tend to the consolidation of our great but scattered Empire. If we did this we should regain all our forfeited prestige, for it is the possession of strength, rather than the renown we can gain by conquering Arab tribes, that will make us respected, and obtain for us again that reputation for courage and determination which a succession of liberal Ministries have gambled away recklessly and ignorantly. Fricke hates the idea of going back to Dongola, where the white ants devour the soles of his boots.

Lord  
Wolsley.



CAMP KORTI, 11/3/85.

*Lord  
Wolsley*

Late last night, Colonel Grove, now my Military Secretary, poked his head into my tent with a lanthorn in one hand and a cipher telegram in the other. The telegram had fairly beaten him after long work over it. You will see the gibberish he deduced from it as he wrote it on the telegram as received, which you will find enclosed. I recognised the L and deciphered it easily. Now we can carry on a secret correspondence and express ourselves about Mr. Gladstone. I thought it was a "straight tip" about the Government being turned out on war with Russia being declared. You ask me about the Duchess of Edinburgh. She has written me some very nice letters since I left home, but I have not had the heart to write to her lately. I must, however, soon do so. I do believe she is a real friend of mine, and one who fights many a battle for me behind my back. As we seem drifting rapidly into a war with Russia our friendship is, however, likely to be snapped asunder suddenly, for she is national and Russian before all other things. I was much amused by your description of Lady Charles Beresford. She is one of those women that I might meet every day and yet have to ask who she was; her husband is a very good fellow, with plenty of mother wit, resource, and pluck: I am sure you would like him. It never seems to have occurred to Greaves that he would not have been employed at all had I not insisted upon it. I wanted to give him superior rank and put him over Fremantle. The Duke was angry, of course, and I was then given my choice of three combinations, and I selected the present one. M'Neill also owes his employment to me, also Ewart. Dear Greaves is apt to think all the world recognises in him those good soldier-like qualities that I do. Whitmore is, of course, jealous of him and dislikes him as one of my lot. You don't seem pleased at my having sent you a message through Brett that I should not be home this year. I thought it best to give you the earliest possible news, so that you might make your arrangements for the summer as soon as the Government had determined upon making a war here in the autumn, which I know will prevent my being at home until about 1st April 1886. Of course fifty things may occur to change all this before the summer or next autumn is over, but looking at the darkest side of the question, and assuming that

the Mahdi is ably advised, I do not see my way to getting out of the Soudan until about the end of next February.

*Sunday, 15th March 1885.*—I wish you could see the correspondence that has been lately going on between Hartington and myself. I am very much put out at finding my telegram was not published giving my reasons for retiring from Goubat upon Korti—I shall take your very sensible advice and will in future see that my reasons are communicated to the press correspondents and so made public. I had never for a moment doubted they would publish my telegram saying how the fall of Khartoum left me without instructions and this army without a mission; that my force was intended to relieve Khartoum but was not constituted to take that place should it have fallen into the enemy's hands before we reached it.

I entirely agree with you about these fast, indecently dressed women—they are simply disgusting, with all the filthy ideas of the poor forlorn creature who walks at night up and down Regent Street, without any of that poor creature's excuses for making a trade with her body. I am glad to say I don't speak their language, and I am proud to think that you don't even understand it. How heartless Gladstone must be if he went to a burlesque the night of the bad news. Streams of blood and thousands of valuable lives being spilt and lost are nothing to him; you can only make him feel by loss of power and loss of that admiration which is as the breath he breathes. I don't think even you can estimate what a blow the fall of Khartoum was to me: all my plans and hopes dashed to the ground in one moment. When there has been a failure I never care to probe and find out who was to blame. I make up my mind, and resolve never again to employ him or those whom I know were the chief causes of the failure. In this instance Sir C. Wilson seems a culprit, although I have no intention of making any charge against him. I have had some trouble over the Stanley Clarke affair, for the Prince has a better appreciation of what is becoming in a soldier than Clarke has: the Prince leaves the decision to me, but he telegraphs saying that Clarke's coming home may be misunderstood. If any one asks you about it, say you know nothing. You may, when not referring to him, say that I told you I had decided that any officer who went home now except on the most emergent private business would not be allowed

to rejoin this Army again, or to serve with any army in the field it may ever be my lot to command. You ask me if there is any chance of our meeting this year: I am afraid there is none, unless ordered to go home to advise Government; or for some other public reason. I would sooner frizzle here in a furnace than "scuttle" away from my men. We must therefore make up our minds to be apart for another year. I shall do all I can to push forward early in the autumn and to settle all outstanding accounts with the Mahdi as soon as possible. My difficulty will be to collect large quantities of provisions far above the great rapids and cataracts between this and Abu Ahmed. It amuses me very much when I read the leading articles dwelling upon the necessity of moving columns here and there as if I had merely to give the order for all such moves. These idiotic writers forget that men must be fed; that for every 1000 men I move anywhere I have to move 4000 lb. of stuff as their food for *one* day. Of course a man does not eat 4 lb. a day, but all provisions are in tin-lined cases, so that 1000 rations means 4000 lb. Thus if I send away 1000 men and send with them a month's provisions that means 120,000 lb. in weight (about 55 tons). This is for eatables alone, besides which, tons of medical equipment and stores and of ammunition are required. For desert marches I have to carry water also. I have just had a nice note from the Duchess of Sutherland, but no allusion in it to the yacht or to Cyprus. Please tell Goschen<sup>1</sup> that unless he is made Prime Minister, which I should infinitely prefer, I hope when next he takes office he will go to the War Office: there is plenty to be done there by a man of brains and, above all things, of determination. He is the man we all look to as best fitted to take over the helm when it is torn from the hands of that incompetent old crocodile who now holds it. He has a proper notion of what is due to us as a nation both at home and abroad, and rightly understands our real strength when properly used.

CAMP KORTI, 17th March 1885.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I wish I were lying back in a comfortable arm-chair having a cup of your excellent tea—with cream in it—and listening to your talk. To-morrow I start about first streak of dawn for

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Goschen, created Viscount Goschen, 1900; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1886; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1890.

Abu Dom, which is about 35 miles higher up the river. There I shall find "Across the Atlantic" (Colonel Butler) in command. I shall sleep there to-morrow night and return here, please God, the following day, Thursday, and then in three more days I shall have letters from you up to the 27th ultimo.

20th March, Friday.—I have been to Merawi, or rather Abu Dom—the last-named place is where our troops are on this, the left bank of the Nile, the former place is opposite on the right bank. Butler was very civil and amusing, more paddy-whack than ever. He says his wife's picture of Tel-el-Kebir will be in this year's Academy. I wish some one would buy it and make me a present of it. How I wish I could go to the private view with you to see it! You know how I love to see a battle picture, whilst you enjoy the Dutch interior with tiled floor, dresser filled with plates, cat on hearth, and a villainously ugly, pasty-faced woman rocking a cradle. You like repose, I like action. I had a telegram to-day from Brett in which he recommended me to pay attention to the warning contained in Swaine's telegram. It was to the effect that Government would change its policy *in toto* when General Graham had disposed of Osman Digna. I shall not be surprised, but I shall be extremely disappointed if I have to return home without retaking Khartoum. I am most anxious that as a nation we should get out of the Soudan altogether, but we must get out of it with honour, and we cannot do that unless we go to Khartoum.

I have just had a telegram from Graham describing his first skirmish with the enemy, and I expect in a few days to hear of a real good stand-up fight there. If we have any very heavy losses, old Gladstone may begin to feel frightened, and the English people may weary of a war whose ends it is difficult to understand. This is quite on the cards, especially now, since an international guarantee has been accepted for the new Egyptian loan. Although both Swaine and Brett have given me this solemn warning, the Government has not shown any sign as yet of backing out of the position it has taken up. On the contrary, all the demands I have made on them for men and material are being complied with. I expect our big fight will be at Berber.

I shall be anxious to hear what Swaine told you. It seems so odd to receive a telegram from him from England, as it seems

really as if it were only the other day that he was here ciphering and deciphering my numerous telegrams. How small railways and telegraphs have made the world. I hope you received my cipher telegram, telling you to subscribe £100 (one hundred pounds) in your own name to the Egyptian War Fund—I think you gave a similar amount in 1882. General Taylor (Lady Jane's husband) is the principal man on the Committee. I wonder if you read my telegram easily.

*Saturday, 21st March.*—I enclose you a telegram I sent some days ago to Hartington in answer to a very secret one from him about Russia<sup>1</sup> and their complications generally. I want you to know exactly what my views are and what advice I give to this decaying Cabinet on military matters. My advice is most disinterested, because I counsel peace—under certain conditions—when personally I have all to gain by war. Don't ever admit that you have seen my telegram, but you can always say that I keep you fully informed of my views upon all matters connected with my mission here. I say this lest the Government should give out that I advise retreat. I distrust Gladstone and Co. so much that it is necessary I should be always on my guard. You have always imagined I thought of myself first, and advised what would best suit my own career—never think so again.

I hear that Lord Granville is very ill. Whenever he goes off the human stage, I wish whatever Government is in office would give me Walmer Castle. It would suit me down to the ground, and I think you would like it. Perhaps it would be well to ventilate *our* aspirations on this point at once. I wonder what it costs to keep up?

I am very angry about Stanley Clarke. No one shall make a convenience of the Army in order to improve his position about the Court. I told him in my first interview that any officer who applied to go home should never be allowed to rejoin this Army; and in my last interview with him, after the Prince had telegraphed to him and to me, I was bound to say that he was no longer, with his many excellent qualities, the man to command a regiment in the field. I have written a long letter to the Prince, who has been admirable on the subject.

<sup>1</sup> Wolseley was sounded whether the Suakin force could be sent to India. In reply he emphasised the folly of plunging into war with Russia when a matter of 5000 men was apparently a vital question.

*Sunday, 22nd March.*—I am charmed with the letter you wrote the Queen from the Greyhound Inn at Hampton Court—just what it should be and “not without dignity.”, I enclose the Queen’s letter to me: it is indeed very cordial. I shall expect you to be a lady-in-waiting yet. I would, however, prefer her giving us the reversion of Walmer Castle. Croppy Ewart has, rightly or wrongly, encountered the wrath of General Graham with his cavalry skirmish. To-day I have heard of McNeill’s first brush, which in the unintelligible telegram—Graham’s telegrams always are most involved—reads as if he had been surprised by the enemy. If Osman Digna is not quickly disposed of, I shall indeed be very much disappointed—the troops are good, the Generals first-rate—Fremantle alone is a dark horse—and the Staff all the remaining well-known men not already here with me. You ought to give the Queen’s letter to you to Frances for the frontispiece of her autograph book. She can never have a nicer letter for her collection.

I leave this on Tuesday, in an open boat, for Dongola. I hate the idea of a summer at that place. It is six months of the short time remaining to me to live, squandered to no purpose, and passed in squalid misery and extreme discomfort. I wish some of those fine lazy fellows who at home criticise our doings—I wish that old crocodile, Gladstone, could be condemned to spend the ensuing summer at Dongola.

DONGOLA, *Saturday, 28th March 1885.*

I am so glad the Queen has taken kindly to you, and been nice. If the Queen should ever talk to you about E. Wood, tell her I like him as a friend and think he has many fine and brilliant soldier-like qualities. I think he is not to be named alongside of poor Herbert Stewart or Buller or Greaves or McNeill. He is a very puzzled-headed fellow, who drives all his Staff wild from want of method. During the few days he was my Chief of the Staff, when Buller was in the desert after Stewart’s wound, he nearly drove me mad. His vanity offends his equals, and all the set of his own age will never forget the unworthy Convention of Majuba Hill. The army think it was his bounden duty to have resigned sooner than put his name to such a paper. The Queen is very fond of Wood, so you must deal tenderly with the subject. She does not know

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

what I do, namely, that Colley would not have signed the Convention that Evelyn did; he said in one of his last letters that if asked to do anything he thought unworthy he would resign. The fact is that Wood was inferior to Colley, and he knew it well, and hence his dislike to Colley.

1885

## CHAPTER XVI

DONGOLA, 29th March.—Just received instructions to go to Cairo, whence I shall most likely go on to Suakin. Lord  
Wolseley.

We have just heard the warlike news that 25,000 men under Roberts were to march into Afghanistan, and that many more ships were being commissioned in all haste. I don't for a moment imagine the Government will carry out an advance upon Khartoum in the autumn if we are forced into a war with Russia. I shall, therefore, leave this to-morrow in great doubt of ever returning here. This is a sad reflection for me. I have had a bad time of it, have gone through all the drudgery of a hard campaign without even tasting any drop of war's pleasures—an experience I have never had before, and, pray God, I may never again be exposed to.

Monday, 30th March.—Hobart's telegram just received, asking me about your coming to meet me at Cairo. I am torn by all sorts of different wishes and feelings by this message. I long to see you, but yet my movements are so uncertain that I cannot bear to think of your submitting to all the miseries of a sea voyage and the heat of Cairo merely to afford me the pleasure of seeing you, perhaps only for a day or two. I hope you will come; I may say that here, for it cannot influence your decision, but I prefer in my telegram pointing out the drawbacks, and then letting you choose yourself. Hot as Cairo will be, and hurried although your visit may be, the time I spend with you will be a time of unalloyed pleasure. I think the Khedive will probably lend us the palace that I was in before. If so, we shall be very comfortable.

KASR EL NOOSA, CAIRO,

28th April 1885.

I leave this to-morrow (Wednesday) at 11.30 a.m. by rail for Suez, where I embark in a ship called the *Queen*, en route Lord  
Wolseley.



for Suakin. I have been delayed three days through the difficulty of extracting from Hartington any positive and satisfactory orders. He would only deal in general and vague terms, evidently wishing to leave the initiative to me: I was determined not to act until I had been finally ordered to do so. At last this morning I obtained a *sort* of order from him on which I have acted; but, of course, he wound up by saying he could not consult the Cabinet until to-day, but that after he had seen his colleagues he would telegraph again. The policy is *retire* everywhere, but not precipitately. I begged with all the earnestness I am capable of to have the troops left at least for the present on the Upper Nile, and Baring backed me up most strongly, but all to no purpose. What they are doing is, therefore, opposed to the views of their military and diplomatic agents on the spot. By and by we shall have, whether we like it or not, to reoccupy the positions we are now about to vacate in order to put down Mahdis.

I have been out of sorts a little for the last few days: diarrhoea and a sharp twinge of my old enemy, the fever. I wrote to the Queen yesterday and to the Duke of Cambridge to-day, but I was shivering so from fever—my teeth chattering—that I must have written very incoherently. Indeed, I have no idea what I said, beyond having suggested to H.R.H. that it would be a good thing if I were sent to Constantinople to treat with the Sultan for an offensive and defensive alliance. It often happens that men like the Sultan will listen to a General when the voice of the ordinary cut-and-dry diplomatic agent has no charms for them. We now have no Ambassador in Constantinople. I had a levee of white donkeys to-day (I often hold levees of two-legged donkeys), but I could not find one nice enough for the Queen. The best—and it was a beauty—had a chip on its knee. However, I have plenty of people in the districts on the look-out for a good one, so you may depend on my fulfilling the Queen's commands on this point. I am afraid, poor lady, her spell of holiday has been broken in upon sadly by all the anxieties and care and trouble which the Russian complication has involved. Instead of having a month of complete rest and freedom from bother at Aix-les-Bains, I am afraid her stay there has been a real time of worry. I had a most interesting letter from her by the last post bearing exclusively on the present crisis.

I turn my back upon Khartoum with a sinking heart, and, as I look back at the events of the last four months, my mind dwells upon one bright spot only, namely, the splendid conduct of the private soldier: he is, a splendid fellow. I have lived the greater part of my life surrounded by them, and now that I grow old, I feel as if they were my own sons. And yet these are the men that the silly old gentlemen at home never cease to denounce as worthless. Well, I have seen more active fighting service than any officer now doing duty, and I ought to be able to express an opinion on this point of at least some value. I am not now speaking at a Lord Mayor's dinner, but for your information: in every respect the men I had in the desert lately were superior morally and physically to any troops I have ever served with before. It maddens me to think that I should have sent so many gallant spirits to another world to no purpose. I always strive to collect round me the best officers in the Army, and when some of what my detractors call "*my set*" are killed, their loss is serious: I am always on the look-out for able men to employ and bring forward, but I find very few. Now that we are likely to have a Russian war on our hands, who can estimate what a loss to the nation Sir Herbert Stewart will be? He was out and away the ablest man all round I had here. Redvers Buller in some respects and in some qualities ran him close, but, all round, Buller was not by a long way Stewart's equal. Buller is far the best man we now have. His manner is against him, but as a fighting soldier and an organising staff officer he is *Al*. I have left to him all the details of the withdrawal from the Upper Nile.

SUAKIN, 5th May 1885.

I hoped the sea trip would have set me up, but I got worse. To-day I am much better, but between starvation and slop diet and the weakening effects of the disease itself, I feel "real mean." I have recommended the immediate withdrawal of all the troops here. The weather is so hot that all military operations are hopeless, if they have to be carried on far from the sea; and, as Osman Digna is too clever to

Lord  
Wolseley.

come near us, it is useless keeping a large force here doing nothing. As soon as Mr. Gladstone announced that this railroad was to be stopped, all ranks lost interest in the business, and a longing for re-embarkation set in. The force here is all at sixes and sevens. Graham is not exactly brilliant, and I don't think Greaves is all he should be to him. Greaves has become too bumptious for the Staff; he should be given a Division under a strong man of decided views. His one longing is to get to India, where, in command of a Division, he will during peace be a little "somebody." The saying here is that every one is so inimical to his neighbour and the Staff so divided amongst itself, that one half do not talk to the other, and that Greaves damns them all equally all round. According to Greaves, every one here that is not an old woman is a d—d fool, and he only is *the* wise man. What curious creatures some clever men are: they all want to have everything done their own way and think you are an idiot—some do not hesitate to say so—because you do not entirely agree with them. I have an idea I have fallen very much into disfavour with the Government. They are now acting—if they order me to carry out their declared intention of withdrawing all the troops from their present positions on the Upper Nile—in direct opposition to the advice given them by myself, Sir E. Baring, General Buller, Colonel Wilson, and Major Kitchener, to all of whom they have turned for an expression of opinion. Finding I would not help them, they sent Balaam to curse E. Baring's and my views; but Balaam has blessed them instead.

I saw poor M'Neill yesterday; he looks drawn and haggard, ten years older at least since I last saw him. Of course he is wretched over all the abuse he has encountered. I hope, for his sake, we may go on with our operations on the Nile, or begin a war with Russia, so that he may have a chance of doing something to make these London clubists stop abusing him. I have been ordered to report upon the whole affair, which I dislike very much, and which I have told Hartington to be a very unwise proceeding. If every General in action feels that his proceedings may at any moment form the subject of an official inquiry, no General will ever do anything brilliant, for nothing great can be achieved in war without risk—war is, in fact, a nice calculation of risks; but what General will risk any—

thing, if by doing so he increases his chance of being tried by court martial?

"I have always thought the Queen should be told everything, and it is for this reason that I have felt myself justified in saying all I have done to her lately, when she wrote to me and invited my opinion.

*Thursday, 7th May.*—My trip ashore did me a great deal of good yesterday. I inspected several battalions. The 15th Sikhs had just returned to camp when I reached Otao. They had been up all night marching in the mountains; they are splendid fellows and real soldiers. I remarked that one of the native officers wore an Arab instead of a "Regulation" sword. The man was a handsome, well-bred-looking fellow; the Colonel explained to me that during M'Neill's fight this native officer had cut down several of the enemy, and in cleaving in two, as he described it, his last opponent, he broke his own sword. I told him I would make him a present of a new one, for which I would send to England: this pleased him greatly. When leaving Cairo I sent Lady Baring a silver camel whip, as a souvenir of our work when struggling to relieve Gordon—work to which her husband had so effectively contributed. I enclose her answer.

SUAKIN, 12th May 1885.

It's blowing so briskly on deck that I have had to give up my pen and take to this mauve-coloured machine—I cannot tell you how diabolical this climate is. One is bathed in perspiration in a moment when below. I long to get away, but could not bear to do so until I had arranged to send the British soldiers here. I am in trouble with Hartington over this; he asks me to hold the railway here, and I tell him it is silly to attempt to do so, as a large force would be required, and I object to leaving gallant British soldiers to die here for party purposes. I said the railway should be taken up, for if left down the enemy would convert rails into spear heads. The Government, having spent about three-quarters of a million on this railway, is ashamed to take it up, and would, I believe, prefer soldiers to perish here from climate than face the ridicule of having to remove the rails just put down. I won't be a party to the killing of any soldiers to keep a political party in office.

Lord  
Wolseley.

*Thursday, 14th May.*—I received a telegram from you: "Florence sell 14 bale donkey." I have just discovered this to mean: "At Florence till 14th. Male donkey." Evidently the Queen wants a male and not a female donkey. I shall send home the donkey by Colonel Ewart, who, being an Equerry, will naturally take an interest in any animal intended for the Queen. But surely the Queen has plenty of male donkeys in her service already. Good-bye, my dearest little Rumtee-foozle.

CAIRO, 3rd June 1885.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

To-morrow, Baring and I have to go from here to Suez—about eight hours' journey—to wave our hands to the Duke of Connaught as he passes into the Suez Canal. Owing to quarantine regulations, we shall not be allowed to go on board his vessel, but we can have a few minutes' conversation, he standing on the deck of his ship, and I standing on the deck of a steam-tug. Owing to there being only one train per diem each way, we have to start from this to-morrow at 11 to sleep in a nasty little inn at Suez to-morrow night. The only train from Suez starts early in the morning, so I shall have to sleep there Friday night, only getting back here late on Saturday afternoon. The Queen's birthday is to be kept on Saturday, so I dine with General Stephenson, surrounded by all the "Heads of Departments." You can remember what they were like in Canada: they are always exactly the same, rather slovenly looking civilians dressed up as soldiers. The table will be crowded, the rooms hot, and the attendance bad. Evelyn Wood has returned here to-day, aged and very much pulled down. He could not stand for more than a few minutes. I am grieved to see him looking so ill. I wanted him to go home by this post. But he has the remains of some furniture here and wants to dispose of it before he starts. I have advised him to go home by sea round Gibraltar. I dined the other night with Zohrab Bey. Madame very pleasant and very natural. What a difference between French and English women of her genus. She sang *opéra-bouffe* all the evening and the time passed away quickly. The great amusement of the evening

was Charlie Beresford's attempts to say *anything* in French. I did not think there was an educated Englishman so entirely ignorant of every language but his own as he is.

CAIRO, *Tuesday, 9th June 1885.*

We have all been flabbergasted by the defeat of the Government yesterday, and I have, within the last few minutes, received a telegram from Hartington saying that, owing to the upset of the Government, he can give me no orders as to my own movements or the movement of the Guards. He does not mind my giving leave to any officer of my Staff whom I may not require here any longer. This is very provoking, as I had looked forward with such confidence to getting away this week that I had not even begun a letter to you—now it is quite possible I may be here for another week or fortnight whilst the new people are settling down to their work. Curiously enough the Reuter in the morning said the Government had had a majority of twelve, and it was only this afternoon that I learnt that on this "beer" question the Government had actually been defeated. Of course what most interests me is, who is to be Minister of War—my dread is that Hicks Beach might be made it. He is so full of his own imagined importance that I am not sure if it would be possible to serve with him. This is the third time that my departure from a foreign or colonial station for England after the end of a war will have been marked by the defeat of the Ministry under whom I had been serving. The post brought me a letter from Lord Spencer, in which he offered me the star and ribbon of St. Patrick. The incoming Government must confirm this, so in future I shall have K.P. written after my name.<sup>1</sup> For your sake I should have preferred being made a Viscount.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

CAIRO, *Saturday, 13th June 1885.*

I had a letter from the Queen, who had evidently no notion whatever that her "faithful Ministry" were about to be kicked out ignominiously. I presume the whole thing was a Radical plot, Mr. Chamberlain being the Guy Fawkes upon the occasion. The Queen being at Balmoral, the time required to form a Ministry is

*Lord  
Wolseley*

<sup>1</sup> Lord Wolseley was created a Viscount on his return to England. |

largely increased ; every one expecting office is thinking only of himself, and in this clash of discordant cries from dying Ministers, the shouts of triumph of the successful candidates for office, and the moans and wailings of the lately hopeful but then despairing and disappointed aspirants, all such small matters as the detention of the Guards and of myself in Egypt are entirely forgotten. The man selected for the War Office has to think of meeting his constituents and of re-election on assuming office, and although he may not have a contest before him, still he has to compose an address, and go down to the country to see and be seen by the chawbacons and greengrocers, who, for that day at least, are his masters.

Here, therefore, I may be left for another week or fortnight, kicking my heels about doing nothing. I have a regular innings with a new edition of *The Soldier's Pocket-Book*, and I shall be ready for a new edition by the time I reach London. This gives me occupation and amuses me.

Admiral Sir Wm. Hewett and Greaves are with me. Greaves is bent on going back to India ; there he is somebody, whilst at home, as he complains, the fine Club gentlemen, who cow-tow to him on active service, pass him in the street as if they had never before set eyes on him. He cares nothing for the Pyramids and Sphinx, nor for all these lovely ruins of the tombs of the Caliphs, and the mosques and bazaars are an abomination to him. If, however, you talk to him about shooting a few snipe or quail, he is all excitement. How much a man so constituted loses in enjoyment ! You and I love old and artistic things and could find interests in any country without the silly amusement of killing little birds.

CAIRO, 21st June 1885.

Lord  
Wolsley.

The Guards are still kept here and, except the Camel Regiment, all the other battalions that are now coming down country, and that were to have gone home or to Mediterranean stations, are to be detained in Egypt until further orders. It is difficult to account for this unless it be from a fear of France, who has just sent a fleet to Alexandria, and who is bringing home some 10,000 men from Tonquin, through the Suez Canal, which might be used against our position in Egypt. The affairs

of England are in such a muddle at home, and all over the world, that a powerful Dictator is required to set her right. I have to-day had a telegram from the Queen saying she greatly admires the donkey, and asking how I am. I infer from the question some busybody has been telling her I am unwell.

The Government have determined to give some rewards for both the Nile and Suakin columns, and I have been preparing lists. The Suakin people deserve little, and will get little, but I hope that many of the Nile will get a good shove ahead. Greaves will be made a K.C.B.—also Buller; but there are some like Evelyn Wood and Graham who are already K.C.B. that cannot be rewarded as they have not earned a G.C.B., although the decoration has just been so prostituted that it is difficult to say that any man has not earned it. I hope the soldiers—the privates—will each receive a good round sum. I have proposed that for every day a man was at Suakin, or up the Nile, south of Assuan, he should receive double pay. In this way those who had borne the heat and burden of the day longest would receive the most. The more I see of the British soldier, the fonder I become of him. He is a splendid fellow. Only fancy dear old W. H. Smith War Minister if the Conservatives come into office! I shall be curious to learn from him during my first interview with him whether he means to be a reformer, or to throw in his lot with the Duke of Cambridge, and become reactionary. If he means to adopt the latter policy, he must look out for a new Adjutant-General.

The *Times*, in a leading article on my dispatches, said there was no previous instance of a General Officer Commanding in the Field addressing his Government in such terms. I hope the Queen saw them, for even some of my bitter enemies have written to congratulate me on the straightforward manner in which I put the case before the Ministers.

CAIRO, 28th June 1885.

A change has come over our fortunes since my letter to you of last Wednesday. Then I expected hourly to receive orders to go home, now I have no idea when any such orders are likely to reach me. Last Thursday I received a very flattering telegram from Lord Salisbury saying the Government had just accepted the Seals of Office, and he hastened to express to me

Lord  
Wolseley.



their entire confidence in me and their sympathy in my difficult task. In a few lines more nice things were said than in all the volumes of letters, public and private, I have had from the late Ministry. It is a proof that Salisbury understands weak human nature, and the various fine springs and influences which act upon men, causing them to follow some leaders and refuse to move an inch for those of *the cold-blooded*, lymphatic, jelly-fish, invertebrate temperaments who don't feel themselves and don't understand those who do. Well, this was followed up by a request that I should state plainly and fully my own views of our position here, and what I would recommend should be done. I was asked how far the Retreat from Dongola had been carried out, and was told I might send Guards to Cyprus. Here is a complete *volte-face*. I have told them my views are still the same, an autumn campaign towards Khartoum; unless the Mahdi were smashed he would be a threat to Egypt. Last night back comes the answer that my proposals will be considered by Cabinet next Wednesday; in the meantime I was to hold on to Dongola. I fancy what will be done is that we shall send back troops to hold Dongola. It is now held by a small rear-guard of all three arms under Colonel Brackenbury, which was to have left it to-morrow. By the 30th everything was to have been north of Fatmeh (where dear Maurice commands). Now I have stopped everything along the line. I am sending the Guards to Troados in Cyprus. How they will hate spending the London season on those lonely mountains! Our retreat from Dongola has been so effectively carried out that its reoccupation in force is a new departure and would be almost like a new expedition.

You will be sorry to hear that my eyes have troubled me very much lately. I have passed almost the whole of the last three days in a dark room: rather trying, walking up and down like a caged lion. I have just now opened my windows, it being nearly seven o'clock p.m., to write this; but I don't want to strain my sight, so I shall not write you a long letter this time. Charlie Beresford heard from his wife last night, that no decision as to my leaving would be come to for another fortnight. I presume she heard this from dear old W. H. Smith. I have asked Sir Ralph Thompson to tell you all he can, adding that, wonder of wonders, you were to be trusted to keep to yourself anything you were told in confidence.

1885

[ON 2nd July Lord Wolseley received the final word of the Government that, much as they regretted it, Dongola must be evacuated. He was asked to fix a point for railhead south of Wady Halfa, and was then invited to return as soon as possible to reserve his place as Adjutant-General. In the spring Lady Wolseley had travelled to Egypt and stayed for three weeks in Cairo with Lord Wolseley.]

## CHAPTER XVII

### ALEXANDRIA TO BRINDISI.

"TANJORE," *Saturday, 10 a.m.,*  
*not so very far from Brindisi.*

I am sitting up in my berth writing this. We have had such a good voyage. The first day was rather *swingy* and I stayed in bed; most of the ladies were sick, and Frances was a little; I was *not*. Yesterday was very calm, and the Captain's eloquence was so great that I went on deck and stayed there all day long. But oh! how sick one does get of a ship. Nothing to look at and nothing to do. The days seem to have forty-eight or eighty-four hours. Mr. Villiers has let me look at his sketch-book, with one or two sketches of you in it. We get to Brindisi at about 12 or 1 to-night. The Captain is most anxious I should go on to Venice with him, but wild horses would not get me an extra yard by sea. Even if it continued smooth as glass, it is such utter waste of time to be on board ship. One can look out of a railway window and see the habits of the natives, but here nothing.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

I cannot help thinking of you and your hateful task of getting out of Egypt. I wonder what has happened during our three days at sea, and if I shall find any telegram from you at

Hotel Bruno, Bologna, telling me that you are already *en route* to England! Frances has found some children to play with on board. I had a *duel à mort* with their father, who sleeps in the cabin next to me. He snored *fearfully*, and I reduced him to absolute silence by rapping on the crown of his head—as I believed it to be placed—with the heel of my slipper the first night. He has never attempted it again. I wish I had been jollier and not seedy when I was with you. Frances' dear love.

HOTEL BRUNO, BOLOGNA, 29th April 1885.

Lady  
Wolsley.

I seem to hold to your doings now by the very slight thread of Italian newspapers. I see Gladstone has got his vote for eleven millions, and according to the papers here it is expressly declared not to be for Soudan but for Afghan. That seems to me a much more explicit sentence than the "Signor Gladstone" is ever likely to have been betrayed into. We are "doing" this town most conscientiously, and we sally out in a way that would drive you mad, I with Murray's and Frances with Cook's guide under our arms. I wish you were here to be *driven mad*! It is a town of arcades and palaces and churches. Yesterday we went to the Academia delle belle Arti, and saw some fine Guidos, Caraccis, and "Francia." F. is a charming little companion, so thoroughly interested. She likes the pictures much, and we sat comfortably for an hour and a half in the Gallery, moving our chairs with us as we went. The famous Raphael of "St. Cecilia" I did not care a bit about. Of course T. fell in with a maid whose mistress knows me! and the mistress has persecuted me *rather*, but fortunately leaves for Vienna to-day. She is sister to the *first* wife of Lord Dudley, the one with the romantic and tragic history. We once took a housemaid from her, and since then she has elected to know me. Last night we went to the Opera. It was the benefit of a certain "Lena Cerne," a soprano who sang excellently, as did a bass and a baritone. The tenor was wretched. The orchestra very good. You would have died at the length between the acts. Our seats were 3s. 4d. There is an open-air play at a place called the "Arena del Sole" (arena of the Sun) which I am dying to go to, at two in the afternoon, but it is rainy to-day, so we cannot. My little plans so far as I have made them may

at any time be knooked into a *cocked hat* by a telegram from you. You will know *about* my dates of return to this hotel, and that may help you to communicate with me, but I shall inquire for Poste Restantes at Florence and Venice and even Verona.

I see in Monday's *Times*—27th—that you started for Suakin yesterday in the *Queen*. I shall therefore address this letter to you there. I trust it may reach you. Frances is writing to you, too. We are, I think, going to hear *Norma* to-night. We are having fine times while you are grilling in those terrible deserts.

Many kisses on the back of your dear little head.

HOTEL DEL ARNO, FLORENCE,  
15th May 1885.

We are still, you see, at this enchanting place. I had intended only staying a week, but it seemed quite foolish to leave, having come so far, without half seeing pictures, galleries, churches, and so here we are still and shall, I think, remain till the 21st, and then go straight to Venice. Frances is *wild* to get to Venice. She is very much interested here, but afraid that prolonging our stay here may do her out of Venice, as we expect and *hope* any day now to hear of your return. However, I tell her you *can't* jump from Cairo to Brindisi in 12 hours and we *can* from here to Venice, and should still be able to pick you up as you hurry on, at Turin or elsewhere. I am keeping Hopkins informed of my changes, so letters will always reach me. Florence is so delightful, although our weather the last two days has been deplorable. Rain in torrents, and the old Arno to-day, instead of being a sleepy, green river, is a roaring, chocolate-coloured torrent. I wrote to you on Friday to Cairo. The papers explain that you were to leave Suakin last Saturday, 9th, for Cairo, but I cannot make out that you did leave then. I got your letter of 28th April before I sent off my last, and told you how grieved I was to think of my little greyhead being ill and feverish and with so much to worry and annoy him. I am sure it was the worry and annoyance that made you ill, and the feeling of humiliation. I sent off your letter to the *Queen*, as I thought from its nature and from your saying it might be shown to friends it was probably intended for her eye. I have not got it

Lady  
Wolseley.

back yet. When I do I shall probably administer it to Lady Arthur Russell. She is most *jubilant* at war with Russia being averted, and says that she knows you spoke and wrote against an Afghan War. If you did it must have been under very different circumstances. I will send you the bit of her letter on that subject. I think it would be friendly and *wise* if you wrote to her and frankly expressed your *Egyptian* views, your utter humiliation, and so forth. It would reach a good many of the party through her. I am *disgusted* with Lord Hartington's announcement in Parliament that "after consultation with Lord Wolseley" it is decided to withdraw the troops. What duplicity! Creating the impression that the decision was with your advice when it is exactly against it. I hope you will *vindicate yourself* publicly. Oddly enough I have never had any answer to the two letters I wrote to Griffiths and Lawson. They went in the bag from Cairo that started with *me*. Last Saturday we went out to the "Villa Cedri" to see the Tecks. It is a charming villa; the property of Major and Miss Leith. The Duke received us. He is altered and has lost some of his good looks, but the girl is getting very pretty. After some little time the Duke went away, and after five minutes we all heard, and tried to appear *not* to hear, a storm of words. I thought some fearful calamity had happened. The Duchess said, "I am afraid it is Francis, May; go and see." The girl came back saying, in a rather weary voice, as if it were an habitual scene, "Yes, it is papa about the carriage." The culprit came back soon after (the Duchess having also gone out and joined the *mêlée*) quite amiable and only fulminating, amidst delightful smiles, against servants generally, adding, "I lost my temper; it is true I lose it easily." Then we all had tea in the garden. They were all so simple and natural and kind that we quite enjoyed our visit. She was very amusing on politics, saying Granville required five backbones, he was so weak.

We went on Sunday with the Webbs to lunch at a villa near Florence belonging to a Marchese della Stufa and inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Ross. Ouida has described them all in her spiteful, clever novel *Friendship*, and it was very amusing to see them, as I know the book well. "Della Stufa" is a very gentlemanly Italian, Chamberlain to the King and a great friend of Mrs. Webb, whom he calls *Barbara*. The Ross's have lived with him for fifteen years, which is the "*fond*" of Ouida's spite,

as *she* is madly in love with him. They have collected some nice things. There we met an old Mr. Wells, father to Lady Musgrave (now Mrs. Henry Brougham), and next day we had tea with him to meet Princess Mary. All these people collect more or less and know all the curiosity shops. Also at the Ross's we met Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who has a house here with extremely good things very well chosen. Charming embroideries and old books with good bindings. I have purchased two or three old book bindings—empty—and old leather boxes and cases which you will, I think, like. It is quite a new field for one, and one I think I shall pursue. We lunch to-morrow with Sir T. Lauder and then meet the Tecks and a party they have got up for a tea picnic to Fiesole. I hope it will be fine, as I want to see Fiesole, but I accepted the Lauder lunch at any rate, as it is instructive to see his things. He seems a discriminating buyer and thinks Florence an excellent market. It has streamed with rain for two days and the picnic has been put off once already. To-day's telegrams say that the troops are to be withdrawn "*subito*" from Suakin. I am sure Lord Hartington announces that while you are there to give the impression it is also by your advice. I am curious to hear from you the fate of a telegram I tried to send you from here on my arrival: "Florence till 14. Male donkey." I sent it, paid for it, and after three days was told you had "refused to accept it, as you did not know the sender." There was no redress, though I guessed it must have reached you in some most garbled form. The "male donkey" meant that H.M. had written me that she must have a male one, not a female, and I feared you might conclude the purchase of a female one. I have had a long letter from Colonel Swaine, who is furious at the Government having made you their tool to threaten and promise in Egypt what they never intended to carry out.

To-day we spent half in the Pitti Palace and half in curiosity shops. How I wish you had been with us! The Pitti pictures are lovely! I found a portrait of Marlborough by Van der Were, and bought a photo—very bad one—of it, thinking, as it was possibly done in Flanders, it might make a nice frontispiece to your book. You see we think of you as we potter about! I must end, as I mistrust the Italian post too much to give a letter less than two days from Florence to Brindisi, where it will leave on Monday morning. How I wonder when I shall see

you. I shall return to Hill Street when you do, having had such a nice little bit of Italy.

GRAND HOTEL, VENICE, 22nd May 1885.

Lady  
Wolsley.

To-day I received your Suakin letter of the 5th inst. I can see by it how your poor, sweet temper continues to be riled and ruffled by the odious Government *Brutes*; don't let us think of them, and yet one must think and even write of them. I am sure you must have been made more angry than ever by that disingenuous phrase in Lord H.'s speech, saying that "after consulting with Lord W. the Government had decided on withdrawing the troops." I sent your letter—Cairo, 28th April—to the Queen I read between the lines of it that you intended it for her eye. She returned it to me and wrote to me with it, thanking me extremely for sending it, and saying no one "except Beatrice had seen it, who is as reticent as any one can be." In her letter she begged me to telegraph to you, "Only way to get anything done is to say it is absolutely necessary for military reasons," which I did, in cipher. I hope it will have reached you. I am surprised to find by your letter of 5th May that the date of your return home was still unfixed. For several reasons I should like to know when you will be back, and so to-day I plucked up spirit and wrote to Lord Hartington and asked him if he could tell me. I don't consider him such a "great panjandrum" that I need approach him through Hobart, and Hobart knows little and tells one less. I wrote Lord H. the shortest possible note, and put "private" on it, so I don't think he can be so rude as to make Hobart answer.

I was sorry to leave Florence. It is a fascinating place; you and I never took any drives in the neighbourhood. We had no time, and the weather was cold. Frances and I went for the views, which are most lovely. I went through every curiosity shop I could find, and have gone in for an entirely new line—old book bindings and leather cases. Sir Thomas Lauder started me on this, and took us to several very good shops. I bought some modern china, made at a manufactory "Canta Galle," and rather nice I *hope* you will think. Our Teck picnic to Fiesole was very pleasant. We started in seven or eight *fiacres*, "did" a few churches on the way, and finally had tea at a delightful Medici villa, which had been

inhabited by Lady Orford in Sir Horace Mann's time. The view, too, was magnificent. We met Mr. and Mrs. Preston, Lady Desart's father and mother. She is a descendant of Mme de Genlis' "Pamela," who married Lord B. Fitzgerald. See how we *move* amongst history. I do so enjoy being abroad, if only I could think of you away from Egypt! I don't know how I shall return to dinners and card-leaving and two footmen after Bohemianising. It will *break* it to me if you really keep to your intention of taking a country holiday. F. works me very hard sight-seeing. She is indefatigable, and reads all Ruskin says and all everybody said about everything without missing a word; and always knows which is the east—and west, eh! Venice looks so pretty. I went out yesterday a little, but to-day I have stayed in the *whole* day writing, I had got into such dreadful arrears. It is a pleasure to wind up with a letter to you. I have answered by this mail a letter I had lately from Sir E. Wood. His letter was full of sympathy at "fortune having forsaken you!" which I thought very uncalled for, and took no notice of in my reply. Mrs. Grant tells me of her Sidney G. in Bechuanaland. A native king and his Master of the Horse, Don Pedro, came to see him. He entertained them with tea, brass watch-chains, and paper cocked hats. They sat on. He then gave them some Eno's Fruit Salt! They still remained, and he gave Don Pedro three Cockles' pills. The next day the King came again and asked for some more Fruit Salt. Sidney inquired for Don P.; the King said he had not been well—stomachache, but they never seemed to connect it with the pills.

I am doubtful about hurrying through the Lakes, unless Lord H. says you are likely to be away some time longer. If he says you will soon return, I shall go from here to Verona for a night, Milan for a day or two, and then straight to Fontainebleau and stay there till you get near Paris, have a couple of days in Paris, and go home with you from there.

FONTAINEBLEAU, 25th June 1885.

I am sending you a book by this mail which you will, I think, like. I have found it delightful reading (*Hommes et Dieux*, by St. Victor). If you have other books on hand lend it to Colonel Grove. I think the subjects will interest you and the style is

L  
Wol



beyond praise. I have read some articles two and three times for the pleasure of the *words* alone. The finish of the writing is like a fine piece of Louis XVI. chasing or enamelling, and yet it is forcible, manly, full of striking pictures. Read "La Momie," and tell me if even with Egypt at hand it does not vivify the subject to you. I have marked the articles I preferred. I only flagged at one or two of the mythological ones, simply because I can't care about their old gods and goddesses. Be sure you read "Charles II. of Spain." After his death you will arrive at a certain Philip V. (who was Duc d'Anjou), and whom you must interest yourself in, as I have got an old and charmingly bound book which *veritably* belonged to him!

The book craze is raging fiercely still; in fact, fiercer and fiercer, with Frances and me. We got at Milan a book thickly powdered over with L.'s, crowns, fleurs-de-lis, and a coat of arms and Royal crown in the middle. We *hoped* it had belonged to a King of France, but feared while we hoped. Here at Fontainebleau we have had our most daring hopes confirmed by arms and ciphers we have seen in the Château, and it certainly belonged to Louis XIII.!! date and all (1602) confirm it. Now never say that I come abroad for nothing. We have also a book with H. and fleurs-de-lis (not a Royal crown) which belonged to Henri (de Bourbon), second Prince de Condé, *father* of great Condé. I wish it could have belonged to the great Condé! This book mania has great historical advantages, and is an excellent educational agent—one gets so keen and sharp and interested about dates. There are in the Library of the Château here, in a glass case, some interesting bindings from fourteenth to sixteenth centuries, French, Italian, and even *one* English, and we have improved our knowledge by examining them. Dear Mr. James has told me of the "Mazarin" and "National" Library in Paris where we can also see interesting historical bindings, and I have no doubt the British Museum has some too. These we can all three enjoy together, for I am sure you will like them as much as we do.

Thank goodness the races here are over. They made no difference to us, except that it was an excuse for high prices and difficulty about flies to drive in the forest. I wish you could see and hear our old landlady; she is a *hippopotamus* of ugliness and the most specious, lying, flattering, intimidating, fascinating old cheat I ever met. I began by hating her and

now quite like her. Her first token of favour to me was taking us over the apartment she was preparing "pour une Princesse Russe." "Venez donc voir Madame, comme elle sera bien (she has the whole ground floor, looking into a little garden and under our rooms) voici son salon, voici sa chambre à coucher, et la chambre du petit prince Alexandre à côté. Son père vient aussi, je ne sais plus son nom mais c'est un *personnage*!" Then we were shown the Princess's *salon d'été* most ingeniously made out of the recess of a *porte cochère*, draped and roofed like a tent with red turkey twill, and with looking-glasses to reflect the garden. She must *stifle* in it, as there is no current of air and no light either but what it gets from the garden. We were on tip-toe of excitement when all her things began to arrive—boxes on boxes, screens, palms, and at last a Japanese umbrella which rather broke the charm and brought a Mayfair element into the matter. Then her two men arrived, and a fat, well-shaved poodle, and a maid and a nurse and Le Prince Alexandre, aged five, in a rather spurious sailor costume good enough for the Russian navy, I dare say, but not for ours. Then she came herself (in red cretonne to match her *salon d'été*), rather powdered and pinched. Truman, with the usual brutality of the English maid, reported herself as saying to the Russian's maid next day, "Your lady paint?" and was told in very broken English, "Plenty powder, no paint." I trembled as I listened, it seemed the last touch to the strained relations between England and Russia. Next day when Frances went to swing in the garden—of which we and the Princess both have the *jouissance*—the Princess attacked her with most friendly overtures, asked her to come and help arrange her furniture, asked her if I was a widow, where my husband was, if we had come down for the races, if her stockings were bought in London or Paris, if the dye did not come off on her legs . . . all in five minutes. I have kept her at bay by the utmost austerity of manner, but it is difficult, and the "delimitation of the Russian and English frontier" (of the garden) is played as actively here as in Downing Street. The poodle, whom we call Komaroff, is her well-trained assistant, and barks to let her know we are near, and the boy even is used as a lure and sent to fetch his doll, which he is supposed to think I am sitting on.

My letter must go off. I am in great hopes *now* it may

cross you on the road. I will confess to you what I did on getting your *sad* little letter of 12th June. I wrote to the Queen (I enclose the *brouillon* of my letter, I have not time to copy it). I feared she might think me a Lady Wood; but with the greatest kindness she sent me, evidently the moment she got my letter, the following telegram: "Have received your letter and will see to it at once." Is it not very good of her? This will explain a telegram I sent you through Hop. It will go to you to-morrow.

I hope that in a very short time I may hear you are summoned home. And if you are allowed to come home through the Queen, I shall be proud to think I am the mouse who nibbled the lion's ropes.

HÔTEL VOUILLMONT,  
RUE BOISSY D'ANGLAIS, PARIS,  
7th July (1885).

Lady  
Wolseley.

MY DEAREST,—It is delightful to think of your having had a long, healthful day at sea—which you don't mind—and several more to follow. Frances and I are on tiptoe thinking of Monday and our meeting at Calais. We leave Paris at 7.40! I got your telegram to-day saying you would arrive at Calais at noon. You will get there, therefore, before us, I think.

I want you to telegraph to me at *once* (from Venice), whether we go to Victoria Station or Charing Cross, and the exact hour our train will arrive there. Several people wish to know. Do not omit to do this. I shall not engage a private cabin, so perhaps you will do this for me. I do not do it, as you are such a grand seigneur they are sure to keep one for you. I trust we shall have a good passage. We are also longing to know if Countess Pisani falls upon you at Venice. I believe she will, with a laurel wreath to put round your hat! I should have been wretched about your eyes if you had had to stay on. Good-bye, no more till we meet.

6 HILL STREET, W.,  
27th November 1885. *Midnight!*

Lady  
Wolseley.

I am killed with cooks, ordering and eating them! Volunteer No. 2 is pretty promising, but quails stuffed with

*foie gras* are not wholesome, are they? Best left for one's friends, the . . . and the . . . one meets with through life.

I called on Lady —. She is enraptured with "the" engagement. What will she throw soon at her daughter-in-law's head? She says the "traditions of the two families are so identical," and a good many such phrases. She is an old *poseuse*. Your "Isabella"<sup>1</sup> asked me to lunch on Sunday to meet "Lady A."<sup>2</sup> and such kindred spirits, but catch me going! I prefer even tasting the cook at home. Give me every particular of your *coronation*,<sup>3</sup> and don't bend the knee, no, not even the joints of your *finger*, to the white-blooded C.'s<sup>4</sup> or "never more be officer of mine."

<sup>1</sup> Dowager Countess of Wilton.

<sup>2</sup> Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury.

<sup>3</sup> Investiture as K.P.

<sup>4</sup> Carnarvons. Lord Carnarvon was then Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland.

1886-1889

[LORD WOLSELEY, on his return from Egypt, resumed his post as Adjutant-General, which he continued to hold until the autumn of 1890. In January 1886 he represented the Queen at the Royal Jubilee of the Emperor William I.]

## CHAPTER XVIII

BRITISH EMBASSY, BERLIN,  
*Sunday Morning, 3rd January 1886.*

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

My first 1886 is on this sheet of note-paper. May God bless us both during the coming year! I did not get here last night until about 8.30 p.m., and found the faithful Swaine awaiting me on the platform, and His Excellency waiting dinner for me here. Lady Ermyntrode is still in England, being, I believe, in rather poor health. Bismarck has expressed a wish to see me, so I am to call on him to-morrow: this is a great compliment, for he sees very few people. Swaine has been years here and has never been introduced to him. I shall therefore have something to tell you when we meet. The only time I have ever seen Bismarck was on our honeymoon, when you and I stared at him out of the hotel window in Brussels as he drove past with the then Kings of Belgium and of Prussia. This embassy is a fine house, palatial in its proportions and stately in its marble staircase, halls, etc. Originally built by a rich Jew for his private residence, it has been bought by us for an embassy. Amongst the papers I gave you, I left an invitation from an Admiral, Sir Somebody Something, which I would accept if you have no engagement—for the 19th, I *think* it was. I write this at my usual hour of 6 a.m., the excellent Fricke being busy making up a great fire. I am somewhat "out" in my sleeping calculations, as I have ~~put in~~ so much good sound sleep on the journey that I feel as if I could do without any more for days to come.

BRITISH EMBASSY, BERLIN,  
*Sunday Evening, January 1886.*

At 11 a.m. I reached the Schloss in a state carriage, coachman in wig, two footmen, and all in cocked hats ; very grand ; I might have been a Lord Mayor. Malet was the owner of the coach ; he and Swaine were in it with me, or, as he is the Ambassador, I should say he took me with him. At the top of the Schloss there is a small but very handsome church (in the style of St. Paul's), where assembled all the Court and all the Ambassadors and men like myself who were the bearers of letters to the Emperor. Some fine music began as the doors were thrown open, and the old Emperor, with the Empress leaning on him, entered. They seemed too old to be alive ; they walked with the greatest difficulty, she using a stick in her right hand ; there was much difficulty in getting her into her chair, from which she never rose during the service. We had a sermon possibly eloquent, though I did not understand what was said. Then the Emperor and Empress went out, bowing to all the people near them, to take up their position in a throne room, where she was seated, the Emperor standing up ; we all filed past him. He was very gracious to me, shook hands and paid some compliments. The Empress followed suit. When Bismarck came into the church he walked up to Malet (who was sitting just in front of me talking to the Turkish Ambassador) and began a polite sentence as to how glad he was to make his acquaintance ; he had mistaken the Ambassador for me. He was very nice, but oh, what a wreck he seemed to be ! He told me he had been suffering lately from rheumatism and lumbago, and I believe that he has been reducing himself in obedience to some well-known doctor here. His clothes hung about him as if he were a scarecrow. When we all "marched past" the Emperor and Empress, Bismarck went first, and it was curious to see the old Emperor kiss him on both cheeks and then to see Bismarck kiss the Emperor first on one cheek, then on the other. The King and the King-maker. It was then intimated to Sir E. Malet that the Emperor wished to confer the Grand Cross of the Red Eagle upon me if the Queen would permit it. Telegrams had to be sent to Lord Salisbury, and the result is a telegram that Her Majesty con-

Lord  
 Wolseley.

sents : at the same moment I receive a telegram from the Queen saying she trusts all has gone off well to-day.

After I got away from the Palace I went a round of visits as far as my few cards would allow. Dinner by the Emperor's invitation at the Schloss at 5 o'clock—only five ladies and, I suppose, eighty men. I had one of the five, a very good-looking Mlle Parpourlier, a maid of honour—I found her dull, however ; her sister is married to Lord Forester—at least so she said. Her mother is "La Grande Maîtresse," and such a funny-looking old piece of goods with a wild wig, the like of which can scarcely have been seen outside a farce. The Emperor did not appear himself, so the honours were done for him by the Lord Chamberlain. At the Levée in the morning were the Crown Prince and Princess. She was dressed in a lilac velvet gown and looked remarkably well. What a very good figure she has for a woman who has already several grandchildren ! She sent to say she wished to see the officers who had brought letters in her own palace when the ceremony was over. She talked to all, and both she and her husband did their parts to perfection. She asked me to luncheon to-morrow ; to come in plain clothes. I asked at what hour. She said, "At half-past twelve, if you can eat at that hour." Her eldest son and his wife are hidden away, having the measles. Her daughter is madly in love with Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, and he wants to marry her. The Princess Royal is, I hear, quite agreeable to the arrangement, but in this instance Bismarck acts the part of the cruel and designing parent, and will not hear of such a marriage. Herbert Bismarck is now head of the Foreign Office here, and is evidently intended to succeed his father. He has settled down to his work and does not make the row he used after dinner. I presume he drinks less. Madame de Perpignac seems to have taken quite a new lease of youth, and is quite pretty. I only had a moment's conversation with her when going into the church this morning, but I hope to see her perhaps to-morrow when I lunch with the Crown Prince. After our State dinner, which took place in a lovely corridor of the old Schloss—the handsomest palace inside which I have ever been—we posted off to the opera, where there was one act of some, to me at least, unheard-of opera—the music uninteresting, the singing stale, if not a little cracked, and the ballet dull and meaningless. The Emperor

and Empress both there, and, I need scarcely say, very well received. I missed a national hymn, however—before such occasions, or anything resembling them, “God save the Queen,” played at the right moment and sung from the stage with the audience joining in the chorus, is most impressive. The King [of Saxony] and his wife were in a box opposite mine, and both seemed to enjoy the entertainment. I confess I thought their presence at their time of life a little out of place : two very old and infirm people (he at least full of religion), as it were, with one foot in the grave, looking on at men and women howling in a “spectacle,” and interested apparently in the legs and half nude bodies of a lot of dancing women—it seemed to me a little out of keeping. After the opera, supper with the Crown Princess’s Master of the Household. He speaks English fluently ; he has been a good deal in China, Japan, and Constantinople, and has very nice things in his house, collected in various parts of the world—especially some cabinets from Spain. He married an Englishwoman, or rather a lady half English and half East Indian, and is now a widower. His half-caste sister-in-law keeps house for him and does the honours ; she is decidedly Indian in features and in colour, but strange to say, considering the prejudice against “Eurasians” in India, is married to a Mr. Something who is a Judge in that country. There we had a dozen or fifteen people, the stars being the hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Weimar, nephew and niece to our Prince Edward of that ilk. This prosy little prince would buttonhole me to explain to him why it was we always fought in square in the Soudan. His knowledge of our Army may be gauged by the fact that he would not listen to my disclaimer that English officers were not allowed to carry umbrellas in full uniform ; he said that if we did not permit the practice now, he *knew* for a certainty that the custom was very general some years ago, perhaps before I entered the Army. . . . If anything could tire me, all this would have done so. I was glad to sit down in the quiet of this room to scribble to my little wife, if not tired, very much bored by my day’s work—I cannot call it entertainment. Bismarck, who speaks good English, said to me, when referring to his lumbago, “However, after a man passes seventy, he must receive every extra year’s existence as a free gift from God and be thankful accordingly.” I have to see him to-morrow after-



noon by appointment. We dine with the Emperor in his own apartments to-morrow. The Princess Royal yesterday asked particularly after you and why you had not come; how you were, etc. When bidding me good-bye, she hoped I would again visit Berlin, and that when I came again she expected me to bring you with me. I like her so much; she is very clever and very open. I dine with Malet to meet Von Moltke and other great Generals on Tuesday.

*Friday Morning, 6 a.m.*

*Lord  
Wolsley.*

I paid a visit to Clarence House yesterday evening, to find the Duchess of Edinburgh about to dress for an early dinner at 7 o'clock to go to hear Sarah Bernhardt at 8 o'clock. She asked me to go with them, to which I gladly agreed. Our outside party consisted of Lady Kilmorey, Bertie Mitford,<sup>1</sup> and the Russian Secretary, with a bald head and a small quantity of red hair on each side of it, whose name I forgot. Kilmorey was away making speeches in the country. My Lady K. is very agreeable—tall and very effective-looking. *La Dame aux Camélias* was the piece, and Sarah was wonderful in it, and at times quite fascinating-looking. But oh, what a play! Why do men and women revel in a representation of vice, with all its more degrading surroundings?

21/4/86.

*Lord  
Wolsley.*

I have just come in from a canter in the park, and I am hot all over, showing me that I am in wretched condition for work; I must try and get myself in better wind or else I shall not be able to run away fast enough from the battle of Armageddon. Last night I dined at Clarence House, from which I drove Duke of Connaught home to Buckingham Palace, as he was going to walk. He has now postponed going to India until September; it would have been wrong to take the Duchess there in May or June. We played whist and made small jokes. The Duchess of Edinburgh, as usual, was very friendly, but I never can find out any Russian political news from her. I believe the Russian officers who went to India for our manœuvres behaved abominably, and were plotting against us all the time; but those are points on which

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Redesdale.

she will never touch. She will descant upon the past history of Russia, which she knows most intimately, and you may talk of the madness of Paul, of his being assassinated in secret, or of the sensuality of Catherine, but on contemporary history she is silent. I once told her in a letter that if Russia went to war with us it would end in the disruption of Russia, but she never remarked upon it. I am glad to tell you that Gladstone has no chance of passing his Bills. He may become discredited with the English people, and if he does, great will be his fall, for the political world is fickleness itself. . . . With him would pass Granville, Spencer, Childers, Ripon, Kimberley, and Harcourt. Which of them will reappear in history?

You ask me about Lord Shaftesbury's death. All I heard was that, for some time back, he had a strange idea that he was utterly ruined. He heard he had overdrawn £3000 at his bankers, and he was always imagining they would arrest him. The bankers were produced to assure him that he might overdraw £30,000 if he liked, and this reassured him for some time. Mrs. Gladstone, I am told, the other day went to see Sir Andrew Clark;<sup>1</sup> the servant who opened the door said she must wait, as Sir A. was engaged with a gentleman. She said it is preposterous that she should wait for any one when the health of the Prime Minister was in question, so she pushed past the footman, opened the doctor's door, and boldly entered, to find Sir Andrew kneeling beside a man, examining him all over. The patient had his shirt rolled up so that his face could not be seen, but he retained his gaiters on his legs, and Mrs. Gladstone declared she recognised the Bishop of London.

On the 13th of May I have to go to Nottingham with H.R.H. to inspect yeomanry; that evening we sleep at Shrewsbury, inspect the Salop Yeomanry the following day, and return to London. Last night at Sir C. Trevelyan's I sat most of the evening with kind Lady William Compton. The husband is, alas! a sad radical, anxious to pull everything down.

RAKE HOUSE, *Thursday* (1886).

MY DEAREST,—I got this telegram from Lady — just now!—written after a late breakfast "*à la fourchette et au petit verre*" (not "*de Vin*"); I should think. She evidently

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

<sup>1</sup> A great physician of the day.

confuses your doings with mine. You see even the *Times* of yesterday names you amongst the possible Irishmen. If you are asked, I conjure you to go, if you are given enough power. It seems to me such a splendid opportunity of stepping on from soldiery to statesmanship. Of course I would not have you go to do the monkey-and-chestnut business.

I have carefully read *Marlborough*<sup>1</sup> and made *corrections*. I think it *very interesting* and very well told. I see you have got rid of a little dash of Tilda-ishness you had in the beginning. *But* we must pull down Arabella's petticoats more. That scene must be toned down. As it stands it has a decided Fanny-Dilke flavour which it pains me to find from your lordship's pen. What a spotless lamb Dilke was up to Monday, and what a monster Tuesday and Wednesday make him again; apparently it is of quite a questionable morality to have one's bed made twice a day.

I have got "Good Queen Anne" for you.

ROSE COTTAGE, EASEBOURNE, MIDHURST,  
21st April 1886.

Lady  
Wolseley.

You are not engaged for the 29th of May and can engage yourself if you like, but let me remark that a Saturday in May is too good for the Grocers—you will be very sorry, I am sure, if you accept. I thought you had done *all* your City dinners in the winter. Tell me when you write next if you have accepted them or not. I have heard again from Sir J. McNeill hoping we will go to Canada. He sails on the 29th. Is it out of the question that we should go? I am quite sure it would do *you* a great deal of good, and we should enjoy it. You could always get back in time to command the Irish Army! Tell me about this.

ROSE COTTAGE, EASEBOURNE,  
22nd April 1886.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Even the Academy tickets don't tempt me to stay in town, so please give them away. We reappear in London for *good* on May the 5th to dine with the Charlie Beresfords. I *wish* the

<sup>1</sup> Lord Wolseley was never able to complete his *Life of Marlborough*, but left copious MS. It is probable that if at any time leisure is granted, Mr. Winston Churchill will make good the story.

measles were not here! but it is silly to go away on that account. I might sit down next to the small-pox elsewhere. I wonder where you dine to-night? Fancy Connaught honouring our hireling brougham. I trust the grey will hold her head higher. I am deep in the *Life of Washington* and think him quite *like you*. Braddock was seemingly a regular red-taper, after your Duke's heart, and a nice mess he made of it. I have read Jesse Collings, and am going to attack Lord Clare's speech of 1800 this afternoon. When I get away from notes, cards, and calls I become quite interested in public matters and almost intelligent. An occasional French novel serves as a sort of green food.

Our landlady is such a good old soul. She is quite ignorant of your fame, and still says to Truman, "And *what* do you say the lady's name is?"

I am glad you enjoy your solitary pillow and your liberty snore! *I thoroughly enjoy* mine and sleep like twenty little fat tops. There, sir, so much for your ungracious reflection of enjoyment at my absence!

ROSE COTTAGE, EASEBOURNE, MIDHURST,  
*Thursday.*

MY DEAREST,—What a woman your correspondent must be! A dreadful, illiterate, unpractical gusher. Frances has read B.'s letters and judges her to be a "sort of *Pisani*" very justly!

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

Tell me, please, of last night's dinner, all its features: the noble hostess's postiche ("la chose dont nous ne parlons pas," Launay), her *poses* as well as her postiche, and if her food was good, and her guests more natural than herself. Then let me reproach you for having turned a neighbour on me by giving her my address. She wants to come over, but I *won't have her*. I am going to say I have refused others and can't have *her*. Please *never* say where I am, as I don't want to have visitors—say "in Sussex, somewhere about Petersfield, but moving about." Fancy your going to the Aldershot Races! I really believe without my restraining hand you would be in every ballroom and on every racecourse. Lady — is not at all a person I should wish *you* to know. We had another *lovely* drive yesterday. Tommy, the pony, dragged us round heavy, sandy lanes, all ups and downs—four hours for five shillings!

I revel in the price, but, as we walk up and down most of the hills, I can reconcile this to my strong feeling for animals. From what Frances tells me the new girl whom you accepted for the "debate"—Miss Clifton—is eighteen. If she comes, and a third Brooke—eighteen also, I believe—and the Peels, you will have nineteen girls or more. Don't you think that too many, and should not the original rule be kept to—not to have them younger than twelve and over seventeen? Frances begs you to decide.

ROSE COTTAGE, EASEBOURNE, MIDHURST,  
*Saturday.*

*Lady  
Wolsley.*

Your letter was rather *boo-hooish*, and I fancied you hiding your head in the pillow! You do not say a word about the *pain* or whether it is better. *I hope so.* We get on very well in our miniature house. The stairs are like a companion ladder, and the old woman has a real ladder up from the kitchen which debouches by a trap-door on the bedroom landing (the landing being the size of a tea-tray); and the first time Truman saw her rising, candle in hand, through the floor outside her door she nearly died of fright! The air is so good and we are so much in it, the house really does not matter.

I have read all through the Opera-House meeting. I like Salisbury's illustration of "throwing the friends to the wolves." I wish your voice could have been heard there. How was it Wellington was a soldier *and* a politician? Could you *never* be Prime Minister? Now answer these two sensible questions.

ROSE COTTAGE, EASEBOURNE, MIDHURST,  
*Sunday.*

*Lady  
Wolsley.*

While I think of it, I have accepted an invitation for us to dine with the Blumenthals<sup>1</sup> on Friday, 7th May, so please mark it down. I hear so much about their delightful dinners, that I want to see for myself. I have *refused* dinner at — for the following week, saying you would probably be away inspecting with the Duke. Their dinners are diabolical and it is a *Saturday*. I quite understand you will only be away on the 13th (evening), but I thought the excuse would serve.

<sup>1</sup> The famous musical composer.

as *she* is madly in love with him. They have collected some nice things. There we met an old Mr. Wells, father to Lady Musgrave (now Mrs. Henry Brougham), and next day we had tea with him to meet Princess Mary. All these people collect more or less and know all the curiosity shops. Also at the Ross's we met Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who has a house here with extremely good things very well chosen. Charming embroideries and old books with good bindings. I have purchased two or three old book bindings—empty—and old leather boxes and cases which you will, I think, like. It is quite a new field for one, and one I think I shall pursue. We lunch to-morrow with Sir T. Lauder and then meet the Tecks and a party they have got up for a tea picnic to Fiesole. I hope it will be fine, as I want to see Fiesole, but I accepted the Lauder lunch at any rate, as it is instructive to see his things. He seems a discriminating buyer and thinks Florence an excellent market. It has streamed with rain for two days and the picnic has been put off once already. To-day's telegrams say that the troops are to be withdrawn "*subito*" from Suakin. I am sure Lord Hartington announces that while you are there to give the impression it is also by your advice. I am curious to hear from you the fate of a telegram I tried to send you from here on my arrival: "Florence till 14. Male donkey." I sent it, paid for it, and after three days was told you had "refused to accept it, as you did not know the sender." There was no redress, though I guessed it must have reached you in some most garbled form. The "*male donkey*" meant that H.M. had written me that she must have a male one, not a female, and I feared you might conclude the purchase of a female one. I have had a long letter from Colonel Swaine, who is furious at the Government having made you their tool to threaten and promise in Egypt what they never intended to carry out.

To-day we spent half in the Pitti Palace and half in curiosity shops. How I wish you had been with us! The Pitti pictures are lovely! I found a portrait of Marlborough by Van der Were, and bought a photo—very bad one—of it, thinking, as it was possibly done in Flanders, it might make a nice frontispiece to your book. You see we think of you as we potter about! I must end, as I mistrust the Italian post too much to give a letter less than two days from Florence to Brindisi, where it will leave on Monday morning. How I wonder when I shall see

you. I shall return to Hill Street when you do, having had such a nice little bit of Italy.

GRAND HOTEL, VENICE, 22nd May 1885.

Lady  
Wolsley.

To-day I received your Suakin letter of the 5th inst. I can see by it how your poor, sweet temper continues to be riled and ruffled by the odious Government *Brutes*; don't let us think of them, and yet one must think and even write of them. I am sure you must have been made more angry than ever by that disingenuous phrase in Lord H.'s speech, saying that "after consulting with Lord W. the Government had decided on withdrawing the troops." I sent your letter—Cairo, 28th April—to the Queen I read between the lines of it that you intended it for her eye. She returned it to me and wrote to me with it, thanking me extremely for sending it, and saying no one "except Beatrice had seen it, who is as reticent as any one can be." In her letter she begged me to telegraph to you, "Only way to get anything done is to say it is absolutely necessary for military reasons," which I did, in cipher. I hope it will have reached you. I am surprised to find by your letter of 5th May that the date of your return home was still unfixed. For several reasons I should like to know when you will be back, and so to-day I plucked up spirit and wrote to Lord Hartington and asked him if he could tell me. I don't consider him such a "great panjandrum" that I need approach him through Hobart, and Hobart knows little and tells one less. I wrote Lord H. the shortest possible note, and put "private" on it, so I don't think he can be so rude as to make Hobart answer.

I was sorry to leave Florence. It is a fascinating place; you and I never took any drives in the neighbourhood. We had no time, and the weather was cold. Frances and I went for the views, which are most lovely. I went through every curiosity shop I could find, and have gone in for an entirely new line—old book bindings and leather cases. Sir Thomas Lauder started me on this, and took us to several very good shops. I bought some modern china, made at a manufactory "Canta Galle," and rather nice I *hope* you will think. Our Teck picnic to Fiesole was very pleasant. We started in seven or eight *fiacres*, "did" a few churches on the way, and finally had tea at a delightful Medici villa, which had been

inhabited by Lady Orford in Sir Horace Mann's time. The view, too, was magnificent. We met Mr. and Mrs. Preston, Lady Desart's father and mother. She is a descendant of Mme de Genlis' "Pamela," who married Lord E. Fitzgerald. See how we *move* amongst history. I do so enjoy being abroad, if only I could think of you away from Egypt! I don't know how I shall return to dinners and card-leaving and two footmen after Bohemianising. It will *break* it to me if you really keep to your intention of taking a country holiday. F. works me very hard sight-seeing. She is indefatigable, and reads all Ruskin says and all everybody said about everything without missing a word, and always knows which is the east—and west, eh! Venice looks so pretty. I went out yesterday a little, but to-day I have stayed in the *whole* day writing, I had got into such dreadful arrears. It is a pleasure to wind up with a letter to you. I have answered by this mail a letter I had lately from Sir E. Wood. His letter was full of sympathy at "fortune having forsaken you!" which I thought very uncalled for, and took no notice of in my reply. Mrs. Grant tells me of her Sidney G. in Bechuanaland. A native king and his Master of the Horse, Don Pedro, came to see him. He entertained them with tea, brass watch-chains, and paper cocked hats. They sat on. He then gave them some Eno's Fruit Salt! They still remained, and he gave Don Pedro three Cockles' pills. The next day the King came again and asked for some more Fruit Salt. Sidney inquired for Don P.; the King said he had not been well—stomachache, but they never seemed to connect it with the pills.

I am doubtful about hurrying through the Lakes, unless Lord H. says you are likely to be away some time longer. If he says you will soon return, I shall go from here to Verona for a night, Milan for a day or two, and then straight to Fontainebleau and stay there till you get near Paris, have a couple of days in Paris, and go home with you from there.

FONTAINEBLEAU, 25th June 1885.

I am sending you a book by this mail which you will, I think, like. I have found it delightful reading (*Hommes et Dieux*, by St. Victor). If you have other books on hand lend it to Colonel Grove. I think the subjects will interest you and the style is

Lady  
Wolseley.



beyond praise. I have read some articles two and three times for the pleasure of the *words* alone. The finish of the writing is like a fine piece of Louis XVI. chasing or enamelling, and yet it is forcible, manly, full of striking pictures. Read "La Momie," and tell me if even with Egypt at hand it does not vivify the subject to you. I have marked the articles I preferred. I only flagged at one or two of the mythological ones, simply because I can't care about their old gods and goddesses. Be sure you read "Charles II. of Spain." After his death you will arrive at a certain Philip V. (who was Duc d'Anjou), and whom you must interest yourself in, as I have got an old and charmingly bound book which *veritably* belonged to him!

The book craze is raging fiercely still; in fact, fiercer and fiercer, with Frances and me. We got at Milan a book thickly powdered over with L.'s, crowns, fleurs-de-lis, and a coat of arms and Royal crown in the middle. We *hoped* it had belonged to a King of France, but feared while we hoped. Here at Fontainebleau we have had our most daring hopes confirmed by arms and ciphers we have seen in the Château, and it certainly belonged to Louis XIII.!! date and all (1602) confirm it. Now never say that I come abroad for nothing. We have also a book with H. and fleurs-de-lis (not a Royal crown) which belonged to Henri (de Bourbon), second Prince de Condé, *father* of great Condé. I wish it could have belonged to the great Condé! This book mania has great historical advantages, and is an excellent educational agent—one gets so keen and sharp and interested about dates. There are in the Library of the Château here, in a glass case, some interesting bindings from fourteenth to sixteenth centuries, French, Italian, and even *one* English, and we have improved our knowledge by examining them. Dear Mr. James has told me of the "Mazarin" and "National" Library in Paris where we can also see interesting historical bindings, and I have no doubt the British Museum has some too. These we can all three enjoy together, for I am sure you will like them as much as we do.

Thank goodness the races here are over. They made no difference to us, except that it was an excuse for high prices and difficulty about flies to drive in the forest. I wish you could see and hear our old landlady; she is a *hippopotamus* of ugliness and the most specious, lying, flattering, intimidating, fascinating old cheat I ever met. I began by hating her and

now quite like her. Her first token of favour to me was taking us over the apartment she was preparing "pour une Princesse Russe." "Venez donc voir Madame, comme elle sera bien (she has the whole ground floor, looking into a little garden and under our rooms) voici son salon, voici sa chambre à coucher, et la chambre du petit prince Alexandre à côté. Son père vient aussi, je ne sais plus son nom mais c'est un *personnage*!" Then we were shown the Princess's *salon d'été* most ingeniously made out of the recess of a *porte cochère*, draped and roofed like a tent with red turkey twill, and with looking-glasses to reflect the garden. She must *stifle* in it, as there is no current of air and no light either but what it gets from the garden. We were on tip-toe of excitement when all her things began to arrive—boxes on boxes, screens, palms, and at last a Japanese umbrella which rather broke the charm and brought a Mayfair element into the matter. Then her two men arrived, and a fat, well-shaved poodle, and a maid and a nurse and Le Prince Alexandre, aged five, in a rather spurious sailor costume good enough for the Russian navy, I dare say, but not for ours. Then she came herself (in red cretonne to match her *salon d'été*), rather powdered and pinched. Truman, with the usual brutality of the English maid, reported herself as saying to the Russian's maid next day, "Your lady paint?" and was told in very broken English, "Plenty powder, no paint." I trembled as I listened, it seemed the last touch to the strained relations between England and Russia. Next day when Frances went to swing in the garden—of which we and the Princess both have the *jouissance*—the Princess attacked her with most friendly overtures, asked her to come and help arrange her furniture, asked her if I was a widow, where my husband was, if we had come down for the races, if her stockings were bought in London or Paris, if the dye did not come off on her legs . . . all in five minutes. I have kept her at bay by the utmost austerity of manner, but it is difficult, and the "delimitation of the Russian and English frontier" (of the garden) is played as actively here as in Downing Street. The poodle, whom we call Komaroff, is her well-trained assistant, and barks to let her know we are near, and the boy even is used as a lure and sent to fetch his doll, which he is supposed to think I am sitting on.

My letter must go off. I am in great hopes now it may

cross you on the road. I will confess to you what I did on getting your *sad* little letter of 12th June. I wrote to the Queen (I enclose the *brouillon* of my letter, I have not time to copy it). I feared she might think me a Lady Wood; but with the greatest kindness she sent me, evidently the moment she got my letter, the following telegram: "Have received your letter and will see to it at once." Is it not very good of her? This will explain a telegram I sent you through Hop. It will go to you to-morrow.

I hope that in a very short time I may hear you are summoned home. And if you are allowed to come home through the Queen, I shall be proud to think I am the mouse who nibbled the lion's ropes.

HÔTEL VOUILLMONT,  
RUE BOISSY D'ANGLAIS, PARIS,  
7th July (1885).

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

MY DEAREST,—It is delightful to think of your having had a long, healthful day at sea—which you don't mind—and several more to follow. Frances and I are on tiptoe thinking of Monday and our meeting at Calais. We leave Paris at 7.40! I got your telegram to-day saying you would arrive at Calais at noon. You will get there, therefore, before us, I think.

I want you to telegraph to me at *once* (from Venice), whether we go to Victoria Station or Charing Cross, and the exact hour our train will arrive there. Several people wish to know. Do not omit to do this. I shall not engage a private cabin, so perhaps you will do this for me. I do not do it, as you are such a grand seigneur they are sure to keep one for you. I trust we shall have a good passage. We are also longing to know if Countess Pisani falls upon you at Venice. I believe she will, with a laurel wreath to put round your hat! I should have been wretched about your eyes if you had had to stay on. Good-bye, no more till we meet.

6 HILL STREET, W.,  
27th November 1885. *Midnight!*

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

I am killed with cooks, ordering and eating them! Volunteer No. 2 is pretty promising, but quails stuffed with

*foie gras* are not wholesome, are they? Best left for one's friends, the . . . and the . . . one meets with through life.

I called on Lady —. She is enraptured with "the" engagement. What will she throw soon at her daughter-in-law's head? She says the "traditions of the two families are so identical," and a good many such phrases. She is an old *poseuse*. Your "Isabella"<sup>1</sup> asked me to lunch on Sunday to meet "Lady A."<sup>2</sup> and such kindred spirits, but catch me going! I prefer even tasting the cook at home. Give me every particular of your *coronation*,<sup>3</sup> and don't bend the knee, no, not even the joints of your *finger*, to the white-blooded C.'s<sup>4</sup> or "never more be officer of mine."

<sup>1</sup> Dowager Countess of Wilton.

<sup>2</sup> Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury.

<sup>3</sup> Investiture as K.P.

<sup>4</sup> Carnarvons. Lord Carnarvon was then Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland.

1886-1889

[LORD WOLSELEY, on his return from Egypt, resumed his post as Adjutant-General, which he continued to hold until the autumn of 1890. In January 1886 he represented the Queen at the Royal Jubilee of the Emperor William I.]

## CHAPTER XVIII

BRITISH EMBASSY, BERLIN,  
*Sunday Morning, 3rd January 1886.*

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

My first 1886 is on this sheet of note-paper. May God bless us both during the coming year! I did not get here last night until about 8.30 p.m., and found the faithful Swaine awaiting me on the platform, and His Excellency waiting dinner for me here. Lady Ermyntrode is still in England, being, I believe, in rather poor health. Bismarck has expressed a wish to see me, so I am to call on him to-morrow: this is a great compliment, for he sees very few people. Swaine has been years here and has never been introduced to him. I shall therefore have something to tell you when we meet. The only time I have ever seen Bismarck was on our honeymoon, when you and I stared at him out of the hotel window in Brussels as he drove past with the then Kings of Belgium and of Prussia. This embassy is a fine house, palatial in its proportions and stately in its marble staircase, halls, etc. Originally built by a rich Jew for his private residence, it has been bought by us for an embassy. Amongst the papers I gave you, I left an invitation from an Admiral, Sir Somebody Something, which I would accept if you have no engagement—for the 19th, I *think* it was. I write this at my usual hour of 6 a.m., the excellent Fricke being busy making up a great fire. I am somewhat "out" in my sleeping calculations, as I have *put in* so much good sound sleep on the journey that I feel as if I could do without any more for days to come.

BRITISH EMBASSY, BERLIN,  
*Sunday Evening, January 1886.*

At 11 a.m. I reached the Schloss in a state carriage, coach-<sup>man</sup> in wig, two footmen, and all in cocked hats ; very grand ; I might have been a Lord Mayor. Malet was the owner of the coach ; he and Swaine were in it with me, or, as he is the Ambassador, I should say he took me with him. At the top of the Schloss there is a small but very handsome church (in the style of St. Paul's), where assembled all the Court and all the Ambassadors and men like myself who were the bearers of letters to the Emperor. Some fine music began as the doors were thrown open, and the old Emperor, with the Empress leaning on him, entered. They seemed too old to be alive ; they walked with the greatest difficulty, she using a stick in her right hand ; there was much difficulty in getting her into her chair, from which she never rose during the service. We had a sermon possibly eloquent, though I did not understand what was said. Then the Emperor and Empress went out, bowing to all the people near them, to take up their position in a throne room, where she was seated, the Emperor standing up ; we all filed past him. He was very gracious to me, shook hands and paid some compliments. The Empress followed suit. When Bismarck came into the church he walked up to Malet (who was sitting just in front of me talking to the Turkish Ambassador) and began a polite sentence as to how glad he was to make his acquaintance ; he had mistaken the Ambassador for me. He was very nice, but oh, what a wreck he seemed to be ! He told me he had been suffering lately from rheumatism and lumbago, and I believe that he has been reducing himself in obedience to some well-known doctor here. His clothes hung about him as if he were a scarecrow. When we all "marched past" the Emperor and Empress, Bismarck went first, and it was curious to see the old Emperor kiss him on both cheeks and then to see Bismarck kiss the Emperor first on one cheek, then on the other. The King and the King-maker. It was then intimated to Sir E. Malet that the Emperor wished to confer the Grand Cross of the Red Eagle upon me if the Queen would permit it. Telegrams had to be sent to Lord Salisbury, and the result is a telegram that Her Majesty con-

*Lord  
 Wolseley.*

sents : at the same moment I receive a telegram from the Queen saying she trusts all has gone off well to-day.

After I got away from the Palace I went a round of visits as far as my few cards would allow. Dinner by the Emperor's invitation at the Schloss at 5 o'clock—only five ladies and, I suppose, eighty men. I had one of the five, a very good-looking Mlle Parpourlier, a maid of honour—I found her dull, however ; her sister is married to Lord Forester—at least so she said. Her mother is "La Grande Maîtresse," and such a funny-looking old piece of goods with a wild wig, the like of which can scarcely have been seen outside a farce. The Emperor did not appear himself, so the honours were done for him by the Lord Chamberlain. At the Levée in the morning were the Crown Prince and Princess. She was dressed in a lilac velvet gown and looked remarkably well. What a very good figure she has for a woman who has already several grandchildren ! She sent to say she wished to see the officers who had brought letters in her own palace when the ceremony was over. She talked to all, and both she and her husband did their parts to perfection. She asked me to luncheon to-morrow ; to come in plain clothes. I asked at what hour. She said, "At half-past twelve, if you can eat at that hour." Her eldest son and his wife are hidden away, having the measles. Her daughter is madly in love with Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, and he wants to marry her. The Princess Royal is, I hear, quite agreeable to the arrangement, but in this instance Bismarck acts the part of the cruel and designing parent, and will not hear of such a marriage. Herbert Bismarck is now head of the Foreign Office here, and is evidently intended to succeed his father. He has settled down to his work and does not make the row he used after dinner. I presume he drinks less. Madame de Perpignac seems to have taken quite a new lease of youth, and is quite pretty. I only had a moment's conversation with her when going into the church this morning, but I hope to see her perhaps to-morrow when I lunch with the Crown Prince. After our State dinner, which took place in a lovely corridor of the old Schloss—the handsomest palace inside which I have ever been—we posted off to the opera, where there was one act of some, to me at least, unheard-of opera—the music uninteresting, the singing stale, if not a little cracked, and the ballet dull and meaningless. The Emperor

and Empress both there, and, I need scarcely say, very well received. I missed a national hymn, however—before such occasions, or anything resembling them, “God save the Queen,” played at the right moment and sung from the stage with the audience joining in the chorus, is most impressive. The King [of Saxony] and his wife were in a box opposite mine, and both seemed to enjoy the entertainment. I confess I thought their presence at their time of life a little out of place : two very old and infirm people (he at least full of religion), as it were, with one foot in the grave, looking on at men and women howling in a “spectacle,” and interested apparently in the legs and half nude bodies of a lot of dancing women—it seemed to me a little out of keeping. After the opera, supper with the Crown Princess’s Master of the Household. He speaks English fluently ; he has been a good deal in China, Japan, and Constantinople, and has very nice things in his house, collected in various parts of the world—especially some cabinets from Spain. He married an Englishwoman, or rather a lady half English and half East Indian, and is now a widower. His half-caste sister-in-law keeps house for him and does the honours ; she is decidedly Indian in features and in colour, but strange to say, considering the prejudice against “Eurasians” in India, is married to a Mr. Something who is a Judge in that country. There we had a dozen or fifteen people, the stars being the hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Weimar, nephew and niece to our Prince Edward of that ilk. This prosy little prince would buttonhole me to explain to him why it was we always fought in square in the Soudan. His knowledge of our Army may be gauged by the fact that he would not listen to my disclaimer that English officers were not allowed to carry umbrellas in full uniform ; he said that if we did not permit the practice now, he *knew* for a certainty that the custom was very general some years ago, perhaps before I entered the Army. . . . If anything could tire me, all this would have done so. I was glad to sit down in the quiet of this room to scribble to my little wife, if not tired, very much bored by my day’s work—I cannot call it entertainment. Bismarck, who speaks good English, said to me, when referring to his lumbago, “However, after a man passes seventy, he must receive every extra year’s existence as a free gift from God and be thankful accordingly.” I have to see him to-morrow after-



noon by appointment. We dine with the Emperor in his own apartments to-morrow. The Princess Royal yesterday asked particularly after you and why you had not come; how you were, &c. When bidding me good-bye, she hoped I would again visit Berlin, and that when I came again she expected me to bring you with me. I like her so much; she is very clever and very open. I dine with Malet to meet Von Moltke and other great Generals on Tuesday.

*Friday Morning, 6 a.m.*

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I paid a visit to Clarence House yesterday evening, to find the Duchess of Edinburgh about to dress for an early dinner at 7 o'clock to go to hear Sarah Bernhardt at 8 o'clock. She asked me to go with them, to which I gladly agreed. Our outside party consisted of Lady Kilmorey, Bertie Mitford,<sup>1</sup> and the Russian Secretary, with a bald head and a small quantity of red hair on each side of it, whose name I forget. Kilmorey was away making speeches in the country. My Lady K. is very agreeable—tall and very effective-looking. *La Dame aux Camélias* was the piece, and Sarah was wonderful in it, and at times quite fascinating-looking. But oh, what a play! Why do men and women revel in a representation of vice, with all its more degrading surroundings?

21/4/86.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I have just come in from a canter in the park, and I am hot all over, showing me that I am in wretched condition for work; I must try and get myself in better wind or else I shall not be able to run away fast enough from the battle of Armageddon. Last night I dined at Clarence House, from which I drove Duke of Connaught home to Buckingham Palace, as he was going to walk. He has now postponed going to India until September; it would have been wrong to take the Duchess there in May or June. We played whist and made small jokes. The Duchess of Edinburgh, as usual, was very friendly, but I never can find out any Russian political news from her. I believe the Russian officers who went to India for our manœuvres behaved abominably, and were plotting against us all the time; but those are points on which

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Redesdale.

she will never touch. She will descant upon the past history of Russia, which she knows most intimately, and you may talk of the madness of Paul, of his being assassinated in secret, or of the sensuality of Catherine, but on contemporary history she is silent. I once told her in a letter that if Russia went to war with us it would end in the disruption of Russia, but she never remarked upon it. I am glad to tell you that Gladstone has no chance of passing his Bills. He may become discredited with the English people, and if he does, great will be his fall, for the political world is fickleness itself. . . . With him would pass Granville, Spencer, Childers, Ripon, Kimberley, and Harcourt. Which of them will reappear in history?

You ask me about Lord Shaftesbury's death. All I heard was that, for some time back, he had a strange idea that he was utterly ruined. He heard he had overdrawn £3000 at his bankers, and he was always imagining they would arrest him. The bankers were produced to assure him that he might overdraw £30,000 if he liked, and this reassured him for some time. Mrs. Gladstone, I am told, the other day went to see Sir Andrew Clark;<sup>1</sup> the servant who opened the door said she must wait, as Sir A. was engaged with a gentleman. She said it is preposterous that she should wait for any one when the health of the Prime Minister was in question, so she pushed past the footman, opened the doctor's door, and boldly entered, to find Sir Andrew kneeling beside a man, examining him all over. The patient had his shirt rolled up so that his face could not be seen, but he retained his gaiters on his legs, and Mrs. Gladstone declared she recognised the Bishop of London.

On the 13th of May I have to go to Nottingham with H.R.H. to inspect yeomanry; that evening we sleep at Shrewsbury, inspect the Salop Yeomanry the following day, and return to London. Last night at Sir C. Trevelyan's I sat most of the evening with kind Lady William Compton. The husband is, alas! a sad radical, anxious to pull everything down.

RAKE HOUSE, *Thursday* (1886).

MY DEAREST,—I got this telegram from Lady — just now!—written after a late breakfast "*à la fourchette et au petit verre*" (*not "de Vin"*), I should think. She evidently

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

<sup>1</sup> A great physician of the day.

confuses your doings with mine. You see even the *Times* of yesterday names you amongst the possible Irishmen. If you are asked, I conjure you to go, if you are given enough power. It seems to me such a splendid opportunity of stepping on from soldiery to statesmanship. Of course I would not have you go to do the monkey-and-chestnut business.

I have carefully read *Marlborough*<sup>1</sup> and made corrections. I think it *very interesting* and very well told. I see you have got rid of a little dash of Tilda-ishness you had in the beginning. But we must pull down Arabella's petticoats more. That scene must be toned down. As it stands it has a decided Fanny-Dilke flavour which it pains me to find from your lordship's pen. What a spotless lamb Dilke was up to Monday, and what a monster Tuesday and Wednesday make him again; apparently it is of quite a questionable morality to have one's bed made twice a day.

I have got "Good Queen Anne" for you.

ROSE COTTAGE, EASEBOURNE, MIDHURST,  
21st April 1886.

Lady  
Wolseley.

You are not engaged for the 29th of May and can engage yourself if you like, but let me remark that a Saturday in May is too good for the Grocers—you will be very sorry, I am sure, if you accept. I thought you had done *all* your City dinners in the winter. Tell me when you write next if you have accepted them or not. I have heard again from Sir J. McNeill hoping we will go to Canada. He sails on the 29th. Is it out of the question that we should go? I am quite sure it would do you a great deal of good, and we should enjoy it. You could always get back in time to command the Irish Army! Tell me about this.

ROSE COTTAGE, EASEBOURNE,  
22nd April 1886.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Even the Academy tickets don't tempt me to stay in town, so please give them away. We reappear in London for good on May the 5th to dine with the Charlie Beresfords. I wish the

<sup>1</sup> Lord Wolseley was never able to complete his *Life of Marlborough*, but left copious MS. It is probable that if at any time leisure is granted, Mr. Winston Churchill will make good the story.

measles were not here! but it is silly to go away on that account. I might sit down next to the small-pox elsewhere. I wonder where you dine to-night? Fancy Connaught honouring our hireling brougham. I trust the grey will hold her head higher. I am deep in the *Life of Washington* and think him quite like you. Braddock was seemingly a regular red-taper, after your Duke's heart, and a nice mess he made of it. I have read Jesse Collings, and am going to attack Lord Clare's speech of 1800 this afternoon. When I get away from notes, cards, and calls I become quite interested in public matters and almost intelligent. An occasional French novel serves as a sort of green food.

Our landlady is such a good old soul. She is quite ignorant of your fame, and still says to Truman, "And *what* do you say the lady's name is?"

I am glad you enjoy your solitary pillow and your liberty snore! I *thoroughly* enjoy mine and sleep like twenty little fat tops. There, sir, so much for your ungracious reflection of enjoyment at my absence!

ROSE COTTAGE, EASEBOURNE, MIDHURST,  
*Thursday.*

MY DEAREST,—What a woman your correspondent must be! A dreadful, illiterate, unpractical gusher. Frances has read B.'s letters and judges her to be a "sort of *Pisani*" very justly!

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

Tell me, please, of last night's dinner, all its features: the noble hostess's postiche ("la chose dont nous ne parlons pas," Launay), her *poses* as well as her postiche, and if her food was good, and her guests more natural than herself. Then let me reproach you for having turned a neighbour on me by giving her my address. She wants to come over, but I *won't have her*. I am going to say I have refused others and can't have *her*. Please *never* say where I am, as I don't want to have visitors—say "in Sussex, somewhere about Petersfield, but moving about." Fancy your going to the Aldershot Races! I really believe without my restraining hand you would be in every ballroom and on every racecourse. Lady — is not at all a person I should wish you to know. We had another lovely drive yesterday. Tommy, the pony, dragged us round heavy, sandy lanes, all ups and downs—four hours for five shillings!

I revel in the price, but, as we walk up and down most of the hills, I can reconcile this to my strong feeling for animals. From what Frances tells me the new girl whom you accepted for the "debate"—Miss Clifton—is eighteen. If she comes, and a third Brooke—eighteen also, I believe—and the Peels, you will have nineteen girls or more. Don't you think that too many, and should not the original rule be kept to—not to have them younger than twelve and over seventeen? Frances begs you to decide.

ROSE COTTAGE, EASEBOURNE, MIDHURST,  
*Saturday.*

*Lady  
Wolsley.*

Your letter was rather *boo-hooish*, and I fancied you hiding your head in the pillow! You do not say a word about the *pain* or whether it is better. *I hope so.* We get on very well in our miniature house. The stairs are like a companion ladder, and the old woman has a real ladder up from the kitchen which debouches by a trap-door on the bedroom landing (the landing being the size of a tea-tray); and the first time Truman saw her rising, candle in hand, through the floor outside her door she nearly died of fright! The air is so good and we are so much in it, the house really does not matter.

I have read all through the Opera-House meeting. I like Salisbury's illustration of "throwing the friends to the wolves." I wish your voice could have been heard there. How was it Wellington was a soldier *and* a politician? Could you *never* be Prime Minister? Now answer these two sensible questions.

ROSE COTTAGE, EASEBOURNE, MIDHURST,  
*Sunday.*

*Lady  
Wolsley.*

While I think of it, I have accepted an invitation for us to dine with the Blumenthals<sup>1</sup> on Friday, 7th May, so please mark it down. I hear so much about their delightful dinners, that I want to see for myself. I have *refused* dinner at — for the following week, saying you would probably be away inspecting with the Duke. Their dinners are diabolical and it is a *Saturday*. I quite understand you will only be away on the 13th (evening), but I thought the excuse would serve.

<sup>1</sup> The famous musical composer.

T. has collected, by the sweat of his brow, £4 amongst the fifty inhabitants at the "Albany" for my fund. One pound is presented by Sir William Fraser, who humbly desired Mr. T. only to give his initials; but Mr. T. betrayed the generous donor and puts as a P.S. to his note some remark about his son in the Army wishing for an extension of leave. This I consider the cloven hoof appearing. I thanked him for the £4, but ignored the son's existence.

I diligently read my "Irish Land" question and am quite enlightened now; when they come to "scrip" I am rather left behind. I thought Chamberlain's speech on Friday excellent, so moderate and gentlemanly, and yet fully exposing the old *crocodile*.

6 HILL STREET, W.,

24th Nov. '86.

Yesterday Frances and I were introduced by Alice Northcote, herself a bibliophile, to the eminent Mr. Quaritch. He will show us, you and me, his best bindings any day we like, so we will go. He is an old person with a decidedly good opinion of himself, for he said *he* could do Bismarck's work, but Bismarck could not do his! He presented me with volume vi. of his catalogue—most *interesting*. Lady Wolseley.

I have got such a rod to hold over you for bad spelling in your note which I got this morning! It beats the "fur" trees!

Our friend is coming up to town next week, and I shall ask him to dine; he will not accept, if he was as tired of *me* as I was of *him* the other day. I begin to think it is a blessing to be poor, for certainly money contracts people's minds and hearts, and though I think there is an entire absence of vice in our particular Dives, the dullness of living with him would be something *appalling*!

Wednesday, 5/1/87.

No further development of the "political" position regarding which one sees such stuff in the newspapers. Please write either to Mr. or Mrs. Goschen and congratulate; say that your thanks as a taxpayer equal your congratulations, as you have been struck by his strong and healthy love of nation and his

Lord Wolseley.

self-abnegation—any other "action" you can think of—at a time when Randolph has shown himself regardless of all consideration for his party or the country.

Harold had just left for Oxford. Had been skating the day before on the pond in St. James's Park—had hired a pair of skates. Lender required five shillings security, which Harold not having about him, he gave the man his silver watch and chain and keys to hold in pawn. Harold has the skates but the man has not been heard of since. If he had been to a public school he would now have his watch and keys all right.

Wednesday, 12/1/87.

Lord  
Wolseley.

We had a pleasant dinner last night at Sir H. Thompson's, not an octave, as we were *nine*: Self, Thompson, Charley Beresford, Millais, Sir J. Rose, Sir F. Abel (the Government chemist), Francis Knollys, Tenniel (of *Punch*), and Mr. Jeune. Millais made the repast rather boisterous. Rose looked aged: can this be matrimony?

13/1/87.

Lord  
Wolseley.

All London was thrown into confused horror yesterday afternoon by the announcement that old Lord Iddesleigh was dead. He died without consciousness and so without pain. What could any civilian wish for better?

Wednesday, 16/2/87.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I dined last night at Bute House. Here is the menu of what was really a work of art—gastronomy carried to a refinement that Heliogabalus might well have envied. I sat next Lady — who has just enough wit to make her anxious to be agreeable and to contribute her fair share towards the general entertainment at which she "assists"; that is, I believe, the correct verb to be used, according to newspaper correspondents. The party was Lord Hartington, the Lathoms, Corks, French Ambassador and his wife and sister-in-law, David Plunket, the Hothfields, Northbrook and Lady Emma, Harry Chaplin, Mrs. Henry Manners—I think that was all. "A select party" afterwards to hear good music. There was a "professional" with the well-grown body of an Englishwoman and the head of a Hindoo—who sang very well—at least her voice was charming. Also an American man who sang to perfection. Lady Water-

ford played most of the accompaniments admirably. I sat next Madame d'Arcos, who introduced the subject of Lord Orford, saying how pleasant he was, and so on. The S. of Spsent for me on Monday and spoke about my own position and said he would do all in his power to help me. Lord Weymouth fainted after dinner at the Peels'. He looks delicate but is very good-looking.

*Thursday, 24/2/87.*

I am about to be interviewed by some man who wishes to write about me; I am shaping my mouth by repeating "potatoes, prunes," etc., and smoothing down my hair to meet my enemy in the gates. Shall I never be strong enough to tell reporters how I dislike their trade? What a world of shams and humbug we live in, never telling the whole, seldom even half the truth!

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

Now to dinner with the Henry Reeves', where I hope to have a pleasant literary party. I went to bed last night at ten, and read myself to sleep with "Childe Harold." I go back with such pleasure to Byron after all the milk-and-water rubbish of so-called poetry I find now. Do pray work at Espinasse: I think if you once produce one article, you will find it so liked that your next will be a labour of love. I laughed till my sides ached at "Dandy Dick." The play is cleverly if extravagantly conceived, and the plot hangs well together.

HAMBLE CLIFF,<sup>1</sup> NETLEY, SOUTHAMPTON,

*Friday Morning, 11/3/87.*

I have not yet seen this place by daylight, so I cannot tell you how it looks with the sun upon it, but by candle and lamp-light it looks essentially comfortable. It has all that extreme air of cleanliness which strikes the visitor as one of the most remarkable characteristics at Aston Clinton. Everything most comfortable and tidy, and evidently no stint of housemaids, while the men-servants correspond with the house and its furniture. Mrs. Cyril Flower and Mr. Arnold White the only people staying here besides myself. I shall leave this at 9 a.m., so as to be at the Levée in all my plumage by 2 p.m. Canon Wilberforce is the great clerical light here. He was the

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

<sup>1</sup> The home of the hon. Mr. Eliot Yorke.



chief organiser of the meeting last night, which took place in a big theatre intended for instructional purposes. It was full of working people, and the proceedings went off well. I made a speech, with which I am not at all pleased, as I missed several of the points I intended to make, and forgot a subject I meant to dwell on. It is absurd my attempting to speak without notes.

The man has just opened my windows. The house is intended to be Gothic—the sort of Gothic that found favour with the overestimated, selfish Horace Walpole when he built his gimcrack shanty at Strawberry Hill. The sea is 50 yards from my windows, and lying about 300 yards off the house is a steamer at anchor. Mrs. Yorke keeps a yacht and enjoys life in a most reasonable fashion. She, of course, does not know the sensation of being in debt. Happy woman!

*Sunday Morning, 1/5/87.*

Lord  
Wolseley.

Last night, at the Academy, I sat next George Trevelyan, who made a really charming speech; he must be perfect at the laying of foundation-stones and opening of educational institutions, but statesmen are made of sterner stuff.

The show of pictures was too bewildering to say much as to its general quality after one *coup d'œil*. Tadema's picture, for which he has been paid, I hear, £6000, is not to me pleasing: too much subject, and that subject uninteresting. Leighton has a woman with a tearful face and an arm out of all proportion to the body, with the biceps of a coal-heaver. I was greatly pleased with my inspection of telegraph schools, submarines, evening schools, etc. at Chatham. I am having plans copied that the Queen let me have from Windsor.

*Tuesday Evening, 17/5/87.*

Lord  
Wolseley.

I enjoyed the play<sup>1</sup> last night, and such a "swagger" audience, including the Prince of Wales and Crown Prince of Denmark. Mrs. Bernard Beere played well, except that she was too violent and made too much noise when she was in her death-throes. Behind us sat Oscar Wilde and the fellow who defended Arabi<sup>2</sup>—I forget his name—(he is about Drury Lane theatre). In front sat

<sup>1</sup> As in *d'Looking-Glass*.

<sup>2</sup> M. A. Broadley.

Merisia Nevill with her mother, and Lord Lytton. Some of the men who played the part of gentlemen in the piece were terrible. Colonel Grove was there, his brother having translated the play and arranged it for the English stage.

I dine to-night with the "Bisssssshoffffsscheimss."

14/6/87.

The scene in the Albert Hall yesterday was the finest thing I have ever seen: 6500 masons in all their jewels and decorations filled the building to overflowing. Each man paid one guinea entrance, except those, like myself, who were office-holders. £6000 was at once divided between the three great English Masonic charities. A night never to be forgotten, and when these 6500 stood up and sang "God save the Queen," you ought to have heard the sound at Haslemere, for the volume of voices seemed to drown even the great organ in the hall. I felt as if it would have burst the windows open. I went afterwards to the House of Lords to vote for the Government if they had gone to a Division over the Irish Land Bill. I was therefore late at Lady Dorothy's, where I sat next a most interesting lady, Miss Mary Robinson, who is writing a history of France—rather an ambitious undertaking.

Lord  
Wolseley.

To-night I am to meet the Prince of Wales at Mrs. Adair's at dinner—most probably Lord R. Churchill will be there. I shall be amused to see what position he will take up as regards myself. I have heard a great deal about the article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*: indeed one man told me in confidence the name of the writer.

Tuesday, 28/6/87.

MY DEAREST,—Do please write a line to this man Williamson and thank him for the verses and the music he has sent you. He is one of the bores of my life. The Queen said she was much gratified by your letter to her. She looked very well but said she was tired—ninety odd to dinner. I did not get back here until past midnight. I was, however, delighted to have escaped from my Irish trip. In the enclosure you will see an article on Canon Liddon's *Some Elements of Religion*. I think you ought to read the article on prayer as a counter-balance to the atheistical work you are now absorbed in. You must come to the garden party and let the Queen see you.

Lord  
Wolseley.

MANOR HOUSE, HASLEMERE,  
5th July 1887.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Excellent G. Biggs offers you a mounted military policeman and an orderly to guide your Victoria to the other Victoria's enclosure. You shall be quite like the Princess of Wales in the Park. He thinks you may have your view obscured by *Serene* carriages in front of us, so to guard against that I am going to *keep* your two Stand tickets that we may fall back on the Stand if necessary. That leaves you *one* to give away. One is no good to a woman. Why not offer it to parson Sinclair? If so, post this note.

6 HILL STREET, 4/8/87.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Last night at the Borthwicks were Drummond Wolff and Randolph Churchill—the latter evidently anxious to be civil. Only five at dinner, but good talk. How I long to be back with you in the country!

No, don't go and see it! I shall certainly *not* buy a place until I get rid of Hill Street, and hearing of these houses makes my mouth water. When you and I settle down we should, however, go farther from London than West Drayton. I must now dress for dinner at the Garrick, where I dine with Mr. Smalley to meet some man who (Smalley says in his note) is to be the next President of the United States. He does not mention the name, but if he did it would convey nothing to either you or me.

16/11/87.

Lord  
Wolseley.

MY DEAREST,—I have worked since early morning until now, 5.15 by lamp and candle—a dense fog that makes me cough. I cannot get the Crown Prince<sup>1</sup> out of my mind—such a prince, such a man! How much better have died in battle! I hear M'Calmont is likely to get something by compromise, as it is found the will is so badly drawn that no one can get anything now, so all are glad to go to Parliament for a short cut to set the will aside.

27th November 1887.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I am saddened by the news of Lord Dalhousie's death. He was the best of men—full of heart, clever, unselfish, noble in

<sup>1</sup> Of Austria.

every thought and action. He was devoted to his beautiful wife, who has five little fatherless boys to look after.

I hear of our friend's miserable failure to give a "smart" party. Why can't he see his *own* friends, give them his *own* fare cooked by his *own* cook, as a gentleman should?

MANOR HOUSE, HASLEMERE,  
11th February 1887.

I have read your article through twice. It is very good, I think, especially where you warm to your work over Lee and his military feats. I think you write most clearly and strikingly, if you will keep clear of *metaphors*. I beg you will keep in mind that they should only be used when they *enlighten* a subject. When they don't illustrate they close it. I think it is *modesty* that makes you try them, you fancy your article dull; but what a man writes clearly about a subject he understands, can never be dull to intelligent readers. I am already assuming the authoritative manner of an authoress! and I have not attempted to add a line to my own feeble attempt. I have read Hayward. How poor he is after Sainte-Beuve, as different as day and night. Nothing more to tell you. Yes, I have. The footman, who was very bald quite lately, has re-appeared with quite a good crop of hair, and Truman tells me it is *vaseline*. As no doubt it is *your* vaseline, pray try the effect yourself, and let us see you appear with your little *tunnel* erect in. I am sure you can if you will give it a fair trial.

Lady  
Wolseley.

MANOR HOUSE, HASLEMERE,  
22nd February 1887.

I have answered the good lady for *myself*, and said you would for *yourself*. I hope you will never dine with them. There is nothing she would like better than to say *you* were amiable and *I* not, or to think that you preferred a good dinner to espousing my cause. *Never* do I cross her threshold again. I did not say all this to her, but wrote her a honeyed, stereotyped note.

Lady  
Wolseley.

So old Percy Doyle is dead! and dear Lady Cardwell. I should like to send a wreath. She was married in '38, before I was born! I am sure she was pretty.

I have asked Fricke about your collar and uniform. Great indignation! "'Is Lordship 'as 'ad 'is uniform since ees, bin left in town and ee knows w'ere ees 'ad it put.'" And as to your collar, it is at the Bank, in a separate parcel, and the receipt in your W.O. drawer; and all this you know as well as Fricke does. Oh, I got into dreadful hot water!

MANOR HOUSE, HASLEMERE,  
3rd March 1887.

Lady  
Wolsley.

I read your Birkbeck speech. You did give old Bright a good nag or two; serve him right. Come down in time for a ride on Saturday. It will do you good. If you were at the D.-Room to-day tell me all the news.

MANOR HOUSE, HASLEMERE,  
13th May 1887.

Lady  
Wolsley.

The Cranborne wedding is Tuesday; Lord Arran has asked us, but I have had to be excused. But I would like to give Lord Cranborne something. Elephants? or what? we gave Lady Airlie elephants. Will you buy him something to-morrow (Saturday) and send it off at once with this (*dreadfully banal*) note which you can read, and if you don't like it write another. Don't put off buying the present till Monday, as the wedding is Tuesday.

MANOR HOUSE, HASLEMERE,  
14th July 1887.

Lady  
Wolsley.

I see *all* Peeresses who have applied will have tickets for the Abbey—so the *M. Post* says. Had I better go *there* or stay with Frances? If I get my Peeress' ticket, might we give our second military ticket to some military lady, say Mrs. Maurice. I don't think we *ought* to give it to a civilian, but to a military lady I think we might.

Miss Pannebakker accepts your place with joy. (It is a pity we can't give her the Abbey ticket, but she is not military.) She only doubted on account of expense going up, and I have told her we *treat* her to that.

So glad to hear you long to live under a "healthy despotism." I will see what I can do for you from Saturday to Monday. The

rest of the week you can try the system yourself on your Duke—you say it must be "young and vigorous." The former I can't say it will be, but I will try to make up for that deficiency by the vigour.

No, I could not have put myself out for a King of Saxony—I can't go *lower* than Belgium.

MANOR HOUSE, HASLEMERE,  
28th September 1887.

Yesterday's expedition was a complete failure. Never again do I embark on that *ceinture* railway. From 12.30 to 2.15 I spent getting from Clapham Junction to Westbourne Park. The house—when I got there—is in a hideous country, nothing but brick kilns and squalor. It is walled in from a labyrinth of trees and streams—a primeval jungle uninhabited for seven years. A pretty panelled hall and excellent oak stairs, other rooms bad, and the whole house tumbling down; and *such* offices!—real pigsties. I never saw so abandoned a place; no track even from the nice old iron gates to the front door, and the grass as high as my head. The front door faces a blank wall, and the dirty offices face the lawn—altogether a hateful hole. I am expecting the grand Ladies from the "Hill." I must dust my chairs with my apron and say, "Pray take a chair," when they come.

Lady  
Wolseley.

OAKDENE, GUILDFORD,  
27/1/88.

A lady of forty-five would have been cheered this morning on her downward path by a few kind words. Had her name been Sarah Jennings, her birthday would not have been forgotten by Mr. Marlbro' or indeed by Marlbro's biographer. There is not even one of Charles' naughty ladies whose birthday you do not know by heart, but virtue was ever at a discount.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I hear Sala says that when he first met you in Canada, he made a memo. in his diary which he keeps in Italian (his *mother* tongue): "I met to-night a young man who *will go far*." It is as true of you *bodily*, too, as *mentally*.

I also saw a mention of you in a book of one "James Gay," who calls himself "Canada Laurenti." He calls you "Mr. Sir Garnet Wolseley." He says all "wicked men flee before you."

I am not sure that the principle is not *reversed* as regards the ladies. I must admit, however, a few virtuous (and elderly) exceptions.

By the way, Alfred Austin complains I am too rococo, and Henry Bulwer that I am too modern! Oh dear! I enclose the little correspondence with Alfred.

SWINFORD OLD MANOR, ASHFORD, KENT,

1st January '88.

Alfred  
Austin,  
to  
Lady  
Wolseley.

DEAR LADY WOLSELEY,—A very Happy New Year to you and to you all.

Lord Salisbury has not had time to read "P. L."! I should think not, indeed, poor man. We were talking, only ten days ago, and he was lamenting that not only did he never read for pleasure, but he never did anything for pleasure. It is work and nothing but work with him, alas!

Thank you for returning Dowden's letter (the copy). I fear you have had much trouble about it. And so you find it "rather incomprehensible"! That comes, my dear Lady, of your being of the period of "Queen Anne." A very good period, and I, for one, would not have you otherwise. But it has its limitations; and I dare say it makes a good deal of what is written in the nineteenth century incomprehensible. Yet even Mrs. Austin says she never read anything clearer in her life, and she is not partial to the obscure, is she?—Always yours sincerely,

ALFRED AUSTIN.

OAKDENE, GUILDFORD, 3/1/88.

Lady  
Wolseley  
to  
Alfred  
Austin.

DEAR MR. AUSTIN.—You will, I am sure, like to know that your little silvered pill, so prettily wrapped up in New Year's wishes, has not only not disagreed with the patient, but that *she* agrees with it. I am proud to think you limit *my* limitations to the reign of Queen Anne. I think, though, you have moved me back a reign; surely I used to be "pure Georgian"? I have gained by the move, and do not complain. If you had pushed me back to the intellectual Standard of the Goths and Vandals I do not think you would think more humbly of me than I do of myself. It is difficult to be vain of oneself, is it not? Perhaps your innate modesty has prevented your ever reflecting on the subject: I clearly understood that Dowden admired you—and inferentially that you had previously admired him—beyond that I did not understand much. Knowing my Queen Anne limits, was it quite *kind* of you to send me what is so purely Nineteenth Century? You so perfectly appreciate my limita-

tions, that I feel I can frankly tell you now how your poems strike me. It will not reflect on you, only on me. I like you so much with birds and lawns and flowers; so little when you treat of human beings. They seem to me not human beings, only figures dressed up to stare us from your perfect rural idylls. You will allow that in assigning you the place of honour from 1702-14 amongst pastoral poets, I do not deal ungenerously with you, will you not?

So far, all in my letter has been in assent to yours. Now we come to a strong diversity of opinion. I object to "Even Mrs. Austin understands Dowden." Mrs. Austin's intelligence is not of a calibre to be apologised for. Had you said, "Even Mrs. Austin does not understand Dowden," I might have followed you.

I began this yesterday, but interruptions obliged me to put off finishing it till to-day, and now do so with every cordial wish for you both in '88, and three cheers for Dowden!

OAKDENE, GUILDFORD, 1/2/88.

Mrs. Lang looks very ill, and has had a narrow escape of jaundice. She has given me the social menu for your dinner there on Friday. The Audrey Bullers, General Milman and daughter, *Monsieur Jusserand*, a nice literary French attaché at the Embassy. He speaks English very well, and is in with all the Parisian literary and bibliophile world. Miss Hilda Montalba (paints). The du Mauriers, a young Stephen, and a Miss Black"lie" or "ley," whom you have often met at the Langs. Andrew was left in her absence to hunt up a waitress, and has muffed it and got a *housemaid* instead, so prepare for the worst! There is a tournament going on between the Poets. Professor Dowden wrote lately a *Life of Shelley*. Matthew Arnold has thought fit to criticise this and all the Shelley and Byron amatory shortcomings, saying, "What a world! What a set!" Alfred A. has fallen on Matthew in the February *National* in an article called "The Loves of the Poets." Andrew Lang is going to make fun of Alfred and his "Loves" in a *Daily News* article which I am to have. I think it will be great fun. Alfred's article is most poor and most conceited. He pardons the Shelley and Byron scandals by saying there is such a thing as *le diable au corps*, and that when any one with it can write "Manfred," etc., they are completely forgiven by their fellow-creatures; but I will read you titbits from Alfred.

Lady  
Wolseley



With regard to your "green stockings," I took Mrs. Lang's advice. She thinks "dainty" might be used for "proper." I think it would do. I think "in default of" would translate *à défaut de*. You can't well say "where the stockings cease," but *in default of* has the vagueness of *à défaut de*.

WADDESDON, AYLESBURY,  
Wednesday, 10/7/89.

Lord  
Wolsley.

This is a man's party; not even the gentle Alice Rothschild has made her appearance. The housemaids, Ferdinand R. tells me, are ugly on purpose to put temptation away from these horrid-looking Persians. The Shah, when he sent back his harem from the frontiers of Persia, telegraphed to Constantinople to have a Circassian lady purchased for him during his journey in Europe. She is now here dressed as a boy and guarded by three eunuchs. We all saw her yesterday when she arrived. Only fancy Hatfield having to give shelter to so doubtful a personage! The two young princes are here, and appeared yesterday at dinner with the Shah's order set in diamonds round their necks. The Duke of Cambridge much upset that he had not received a similar honour and had merely received a note from the Shah, giving him his photograph, "not even in a frame," as he said; but when the Shah was last here fifteen years ago, he did give the Duke a sword set in diamonds.

H.R.H. is fond of orders, especially if set in diamonds. He took this slight, as he deemed it, so much to heart, ~~that~~ I volunteered—as I felt he wanted me to do—to speak to Drummond Wolff. I did so, and he spoke to the Shah's prime minister, who settled that H.R.H. should have his little bauble.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,  
Friday, 12/7/89.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Maurice called for me as I was leaving the War Office, and we went to see some valuable pictures on view at Christie's—a charming little Meissonier of a Cromwellian vedette, and a Hobbema, which Agnew told me would fetch £10,000.

Have I told you that I was—most secretly—offered the Governorship of Victoria *vice* Sir H. Lock, who goes to the Cape? Yes, I know I told you, but you have never taken any notice of

the fact. H.R.H. goes to Germany on the 10th, the day after the review for the young Emperor at Aldershot. He does not return home until 10th September, when, with your permission, I propose to go with some Staff College officers to see the battlefields near Metz—that will take about a week—and then I would propose to join you wherever you may be. However, we can talk these plans over when we meet on the 19th. I paid Lady Dorothy Nevill a visit yesterday. She has had some nice Persian things brought her by her son. He was at Waddesdon as a sort of A.D.C. to Drummond Wolff, and I found him most amusing: essentially cynical, but *witty* and clever.

HATFIELD HOUSE, HERTS,

Monday, 15/7/89.

Our pleasant party consists of the Waldegraves—she desired, especially to be remembered to you—Lady Dorothy and Meresia, the Chamberlains, Harry Chaplin, who will doubtless be the Minister for Agriculture when the Bill passes into law, Sir H. James and his niece, the Cranbornes, and the very brainy son,<sup>1</sup> who was married lately to Durham's sister. Linkey<sup>2</sup> has grown into a very tall youth, and is pronounced to be and is out of the way clever. Lady Salisbury has been extremely nice and he also—no trace of displeasure as the result of our last year's encounter. I am to dine at seven this evening with the Revd. Canon and Mrs. Leigh, and then go to some infernal temperance meeting. The Prince de Joinville had some passages with Rachel; their correspondence began with a letter from him, of which this is a copy:

Lord  
Wolseley.

*"Quand, ou, combien?"*

Her answer was:

*"Ce soir, chez moi, rien."*

I wish I could tell that to the temperance meeting this evening, for I can think of nothing more suitable at present.

RANGER'S LODGE,

GREENWICH PARK, S.E., BLACKHEATH,

27/8/89.

I have just returned from Aldershot to find your note from Homburg awaiting me.

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Robert Cecil.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Hugh Cecil.

Lord Wantage and Brack were also at Government House. Neither the former nor myself had a servant, but of course Brack, who only owns one servant, had that one with him, and left his wife to be served by the housemaid. To-day's manoeuvres were of a novel kind, for ball cartridge was used. It was a little nervous work, for our rifles carry such a distance. A machine gun just in front of me was limbered up and dragged to the front without being unloaded or having the safety catch put on; the consequence was that one of the barrels went off, and the bullet went into the ground in front of me. It ought to have killed either Evelyn Wood or me.

UNITED SERVICE CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,  
14/9/89.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I have worked hard all yesterday without a break, and this morning since 5 a.m., to get off the last article on the American War. I am glad you appreciate the Campbell-Bannermans; <sup>1</sup> if you cultivated him you would do so extremely, for he has a lot of dry humour. I like him very much and used to respect him highly, until in one short twenty-four hours he made a *volte-face*, and became a Home Ruler.

BRIGHTON, Wednesday, 3/7/89.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I wish you had told me what the Shah said to you. You were laconic, but with all your writing it is only natural. I heard from Madeleine de Pegronnet. She says you gave them a delicious luncheon and ices. It's all very well your passing it off as a chance visit, but ices seem very premeditated.

What a strange theory Napoleon had about his bile: there is no personal defect a man cannot get himself to be vain of. "Don't you know," said he to the Comte de Ségur, "that every man that's worth anything is bilious? 'Tis the hidden fire. By the help of its excitement I see clear in difficult junctures. It wins me my battles."

FRESHWATER, 6/7/89.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Lady B.'s *De Staël* is full of *plums*, not her own, but clever French sayings. I don't believe in your "interruptions."

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Prime Minister 1905-1909.

They are ~~started~~ in blue pencil à la Whistler. I'll have a red pencil and stop suddenly with "The dogs want to go out." Don't forget you are pledged here on the 19th.

I wonder how your Waddesdon went off. I thought it "read" a pleasant party.

Lady Dorothy tells me your attentions to her now are *most marked* and make her feel quite shy. What a pair of turtle-doves!

FRESHWATER, 13/7/89.

You told me about Victoria. I am glad you don't think we need go. It does not sound very alluring. We look forward *much* to the 19th. "Nous nous ferons une fête" meet you at Yarmouth and bring you here. I hope nothing will prevent this little plan. I am sure a week here will do *you* good. It seems greedy of us to have four to your one.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Pray tell Lady Gwendolen that we know from Alf's self—as lately as last month—that Lord S. "confides all his political difficulties to me." This was whispered in my ear driving me—vilely badly—to the Ashford Station. If he conducts the car of State as badly, Heaven help us. I am now breathlessly following the fortunes of Harold in the *Fifteen Battles*. It is a most delightful book! Frances is deep in Prescott's *Mexico*. Mrs. Jekyll lent us James's last novel, and the last book by the *Treasure Island* man, but F. says she much prefers *Mexico*, stories bore her so! See how superior we are!

Please bring with you a volume called *Epitome of History*. It is *my* book, and you have got it in your room. I also want Green's *Short History*. My studies require these. If you could bring me from London Library an alluring volume of Greek or Roman history, or any book to follow on from the *Fifteen Decisive*, I should thank you much. Don't bring *any* work to do; you must be out of doors *all* day.

Have you heard of Browning verses to (the late) Edward Fitzgerald in this week's *Athenæum*? I should like to hear what literary people think of it. A book called *Literary Remains and Letters of E. Fitzgerald* has just come out. It seems he was a friend of Tennyson, Lowell, etc. The book has been carelessly edited and remarks left in letters calculated to give pain. I think Browning's verses odious, and in the worst

possible taste to *two* dead people. If this is to be a poet, I am thankful you are not one.

FRESHWATER, Tuesday, 16/7/89.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Will you conform to our homely ways—Dinner 1, and tea-dinner at 7? Taking it then instead of at 8, one can stroll out on the downs in the evening, which I like.

I have just finished my *Decisive Battles*. Mind you bring me a nice book to follow up with. I have found the *Decisives* *most* interesting and not a bit heavy, only that they demand sustained attention. I am glad you enjoyed "Salisbury's," as the servants say.

Here is what was said of Madame du Deffand, and I think describes Lady — very well: "Je n'estime pas Madame du Deffand, mais c'est un grand chien qui fait lever beaucoup de gibier." That is her conversational quality. She "puts up" lots of game, and that's what's useful in dull society.

I at last have found a subject for an article! I propose refuting du Chaillu's theory of the ape being our great-grandfather; not that I find our physical improvement a difficulty, but our mental decadence is an insuperable one. No one will persuade me that any number of centuries would account for the difference in intellect between Lockyer (our Butler) and a Zoo monkey.

P.S.—As you don't allow "fool" and I don't think "owl" abusive enough, let us compound for "fowl." Was not John *fowlish* about your *umberella* (as he calls it) and your keys?

HÔTEL DE FLANDRE, BRUSSELS,

23/8/89.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Our crossing was *very rough* and we were prepared for the worst, but, strange to relate, not one of the three was sick! Yesterday we walked about the *dear* streets and looked into shops in the morning. We did no churches or museums. In the afternoon the "Guides" played in the Park. The Park lamp-posts were all dressed with armour—cuirasses and crossed swords and flags—very prettily, in honour of some Belgian battle, and the band was excellent. Then after table d'hôte

to see St. Gudule, which was lit up and singing going on. Then to more band at the Vauxhall in the Park from 8 till 10. They played Gounod's "Ave Maria." It made me a little sad to remember being in that same Vauxhall thirty years ago (1859), very likely in August too, with poor, dear Dalicky. What a stretch of life between this and that! You and I have been there since, I think, or started to go there if we didn't get to it.

HOMBURG, *Monday, 26th August 1889.*

This place is full of Royalties. The Empress Frederick and her three daughters (and Princess Christian) at the Schloss, and the betrothed of one of them, the Duke of Sparta. Then the Prince, *your* Duke, the blind Grand Duke of Strelitz, and Christopher Sykes. We only got here at 4 p.m. yesterday, and H. at once made me write my name down for the Empress, who is offended (*they say*!) at any English person not doing it. *N.B.*—H. inscribed hers for the second time! But in the few hours we have been together I have discovered that she is "death" on that sort of thing. After dinner we went to the Kurgarten—band playing, Chinese lanterns, and all that. H. chose the spot where we should sit, and I suspected no trap; but when the Prince's party had done dinner, they swarmed down and sat just in front of us, and it seems that is where they always sit, so she had put us there on purpose. It was such a horrid little comedy altogether. The Prince did *not* see me. Lady — came to talk—to keep well with every one, but panting to get back to the Royal group. The old Duke was very civil, talking to Frances and me, and pinching us to see if our clothes were warm enough. Lady — said she would go into Frankfort with us to-day (we go on to Würzburg), and we are to partake there at luncheon of a *soufflé en surprise*, of which the illustrious people rave (a hot soufflé with ice inside). She will not want the soufflé, as it will cost money, but I think I shall make her have it, as her appetite for Royal society brought it about.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

WÜRZBURG, *Thursday, August '89.*

*I can't say the day of the month.*

I have not written to you since I wrote on Monday from Homburg. On our road here that day we met Sir Ralph

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

Thompson at a German Clapham Junction, who told me he had left you quite well two days before, and drinking "Carlsbad water." I fear that looks like indigestion. You ought to be going to Marienbad, not me. We have found so much to see here that we have stayed on till now. The town itself is charmingly picturesque, with a beautiful Bishop's Palace full of such tapestry and such furniture! Yesterday we went over to Kissingen for the 'day—a very nice excursion. We dined there next old Bylandt,<sup>1</sup> who was very *galant*. Countess B. could not appear, suffering from a *bad mosquito bite*; Prince Christian was at dinner.

HOTEL KLINGER, MARIENBAD, 7/9/89.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Why don't you go on from Metz to Coburg and pay the Duchess of Edinburgh a little visit? It would be a novelty to you. You could come on then and meet us at Dresden. The band begins to play outside this hotel at 6.30, and after that there is no peace. I drink three glasses, with intervals of fifteen minutes, then take an hour's walk in the woods, then come home to tea and dry bread. The Bannermans put us up to buying our bread at an adjacent baker's. One gets it fresh and unfingered. I also buy three raw eggs—and we have an egg-boiler. They cost three kreuzers each, instead of the hotel charge of twenty each! The food is not at all good, *except* the sweets, which one may not eat, but which are excellent. The meat is wretched, and the fowls are like sparrows, *nothing* on them. We find Lord — an intolerable bore and do all we can to shake him off. The C.-Bannermans are most friendly. The Bishop and wife are *unsoignés*, and he has horribly soft hands. Yesterday I met Maude Valerie White, and to-day she is to come and fetch us, and we are to try her hotel for our 1 o'clock meal.

I can't forget that dreadful risk you ran at Aldershot. It quite haunts me. Please don't let such dreadful things happen again.

HOTEL KLINGER,  
9th September 1889.

Lady  
Wolsley.

I really begin to like the place rather better. The people are gradually thinning off. The Doctor leaves soon, so one must

<sup>1</sup> Sometime Netherlands Minister in London.

look after one's own interior economy. Poor Mrs. — has been much troubled with hers the last few days—and so I have not had her company during my morning walks, and to tell the truth have much enjoyed my solitude. It is rather dreadful to have a person talking bright platitudes to one at 7 a.m. She is always cheerful, always considerate, never has a *flay* of imagination. She brings the entire energy of a clear intelligence to living a few kreuzers cheaper than any one else, and this too calls into play a great deal of self-denial. In this way she gets rid of the superabundant vitality which would have found its proper outlet in managing a *husband* and large family. Her little dodges are most amusing. She pockets bread from the restaurants, but not here, as one pays for each little bread one has. She carries about tinned soup and tinned tongue, and eats them in private, thereby saving a meal. She also fills and empties her own bath, and as she uses cold water she has nothing to pay for. She would not go to see the Doctor—to save expense—but acted on what he told *me*—and I suppose it does not suit her, for she has been quite upset. It is the tinned tongue, I think, too! Can you fancy life being worth living on Brand's Essence and tinned tongue, and *without* a campaign! To-day I got far away from all the Germans into entire solitude, and up to a considerable height. Mrs. Campbell-Bannerman says one may walk anywhere alone, the peasants are so civil and well-behaved, but you know I am not very brave! Mrs. — has gone to battle with the Burgomaster about her Kur-tax. She has been here two days over the week—a week is allowed free—and has therefore to pay the same as if she were here for the whole season. Here *every one* expects a tip. Every man takes off his hat to you down to the ground every day, and when you leave they all assemble to “kiss the hand” (in words only) and to be tipped. It will be great fun on Wednesday to witness Mrs. —'s departure. I believe she will walk to the station carrying her trunk to avoid them.

I wish you could see the fat Germans here. I am sure if you ever have to fight them, you have only to cut off their commissariat and they will give you no trouble. Leave them their cannons and seize their *Küchens*—and they will surrender in twelve hours.



HOTEL KLINGER, MARIENBAD,

Wednesday, 11th September '89.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Mrs. — has just left. She got quite ill, but her illness pleased in *one* way. It enabled her to save on her meals. She announced with great glee that she had only spent ninety kreuzers—about 1s. 6d.—on food yesterday.

The Bishop's amiable wife is confined to her bed and we go and sit with her. She seems not to like to be a moment alone, which seems strange to *me*. She asked Mitchell to go and wash her in bed, and shocked M. by pulling off her nightgown without any hesitation. She and the Bishop sleep in the same room, *never* have a bath, and wash with the same piece of soap, and that a very small piece, and in a teacup of water. He looks untidy and unbrushed, but he is really very nice and kind, and chats of *everything*—his servants, his ecclesiastical occupations, etc. etc. The band ceases to play next Sunday, and after that I expect to find myself the only drinker at the well. What a blessing it is to like one's own company, only that it is a curse when one can't get it.

MARIENBAD, 17/9/89.

Lady  
Wolseley.

The Metternich Schloss (Königswaeter), which we went to see, is not much of a place. There is a curious museum of all the objects of interest the Minister collected in his life. There was Talleyrand's walking-stick, and the King of Rome's cane, and Taglioni's shoe, and Napoleon's "wash-and-hand-basin-stand" from Elba, and a piece of his pall, and a letter of Byron's, and the bag Eugénie took with her when she left the Tuileries. The Schloss has a body and two wings, and across the wings an iron "grille" like Chevening. It stands in rather pretty grounds; there is *another* building in the grounds, which is an inn belonging to the Metternichs, where any one can get refreshments before going to the museum. Fancy Lord Stanhope having an inn for the Sevenoaks 'Arrys at his door!

P.S.—I have just got your letter and hurry off this at once for your speech. I am afraid it is very *English*.

Je regrette infiniment ne pouvoir vous remercier en allemand de l'honneur que vous me faites. Je ne parle pas votre

belle langue ; je suis donc obligé de m'exprimer en français, sachant que le français se parle plus généralement que l'anglais.

Chaque année plusieurs officiers anglais se rendent à Metz pour étudier sur place les champs de batailles où on a livré de si glorieux combats. De retour en Angleterre ces officiers ne manquent jamais de me parler (I don't know "report") avec chaleur de la bonté et de l'hospitalité qui leur a été témoignées par le Général et tous les officiers de la Garrison de Metz.

Je fais mes vœux les plus sincères pour que ces bons sentiments s'augmentent entre la grande armée de l'Allemagne et notre petite armée Britannique. N'oublions jamais que dans le passé nos armées ont combattu ensemble (*bras à bras* ? I am not sure if there is such an expression) en bons alliés. Je suis profondément touché du bon accueil que vous nous avez fait, et je vous prie au nom de mes compagnons (camarades ? too familiar, perhaps) d'agréer nos sincères remerciements.

Je bois à l'armée (or Lève mon verre) de l'Allemagne et à son avenir glorieux.

MARIENBAD, Sunday, 22/9/89.

At Dresden we must hear a Wagner opera well done and see how we like it. We have had since yesterday the excitement of a royalty : the Archduke Karl—the Emperor's brother. Yesterday when he arrived we were quite the British snobs dogging his carriage, but it is pardonable here where one has no occupation ! It was great fun seeing the hotel excitement—the staff in tail coats and white gloves. There are two policemen—armed like *bersaglieri*—who are sent to wait at every different point he visits in the town. He drank at the Brunnen, but did not walk up and down at the band, which had been expected of him. He went to Mass, and the country people stood on the church seats to look at him. He is in uniform, with such a nice military greatcoat lined with red. The Burgo-master never leaves him day or night.

Lady  
Wolseley.

RANGER'S HOUSE, GREENWICH PARK, S.E.,

29/12/89.

The enclosed Christmas card is amusing. But why have such vulgar things at all ? It is only the Augustus Harris

Lady  
Wolseley.

and the Routledges who have them, and then they should be merely for strangers, not for an Uncle who has made your career!. I have read Lady Catherine Gaskell's article on "Women" in November *Nineteenth Century*. It is very clever and very sensible. I am reading, too, with great pleasure, Mallock's *From an Enchanted Island* (Cyprus). It is full of fancy and imagination. I am trying to put all letters aside and have a good holiday, but it seems almost impossible. I am glad you think I was correct about the little *poseuse*. I am not *quite* about people, but I think I am fairly correct once I am on the track. I am sorry to hear of the boy's stammer. It will be a great drawback to him in life. Perhaps he is shy with you.

Ask Mr. Scott about our coils. He hides his in marble consoles, but we have none. Could we conceal them under our big settees, or would the woodwork break up from the heat? Look at his and reflect. Tell me if his house *marches* well. He teaches his footmen even *how to get out of bed* and throw back the clothes. If the weather is at all fine we shall go to poor Browning's funeral, but to-day is *Siberian* and a fog thrown in.

1890-1891

[IN 1890 Lord Wolseley succeeded Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland.]

## CHAPTER XIX

ARMY AND NAVY CLUB,  
7/8/90.

The Queen was very gracious at dinner last night at Osborne, and looked very happy and well. The Princess of Wales looked twenty, and lovely, though dressed upon a very hot night in a bright red velvet dress. Fifty sat down to dinner. We dined in a tent joining on to the house. After the dinner the Queen stood up and proposed the Emperor's health, which we drank: the band had been ordered to play, and the piper not to pipe when this was done. There was a pause: no band. The Queen angry: messenger sent for the band to play—all still standing, when in burst the pipes, blowing hard at "Scots wha hae," or something of that sort. The Queen furious, calling out to stop that piper. Piper turned back and his wind-bag silenced. No band, so we all sat down. The Duke of Connaught began long explanation across the table to the Queen, who was very angry, but in the middle of it in again burst the irrepressible piper and his infernal lament over some old Highland cow that had "been stolen away." It was too comical, and every one burst out laughing, the Emperor setting the example, and the Queen joining in it. The Emperor was very jolly all day, full of life and fun, with great reality in all he does or says. The Prince of Wales, who was most kind, goes to Homburg as soon as the Cowes Week is over, the Queen to Scotland.

RANGER'S HOUSE,

8th August 1890. 9 p.m.\*

Lord  
Wolsley.

At Clarence House last night—de Staäl<sup>1</sup> and young Maurice Bourke and self the only strangers. Three of the little princesses and the young prince dined with us. The latter is immensely improved, and his mother is giving him very good manners. The girls promise to be tall. The eldest very nice looking. We played whist in the evening: the Duke was very talkative and a little difficult to follow: de Staäl very dry and amusing. The Duke went off this morning to Kissingen, and to-morrow the Duchess and all the family go to Coburg—I am to see her off. The Duke, as you perhaps may have seen in some of your gossip papers, has been given the naval command at Plymouth. I presume all will rally there this winter. I have just read your letter at breakfast, with Cæsar—I wish his name were not Cæsar—looking at me with his great paws on the doors leading from the dining-room to the gardens; his great honest face watching me, and his long tail still wagging with the satisfaction his stomach derived from the skin of the Yarmouth bloater I had for breakfast and so shared with him. I took the inside and gave him the hard shell—the usual selfish division made by man with his best friend, the dog. This morning I had Mr. Stead, late of the *Pall Mall*, to breakfast, and I found him so interesting that he stayed on to luncheon at half-past twelve. We had breakfasted at 7 a.m. Of course I don't agree with his socialistic views, but there is an earnestness in the man which takes me very much. His father was a Methodist minister, and he is—to my astonishment—a strong believer in Christianity, that is, in the teaching of Christ. His idea is there should be one universal religion, that of trying individually to be like Christ, and in all relations in life to act as you think Christ would have acted under similar circumstances. This he thinks would be a bond of religious union between Roman Catholics and all denominations of Protestants. He is a sort of man who in days of active revolution might be a serious danger. I looked at him, thinking if it should ever be my lot to have to hang or shoot him.

\* You have never before written to me so regularly, and I fully appreciate the attention. A letter has gone to the Treasury

<sup>1</sup> The Russian Ambassador.

urging that my pay and allowances in Ireland be made up to £4000 a year. That would be a very acceptable solution, but I don't think Goschen, if he sees it, will consent. He certainly has been no friend of mine, as regards my pay, and I don't expect him to be so now. However, I am glad I urged the matter by boldly writing to point out how inferior would be my pay when compared with that received by all my predecessors.

Stanhope<sup>1</sup> went away last night from town, and before he left he came to my room to bid me good-bye. He was as nice as he could be, and we parted good friends, outwardly at least.

P.S.—Hurrah! Since writing to you this morning I have received a letter from the Treasury giving me pay in Ireland at the rate of £4300 a year, which is exactly £1000 a year more than I was to have. This will make us much more comfortable. If we can only get rid of Hill Street now we shall be well off during our sojourn in filthy Dublin.

EAST BURNHAM LODGE, SLOUGH,  
*Wednesday, 20th August 1890.*

I congratulate Frances upon the notice of her in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. An American coming to England for a few days or weeks generalises from his small and short experience: how absurd! and yet that is how history is made in this age of printing and newspapers. The letter of Browning I think delightful. What a pity that a man who could write such plain, good, forceable, and easily understood sense in prose, should ever have embarked in writing the mystic and un-understandable gibberish which he called poetry!

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

We had quite a pleasant time yesterday on the river, though from about 1 p.m. it rained incessantly. Grove had stayed here the night before, and he and "the Major" and Madame met me at Taplow station, from whence we drove to Maidenhead. There Skindles was in its glory. It has been greatly enlarged to allow of a still larger number of doubtful-looking couples to spend their "Saturday to Monday" at. I saw one old thing who must be as old as I am, a well-known cocotte—not spelt correctly, I think, but then I don't know much about

<sup>1</sup> Right Hon. Edward Stanhope (1840-93), second son of fifth Earl Stanhope, Secretary of State for War, 1887-92.

them—when I was quite young. She has a good income from those she has lived with, and as Pope says in his essay on women, seems apparently to love “to haunt the places where her virtue fell.” That is not correctly quoted, for it is some twenty-five years since I read it. There we embarked, with luncheon baskets and wraps, in a very nice boat, and Grove pulled us slowly but “gracefully” up that loveliest of reaches which extends from Maidenhead to Formosa.

We rowed back to Maidenhead in the rain, where the Griffiths’ carriage met us, and we came on here in it through lovely Burnham Beeches—oh, how lovely they are!—beyond there the most beautiful of heather and bracken-covered common, rich with greens of many shades and with purple. Beyond lay this little place: a reddish modern house of the villa type, “standing in its own grounds” of some eighty acres: it is for sale at £15,000. A delightful home for us.

*Friday, 22/8/90.*

Lord  
Wolseley.

On Monday, the 1st September, I go away and expect to appear at the Manœuvres at Lord Wantage’s. I don’t propose to appear here many times during the month of September. Now that the time for going to Ireland is close at hand, much as I rejoice at getting out of this place under present circumstances, I loath the idea more and more of going to Dublin. The squalor of the people, the wet climate, etc., make the notion more and more repulsive. However, it must be faced. To-morrow I mean to stay at home and have a long ride. I have Mr. Stead coming to breakfast. He has just sent me the proof of his article on me for his next number of the *Review of Reviews*. It is made up of extracts from Mr. Low’s book about me, and from the conversation I had with him when he last paid me a visit. He must have a wonderful memory, for he repeats many things I said which I had forgotten.

*23th August 1890.*

Lord  
Wolseley.

To-morrow we go to Aldershot for one of the Duke’s silly reviews, and the day after, Saturday, another still more silly inspection at Woolwich, dinner at mess, etc. How glad I shall be to get away from all this ceremonious nonsense! I don’t believe there is a more loyal man in England than I am, or one who would do more—few as much—than I would do for

the Monarchy; but, much as I am attached to the Royal Family, I dislike having to deal with Royal people on any business matter, much less on Army matters.

. . . . .

*Sunday, 31/8/90.*

A day of peaceful rest after a good deal of noisy nonsense. The Duke proposed my health last night at the R.A. mess, and in my speech I mentioned in a chaffy manner the strong language I had heard him use at times when he pitched into delinquents. This brought down the house. I said I hoped I deserved his praise as well as those delinquents had always deserved his censure.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I go north to-morrow to Walter Stanhope's; so does H.R.H. to the Downes',<sup>1</sup> where he stays for the week. He told me last night that he missed the society of some one in whom he could confide, and positively hated his big house at this season. Hence his love for getting away at this season when London was so empty. I do sympathise with him.

PYT HOUSE, TISBURY, WILTS,

*Sunday, 7th September 1890.*

I have polished off a large number of letters this morning already, and now scribble you a few lines before lunch. This is a nice house. I have been looking over piles of old letters, chiefly from Charles the First to Prince Rupert—so well written and so well worded many of them they would have done credit to a literary man of the present day. The lady of the house is always nice—a soft voice and manner is enough to make most women charming. Hatch House, as you perhaps remember, is the old house only a few hundred yards from this house, and is that in which the first Lord Clarendon lived.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

We drove over to see General Pitt Rivers, a man of varied tastes and very public-spirited, who lives in the midst of Cranbourne Chase, a part of which he has converted into a small public park. There he has a band every Sunday during the summer, which plays *pro bono publico*. Crowds come from all sides to listen and walk about. The band is dressed in wide-

<sup>1</sup> Viscount Downe was A.D.C. to the Duke of Cambridge.



awake hats trimmed with gold lace, blue coats, and yellow facings—his own livery, buff breeches and gaiters. They are all shepherds, carpenters, waggonmen, etc. etc., on his estate, the largest in Wiltshire—about 40,000 acres.

We had a horrible function at Sheffield. I will send you a local paper to tell you all about it. The dinner was little better than "pig's wash," and the oratory contemptible, in a great hall where it was absolutely impossible to make yourself heard beyond the people in your immediate vicinity. Lord Londonderry made a *very* long speech which no one listened to, but it was one that will read well.

Harman tells me H.R.H. had spoken to him about making Prince Edward a Field-Marshal, but he has been dissuaded from doing so.

DUBLIN, ROYAL HOTEL, KILDARE STREET,  
2nd October 1890.

Lord  
Wolseley.

The brushes are beautiful—"Oh, what a surprise!" The rug was most comfortable and very useful, for it was cold in the train. Thank you a thousand times for your kind thought of my wants and comforts, and please tell Frances that I hope her new brushes may be as nice as mine. I feel as if this place was entirely a foreign town, and I seem surprised to hear its people speak English, even though it be with a strong accent. Well, for my journey first. The careful Rayner was waiting for me at Euston. I was nearly half an hour before my time, as the roads were so clear we came along in excellent time. Very few people up in the "Old Kent Road" before 7 a.m.; no buses, no trams, and extremely few carts of any sort. Childers and Cecil<sup>1</sup> soon turned up, but the luggage and servant of the latter were nearly late: just arrived only as the engine whistled for starting. No events *en route*: came in for storms of rain near Chester. Reached Holyhead, and went on board. Ate luncheon on board as soon as possible, for we were warned we should have it rough outside the harbour. Lay down in my cabin and read Butler's *Sir C. Napier*. Little bits of it might, as regards good style, be taken out of Carlyle. It is good and it is bad. Some parts very good, but it aggravates

<sup>1</sup> Lord Edward Cecil, fourth son of third Marquis of Salisbury, A.D.C. to Lord Wolseley and Lord Kitchener, Finance Minister in Egypt.

me occasionally when he magnifies France to depreciate England. Anything that will tell against what I prize most—namely, the honour and reputation of our Empire—he loves to dwell upon; anything that can be twisted into a glorification of the Celtic race is made to perform on his stage and lauded by a magniloquent chorus. He writes very well, and often most touchingly and sympathetically, but there is always too much straining after word-effect, too great a consciousness of superior literary skill. As we drew up alongside the pier at Kingstown, it seemed to be richly adorned with waving plumes and sword-carrying warriors of all sorts, whilst behind there was a Guard of Honour of the Royal Rifles. The reception was very cordial. The same thing, Guard of Honour, etc., was repeated at the Railway Road Station in Dublin, where the crowd was very considerable.

Our passage across the Channel was rough, but I went to sleep before the worst part. Young Cecil was ill, but he does not mind being ill, he says. The first man I ever heard say so.

P.S.—The Saxe-Weimars left nearly all their baggage—personal luggage—behind them in the hotel at Kingstown, where they stayed the night before they started for England. How the A.D.C. must have caught it from the Princess!

AVENUE HOTEL, BELFAST,  
9th October 1890. 6 a.m.

I enjoyed my visit to Armagh.

The Primate (Knox) lives in the town of Armagh in a charming little place of about 30 acres. He is a nice old man, most active and vigorous, and yet between eighty and ninety years of age. He took me over the Cathedral, the organ—a very fine one—playing "See, the Conquering Hero." I tell you all these little things to amuse you and not from any vanity; my worst enemy cannot have a poorer opinion of myself than I have. The Primate then took me to see the Roman Catholick (spelt with a K) Primate. He was absent on some duty, so I missed seeing him, which I regretted very much, as I want to be on good terms with the Romish priests in Ireland. The longer one lives, the more one becomes impressed with the fact

Lord  
Wolseley.

## THE LETTERS OF

that it is not the form of religion which a man adopts, but the way he carries out its "tenets" that makes him good or bad. I came on here yesterday evening, and was received by a great crowd at the station. I am inundated with friendly invitations to stay at country houses.

ENNISKILLEN, 16/10/90.

Lord  
Wolsley.

This racket of moving about with crowds to stare at one, and escorts and guards of honour, may have an attractive side for some people, but it has none for me. I was made for two phases of life only—one war, the other absolute quiet in a lovely country, with good riding in all directions. What an amusingly, provokingly, inconsequent people these Irish are: untidy and unpunctual beyond measure. The proverbial Irishman always wants a place under Government, and as soon as he gets one, he wants to leave it with a good pension, and to do nothing the rest of his life.

I have just administered justice to a Captain who was certainly drunk the night I dined at mess in Londonderry. I ordered him to leave the army or be tried, and he sent in his papers. His Colonel and all his brother officers declared he did not drink, and pleaded for him. I should not have been influenced by their appeals, but the knowledge that he had a very poor mother and nothing but his pay to live on, touched me—I could not bear to think of the old woman, broken-hearted and in poverty, with a son thrown on her hands, so I have let him off with a severe wiggling. I know it was wrong and weak of me, but, the old mother, she won.

ATHLONE, 18/10/90.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have just received your letter, with Miss Moore's enclosure. I am very glad she has been taken notice of by the Queen, and I hope she may often sing at Windsor. I am also pleased to find that there is still some one in the world who is really grateful even for the small acts of kindness she has received from you, and for the great help you have been in bringing her into such distinguished notice. Also I open my eyes with astonishment whenever any one halts in their success to thank me for anything in more than the most perfunctory manner for

having pushed them on, and possibly made their whole career for them.

Almost every newspaper I take up here has an advertisement saying that the Viscountess W. thinks the Albion soap excellent. I send you by this post a paper with their notice in it. Unless you gave the fellow who makes this infernal soap permission to publish your letter, I will write to him and forbid his inserting it any longer. Please answer this when next you write. How about the entrée: <sup>1</sup> did Sills find out for certain that an Irish P.C. has not the same right in this respect as an English P.C. ? If so, it is another "injustice to Ireland," is it not ?

Rayner proves to be a first-rate valet. He is always in my room before 6 a.m. with his cocoa, and, when I was a little seedy, with arrowroot, which he made himself, and made very well. Now he lights my fire for me before I get up, so I could not travel under better care. All my things are well packed, and nothing is ever late or forgotten. He is a man of a very inquiring mind, and visits all the sights in the neighbourhood of those barracks where I inspect. No cathedral or place of importance escapes him. He tells me the Irish railway porters are with difficulty induced to help him with his luggage; they look lazily on whilst he pulls and hauls the portmanteaux about.

I have just returned from Gort, where Lord Gough asked me to stay. It is curious to find these troops of cavalry, with sixty or seventy big Englishmen and a couple of English officers, living in a filthy little village or town as if they were in a foreign country. They all seem to like these detachments, which is still more curious. Then the inevitable parson, with nothing to do but preach to a half-empty church every Sunday and beget very large families. This morning we had a local doctor thrown in, who told us the ordinary news of the place in a most comical way; but it evidently did not occur to him that there was anything comical about his manner or accent.

CAHIR, 1st November 1890.

How quickly the months slip by!—not an original idea or even an unusual one, but a thought which occurs to men of fifty—

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> The special Entrée at Buckingham Palace accorded to Ambassadors, Cabinet Ministers, great officers of State, etc.

seven. How I used to dream of the future, and now I feel the wave of socialism is gathering strength to sweep away our old landmarks, when it will be held criminal to have capital or a stake in the country, when the labourer will refuse to work, and only insist on enjoying a share of inherited property. All this will lead to confusion, war, and internecine struggles, which may bring the soldiers to the front. In the end the man of talk will give way to the man of action, and the politician will black the boots of some successful cavalry colonel. A new Cromwell will clear the country of frothy talkers, and would that my lot could have been cast in such an era! But the trap is at the door to take me to the station.

UNDER-SECRETARY'S LODGE, DUBLIN,  
10/11/90.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Balfour<sup>1</sup> came down to dinner last night. I can't imagine how a man can exist with so little space allotted for boiler and internal mechanism. We had a paid magistrate to dinner who had been employed as a sort of detective to worm out and discover the criminals in several of the most brutal murders. He was eminently successful in all he undertook, and was the means of bringing several of the worst murderers to justice. He told us how he had done so, in each case in the form of a connected narrative that if written down word for word as he wrote it, would be most effective reading. Of course each story went to magnify his own adroitness.

The King of the Belgians has again fallen upon me and has begun to write to the *Times*.

W.

GLENART, ARKLOW,  
11th November 1890.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have been deep in Andrew Lang's Introduction—a charming bit of literature—and his story of Sir Stafford Northcote's boyhood and early life. He contrives to throw a charm over his narrative that makes me forget the subject of his book was so essentially my opposite (so much about him of the Tomcat that cared neither to fight nor make love) that I never

<sup>1</sup> Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, now Earl of Balfour; Chief Secretary, 1887-91.

met him without thanking God, like the Pharisee, I was not, as he was. He would have made an admirable chief clerk in a bank, whose clean, well-ordered house at Tooting, abounding in children and bubbling over with propriety and virtue, would have been the pattern for all neighbouring householders of detached or semi-detached villas. I believe his family to have been a very ancient yeoman family in Devonshire, who became comfortably rich by the woollen trade which flourished in the neighbourhood of Crediton in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Andrew L. does his *job* so well that he throws a halo of heroic interest about a man who was certainly filled with placid virtues and wearisome good qualities. I am so struck with his power to make the commonplace interesting that I felt, and feel, low at the thought of how utterly unable I am to write even about one whose very name recalls national triumphs, and who, in his day, was the central figure in Europe, the admiration of all women, the envy of all men. If Lang only knew as much of Marlborough as I do, what an epic he would produce about him.

DUBLIN, 18/11/90.

I drove yesterday afternoon to a place called the North Bull at Clontarf to inspect some ground we hope to get as a Rifle Range. It is close to where Lord —— has a place, and although he scarcely ever lives there, he has called upon me to say he will oppose our shooting there with all his might and main. He says he objects to the smoke—I told him our powder will in future be smokeless. His wife does not like the noise of the bullets on the target. His house is three-quarters of a mile from where the targets will be. This is a man usually called a public-spirited man. God help us and preserve us from such patriots—they are worse than the agitators, for they are more selfish. You ask me about Lord —— . He never speaks, but looks wise, solemn, and mournful; he must, I think, have committed some crime in early youth, over which he still ponders—have burnt his sister's doll, stole his brother's cake, or brushed up his father's hat the wrong way—some enormity of that sort he must have in mind, for in no other way can his stolid silence be accounted for. He *never* laughs, and his face is not made for

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

smiling. He is very rich, with a good English property and large sums in the funds as well.

CASTLE BERNARD, BANDON,  
29th November 1890.

Lord  
Wolsley.

My room is so cold that, sitting on the hearthrug with my back close to a roaring fire, I still shiver all over. The room is large and very well furnished, but as "the family" have been from home for several weeks, no fires seem to have been going in the house and certainly not in this room for months. It feels as if it never could be made warm again, especially as most of the heat from the fire goes up the chimney.

I knew the Bandons were only coming home to-day, as she told me she would not be home until this date. She wrote from Boir Castle to say she would send a carriage if I would tell her the train. I did not answer, as I had to come here to see a barrack and a detachment of troops now quartered temporarily in Bandon. After I had finished my work in Barracks, M'Laren and I drove here on an outside car. It is a lovely place—part of the house an old castle of King John's time, and covered with ivy. In front the ground slopes down to the river Bandon, whilst all round is fine timber. We rang the bell—no answer—pulled again, and, after a long pause, heard bolts being undone, and a curious-looking creature with a dirty ragged shirt, no shirt collar, very old clothes, and a pasty face appeared. I thought he was the gardener. The great Rayner had to carry up my portmanteaux himself. He said there was no man-servant in the house and only two maids. I am sure he must be wrong, for the house is scrupulously clean.

The servants may be few, but the house is delightful : heaps of old armour and guns, etc., with scores of old pictures and plenty of china about. The man without the shirt collar has since appeared as an Irish—a very Irish—footman. The butler, I presume, was with my lord as valet. The place must cost a great deal to keep up ; how you and I would enjoy it were it ours ! But I hope, when our ship comes in, our lines may be cast elsewhere than in squalid Ireland. Decay meets you on all sides ; decay without any of those associations that make it lovable and interesting ; decay joined to dirt, untidiness, and squalor.

CASTLE BERNARD, BANDON,  
1st December 1890.

I have written to the Horse Guards to say I want to go to England for Xmas. H.R.H. will be furious with me, but it can't be helped. I thought it better at once to let him know that I do not mean to efface myself. He is angry also because I won't withdraw a letter recommending the Staff in Ireland to be reduced in number. The point is one on which I am a better judge than he can be, and I thought it necessary at once to put my foot down and show him I was not a schoolboy who would recommend only what his superior officer likes.

Lord  
Wolseley.

DUBLIN, 3/2/91.

I have just come back from the Levée, which was a long affair. I drove there in our brougham with Cecil as A.D.C., and an escort of the 4th Dragoon Guards! There, just fancy what you and Frances miss by not being here! I go to the Drawing-Room to-morrow night also in the same state. In front of the hotel this morning there was quite a crowd attracted by the big red soldiers on their big horses. The entrée here is up the most wretched steps of stairs, and the officials go from the room where the privileged assemble to another to meet His Excellency.

Lady Zetland asked me into her drawing-room, where all her women friends were at the windows. "God save the Queen" announced that the Lord-Lieutenant was *en route*, so I went out and joined the cortège, marching immediately behind him. We passed through the long drawing-room where the women all curtsied to His Excellency. In another room I was presented with all my Staff; we then stood up in a row and saw all the (very) general company go by. I told Lady Zetland I had lately used her drawing-room for our war games, and that we should now use the Privy Council Room. She and Lady Hilda are coming to see us "play" to-morrow.

After the Levée to-day we went into a dreary place called the Castle Garden to be photographed. Then we lunched in the Round Tower, the only old part of the Castle. There were four large round tables; I sat next the Duchess of Leinster.



DUBLIN, 6/2/91.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Last night a banquet of a hundred people in the St. Patrick's Hall, and a small ball of four hundred in the Throne Room afterwards. The banquet was very well done—good food and excellent wine. The hall is all white and gold—except the ceiling, on which there are pictures. Lord Zetland<sup>1</sup> sat at the top of the table, having taken in the Duchess of Leinster. On his other side sat his wife, whom the Duke of Leinster took in; then on the left Lady Woodford, Lord Ormonde, Lady Rosse, and Lord Mayo. On the right I took in Lady Gwendolen Cecil, and on my other side sat Lady Mayo.

I only stayed until about 11 p.m., and left when the ball was at its height. There is to be a small dinner this evening and a large ball in St. Patrick's Hall, to which I have not been invited, I am glad to say, so I shall get to bed early. I did *not* stand with what you might call the Court party during the Drawing-Room, but in "the pen," just opposite the Lord-Lieutenant, where all the Irish peers and peeresses and a host of officials, small and large, remain. The Court consists, it would seem, exclusively of the party staying in the Castle. They marched in before the Lord-Lieutenant two and two. The Duchess of Leinster looked very well; she had three high feathers standing up behind her tiara, forming an exact Prince of Wales' plume. Lady Zetland's<sup>1</sup> train was held up by two very small boy pages, dressed in the St. Patrick's blue silk. I have told Childers to find out if it is necessary for me to go to the other Drawing-Room, for, as I don't form part of the pageant, I don't see why I should go. In the afternoon I mean to walk out and have tea with Miss Baifour and Lady Gwendolen Cecil.

Harman tells me the Prince of Wales is annoyed with Buller for postponing all military action until the civil trial of this gambling case comes off some months hence. The Prince said, "I wish we had Wolsley back again." Harman wants to go to Gibraltar; the Duke won't let him go, as he says he can't face a new Military Secretary. You have not heard of me in public since I have been in Ireland, so, if silence wins, I ought to be winning. Out at manoeuvres all this morning. I dine to-night with the Grenadiers.

<sup>1</sup> First Marquis of Zetland (b. 1844, still living); Viceroy, 1889-92.

CARTON, MAYNOOTH,  
22/2/91.

"Entre deux repas" is a very fair paraphrase of your friend's description of life in a country house. This I write just before dressing for dinner, having only lately finished a substantial tea. That followed upon a still more substantial luncheon. I was asked here with Edward Cecil for three or four days; but as I was engaged to dine out yesterday and to-morrow, I came here this morning—in time for church—and get to Dublin for a military lecture to-morrow. Cecil has a bad foot, hurt playing golf with Arthur Balfour; he has to lie up and be quiet until it is well. This is a truly lovely place. Eleven hundred acres within the park walls; beautiful water and timber everywhere, and the house itself filled with delightful furniture and pictures—Sir J. Reynolds, Wissing, Cuypp, etc.—and a delightful portrait of the Duchess over the fireplace in the dining-room. The ruins of the old castle stand in the grounds of the College for priests, over which I was taken by the Principal: a charming man without any brogue, and in face quite like an Englishman. They have just finished a new church, beautiful in its colouring. The very fine organ, in a gallery at the west end of the building, is played in the body of the church by a German priest, and played delightfully. Our company here in the house is: Mrs. Gerard Leigh, as usual beautifully dressed, her tea-gown a pale rose-pink, with a white front; the Duchess, who has already had on three gowns; her sister, married about eighteen months ago, and the husband—I did not catch their names. Then we have the Colonel commanding the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, whose name I never can remember, although I know him well, and the Italian Consul-General in Dublin, Count Something. Lady Fingal was here when I came, but went away after luncheon. She is a Catholic, a nice, pretty little woman, very fond of hunting, and her maiden name was Murphy. There is also a young Guardsman here whose name I don't know; and one of the Duke's spinster sisters, whose Christian name, I think, is Maude—age, say thirty-five, and unmarried; she is going round the world in one of George Stephen's ships, which starts early in April or end of March.

With such a home as this, I wonder how any one can care to go philandering to London every season.

Lord  
Wolseley.

DUBLIN, 27/2/91.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Your letter with *Morning Post* extract just received. I have had no official notice that I am to be one of the Generals on Selection Board, but I don't see how I can be passed over ; it will only meet at long intervals to decide about Colonels and Generals.

As I did not go to any of the recent dances at the Castle, I went last night to see their powdered ball. It was very pretty, and would have been very good were it not for the crowd, which was ridiculous. I came away at 11.30 before supper, and then all real dancing seemed impossible. To get to the door from where the dais was, a big burly A.D.C. cleared a passage for me by shoving the men and women back as a policeman would do with a crowd of street loiterers. I danced to please Lady Zetland *vis-à-vis* to her with Lady Bandon.

I have been photographed by two men here. I have only seen one, and it is simply odious. They have smoothed out all the wrinkles and taken away from my hideous face every shade of character it possesses. Perhaps you will say, my character is so bad that the photographer has done me a great service. However, like Cromwell, who threatened Cooper with hanging if he omitted his moles and wrinkles, I like to be shown ugly as Nature made me, and not painted over like a disreputable haridan with all the wrinkles smoothed out with paste and powder.

MOORE ABBEY, MONASTEREVAN,  
1st March 1891.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have just come here with little M'Laren. I ought to have come yesterday, but a gymnastic function in Dublin kept me up until past midnight. The house is cold, for they burn nothing but turf. Alongside my grate is a huge tub, 2½ feet high at least, in which the turf is kept. It must give the servants a great deal of labour to carry up the cubic yards burnt daily in each bedroom. The "oldest inhabitant" tells me no such mild and fine winter has ever been known in Ireland in man's memory. There was a very small dance at the Castle the evening after the Bal Poudré—I tell you this so that you should know what to expect in the dancing line next winter. I hope the Zetlands may still be here.

I did receive the telegram from New York, but I refused to

be drawn—no cheque was offered. I am now about to write my opinion of General Sherman for *United Service Magazine*, which will give me £50.

CARTON, MAYNOOTH, *Sunday*.

P.S.—I was delighted with the article in the French newspaper on Napoleon which you wished me to send on to Mr. Lang. It is a sort of critique on M. Taine's work, *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*. I wish you would get the other volume (I think it is called *Le Régime Moderne*) from the London Library, and if the book (price 5s.) is good you could buy the vol. on Napoleon and send it to me. I see in the papers a notice of a book just published—*Mrs. Osborn's Letters*. The lady was born in 1693 and married in 1710. Please ask Frances to look over it and see if there is any reference to Marlborough, his wife, or any of the Churchill family in it.

Lord  
Wolseley.

DUBLIN, *April Fools' Day*, 1891.

I had to take 25s. worth of tickets in the Water Colour Exhibition raffle, and have won a £5 prize. The world must be coming to an end when I win anything.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Tell Frances that a Mr. Olphert (who is a collector) has promised to send me a hamper of cuttings and flowers. He had a daffodil in his buttonhole last night which was pure white: he tells me it is indigenous in Ireland and nowhere else.

Yesterday I was the only *male* at Powerscourt who remained at home; the others went to Dublin to the Cattle Show. Lady Powerscourt and Lady Stopford went out driving, and bumped my body to the foot of the Sugarloaf Mountain, and there dropped me, both declaring I should never get to the top of it. Of course, that was enough to make me go there, and go I did. It is about 1700 or 1800 feet high. I mounted the sheltered side, striking out a path for myself. My fat sides ached occasionally, and my heart beat unpleasantly fast at times, but on the conical top of the mountain I was well repaid, for a more lovely view I never saw. Far out to sea there was a mist, so I did not see Wales, but looking south, along a stretch of golden sand, stood Arklow Head, with the bluest of blue seas intervening; looking inland were all the picturesque-looking Wicklow Mountains, many of them patched here and there with moor—heather-covered at other places, and at some

points covered with young pine woods which Powerscourt has planted. Lord Monck's house, Charleville, was beneath me, also another square-looking residence in which live two maiden ladies, very rich, surrounded by lovely things collected by their brother. Looking north from my vantage ground was the Bay of Dublin, and the blue sea beyond Howth. I lay down in the sun and—went to sleep.

I took a bee-line home through hedges and over ditches, and when near Powerscourt I was brought up by a river with no bridge over it. No one to ask, and it was getting late, so, as I don't clean my own boots, and was very pleasantly warm, I walked through the river, the cold water of which was very agreeable. Father Healy came to dinner, and poked fun at Mr. Fowell Buxton, the Norfolk Radical and Home Ruler.

KILDARE STREET CLUB, DUBLIN,

25/4/91.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have just come back from the races at Leopardstown ; the day was very fine, and the place was very full. I lunched both days with the Viceregal party. Yesterday Lady Zetland and several ladies ; to-day, only men. I struck up a pleasant acquaintance with Lady Suffolk. The men are all racing characters, and talk of nothing but the odds and racing gossip, which bores me beyond measure ; and I cannot help showing it, I am afraid.

I sent a telegram this morning to the German Emperor expressing my sympathy with him at his loss in Von Moltke. The idea came from Colonel Swaine, who assured me it would be acceptable. I have been bombarded with applications to write an article on Von Moltke. I should like to do one for the *Contemporary*. Could you ask Gosse<sup>1</sup> if words that used to be spelled with a z—such as "Civilization"—should now be spelt with an s. Also the past participle of words like spell—should we now write spelt or spelled ?

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN,

1st May 1891.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I feel I am wasting my short spell of life. I am quite prepared to live away from you, for active service, or any "odd job," but here life is uninteresting and very uncomfortable.

\* <sup>1</sup> Edmund Gosse, C.B., an intimate friend of Lord and Lady Wolsley.

Last night I was at St. Helen's, the Goughs' place near Blackrock—the best chef I have sampled and perhaps the nicest house here. Lady Gough has promised to send me some flowers for our garden. I beg wherever I go.

Did I tell you about Tuesday's dinner? Always a squeeze there—too many people at table for its size—cooking vile, wine filth. Mr. Martin, who composed and wrote "Ballyhooley" and other Irish songs of that same character, sat on the other side of me, and Father Healy—the wittiest man I know—and Mr. Mahaffy opposite.

The Emperor has telegraphed to me :

"Your kind sympathy has deeply touched my sorely stricken heart. The blow is as unexpected as it is severe. He was my trusted and intimate friend, my grandfather's glorious companion-in-arms, and the most faithful and obedient servant to all of us. A few minutes before his death he won his last game of whist in completely beating his adversaries. Let this be a good omen for the future.

WILLIAM, I.R."

13/5/91.

I have just come in from a long, solitary walk, and I felt a little down in my luck—old age coming on, perhaps.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I had hoped to have had one more campaign, but I have now no chance of serving again in the field. This thought is like one of those disagreeable people who call you "an old friend," and use the position to make themselves thoroughly disagreeable. I had always wished to be shot, and buried with other brave men by surviving comrades, but a cursed undertaker will have to deal with me.

Yesterday morning I rode to the Dublin Islington Exhibition buildings, where a Military Tournament comes off in aid of Irish Military Charities. We have a large building fitted up with old armour which is, later, to be placed in the Great Hall at the Royal Hospital. Then I went with Spencer Childers by tram to Lucan. From there, Colonel Dean, who is Chamberlain to the Lord-Lieutenant, drove us on to his house at Celbridge, an old house, apparently built on the ruins of an old abbey which stood on the banks of the Liffey. It will have a great interest for you, because it was poor Vanessa's house (the Vanhomrigh

woman). The room—now a book-room—where Swift strode in to Vanessa and threw her letter to Stella on the floor, and then stalked out, never again to see her, is, they say, just as it was in Swift's time.

ROYAL HOTEL, FERMOY,  
17/5/91.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I write this at my usual early hour in the morning. The sun fills my room with light to a dazzling intensity. I remember writing to you—I think it was last year—from this same hotel, and telling you of the watchman or men who call out the hours here at night and tell you how the weather is. I heard a fellow do this last night at midnight and again this morning at 5 a.m. A nice old custom that by and by will be disestablished when the low fools who now constitute a considerable proportion of the House of Commons have abolished religion, perhaps God, and everything, the contemplation of which feeds our mind with a sort of reverence and spiritual brain food.

This is a remarkably clean little town for Ireland. At least, the *place* where the hotel is situated is trim and tidy, and unlike this dirty Paddyland. Many English fishermen come here for the season usually, but last summer and spring were so dry, and the rivers now are so low, that men having stayed here a few days fly from it. We sleep here to-night and go back to Dublin to-morrow evening *via* Templemore, where I inspect. I dined with an old Battalion last night that has been destroyed twice: once in the middle of the last century and once again in 1840 or 1841—I forget which—in Afghanistan. The last event is one of the earliest public occurrences I can remember. It was during the retreat from Cabul—their Colonel was a martinet, whom the men hated, and when riding out of the Royal Barracks in Dublin a few years afterwards, his horse shied and threw him when the Guard turned out. He was killed on the spot, and his men are said to have turned out and given three cheers when they heard of it.

FASKALLY, PITLOCHRY, N.B.,  
25/5/91.

Lord  
Wolsley.

A profound secret—not to be told to any one but Frances. Stephen is to be made a *peér*! I have seen Lord Salisbury's letter telling him of it. He has not yet chosen his title, so I

don't suppose it can be in the *Birthday Gazette*, but he means to be Lord Mount Stephen, of Canada.

Mount Stephen, called after him, is the highest point in the Rocky Mountains through which his railroad runs. I think the idea is a very good one.

Write to Lady Stephen at once and congratulate her, telling her how much we appreciate having been told the news in confidence.

KILDARE STREET CLUB, DUBLIN,  
12/6/91.

Last night I dined at the King's Inn with all the judges and lawyers—old Ashbourne in the chair. He made an amusing speech in proposing my health, having told me there were to be no speeches. How entirely different the ways, customs, mode of life and way of looking at life of all classes here from their prototypes in England!—and the lawyers are no exception. There is still a great deal of rollicking fun about them, of which Englishmen know nothing. To-morrow I make another careful inspection of our future home, so as to be able to take you over the latest news as to its condition. I like that description of the "smart" women nowadays. I could forgive even their dullness if they had any goodness of heart. No wonder that men who can enjoy the society of the professional cocotte for a few sovereigns should fight shy of her amateur imitator. I am glad they have at least given up calling their lot "good society," for the adjective would be much out of place.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM, DUBLIN,  
28/6/91.

Yesterday evening at the Ridgeways we played for shillings at a sort of whirligig racing game. There must be something dreadful in store for me, for I won an old spinning-wheel in a lottery last week, and some six or seven shillings last night.

Cecil tells me the Prince and Princess of Wales have intimated their willingness to be invited to Hatfield. Perhaps that will so crowd the house that we may be put off.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*



ROYAL ST. GEORGE YACHT CLUB,  
KINGSTOWN, IRELAND,

3/7/91.

Lord  
Wolseley.

This place reminds me of the day I embarked here for the Crimea, November 19, 1854. I can see my dear mother as she sat on a grassy bank near this club and cried as I marched past her with my Company.

Did I tell you that I go every Sunday now to Christ Church Cathedral, where I sit in the stalls behind the choir and enjoy the music very much? I am sorry to say we shall be cut out of our Chapel at the Royal Hospital for some time, as the Board of Works have begun to put a new roof on it. In the meantime, service will be held every Sunday in the Great Hall, where benches and a hundred of our chairs have been put out to accommodate the cavalry regiment that goes there every Sunday. It is a great bore having this work going on close to our house, for it stops up the roadway round our side of the hospital. All visitors will therefore have to turn their carriages near our front door, which cannot fail to cut up the drive very much. Where shall we have *our sentry*?

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN,

6/7/91.

Lord  
Wolseley.

A wet day, with bright intervals, but it poured on me when out riding this morning. I have just been to see Desaille's "Vive l'Empereur." The charge of the French Red Hussars, and Napoleon in the distance looking on. A fine picture, and it appeals to me very much. I would infinitely prefer to lead some forlorn hope than to have written a Macaulay history or any poem that Browning ever penned.

By the bye, if Lady Salisbury asks you about the Zohrabs, say *he* was an Armenian, A.D.C. to the Khedive, and on my staff at Tel-el-Kebir and up the Nile; that he married a French actress; and that both were nice people in whom I took a great interest.

1890-1893

## CHAPTER XX

MARIENBAD, 4/8/90.

We got here at *three* yesterday afternoon, having left Cologne at *five* the afternoon before. We were turned out *every hour* regularly till we got to Würzburg, then three hours' run to Marienbad, then out again! It was awfully tiring, and just like being punished for some offence by not being allowed to sleep. To-day we went to Dr. Ott, and had to wait for *two hours* to see him. He said to Frances, "You are much better looking than last year," meaning "looking better." How agreeable broken English is! I have had a shriek from the Colonel to get rooms for his "tired wife and daughter," and have succeeded in getting them some in this hotel. He is excellent, but an intolerable anecdotist. Everything "reminds" him of something.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Tell me all about Osborne and the Emperor. What a trial the yacht would be to *me*!

10/8/90.

We see the German Emperor greeted you "with great warmth." Do describe the whole affair. I was so unwell to-day I had Ott *twice* to see me. The waters are not acting, went to my head, my face was crimson, and my body as hot as a red-hot brick. He gave me remedies, but I am to keep very quiet and not drink again for some days. It is provoking, as it wastes time.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Mr. P. Stanhope<sup>1</sup> and his Russian wife have arrived, and

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Philip Stanhope, created Lord Weardale.

I saw Lord and Lady — drive in, looking like a dusty butler and cook-housekeeper.

I consulted the Campbell-Bannermans about the Sec.'s Lodge, but she said, "I would advise you to have nothing to do with it." She thinks it very damp, so much so that some of the back rooms could never be used. He thought the drainage and water very defective. He said before they went there a great deal had been laid out on the drains, and magnificent stone drains put, but no system arranged for flooding them. He also, while there, went into the *water* question, and the Dublin authorities made out the supply was most pure. He, however, traced it to its source, and discovered the pump was in a *festoon* of cesspools. Still the B. of Works wrote a report proclaiming it to be perfectly safe, but appended an amusing minute to the paper: "It is recommended that the pump handle should be removed" !

Sunday.

Lady  
Wolsley.

The Bishop burst into my room at nine last night to have a chat—knocking but not waiting for yes or no. Luckily we were only at tea. To-day he is tamed, and tied by his episcopal duties.

15/8/90.

Lady  
Wolsley.

I am restored to health by a very strong Viennese remedy, a decoction of laurel leaves—you ought to use it!—which no Austrian stomach can resist. My British one did for many days. . . . Ott says my constitution has entirely changed since last year. I asked what would cause it ; he said much going out, dinners, etc., insufficient exercise, and autumn of life. I do so *hate* the drinking crowd in the morning that to-day I was out at 5.30. One is pretty safe from them till 6.15 ; after that, it is a mob. Then I came home, tubbed, and dressed, and Frances and I went off to a distant *Höhe*—a real country one, out of the pine woods, and with a lovely view and *such* delicious air.

Did I tell you Galliffet<sup>1</sup> is here? The gallant fellow is so *patched* and *pieced* that if he grew fat he would burst, and could never be patched again, so he keeps himself down. I found

<sup>1</sup> General Galliffet (1830-1909), famous cavalry leader and Minister for War, 1900.

him very pleasant. Colonel Colville thinks his French most difficult to understand, but I did not find any difficulty. He told me he knew an "admiration" of yours, "une personne assez originale avec une fille qui s'occupe du Primrose League." I guessed Lady Dorothy at once. He told me he had *embrassé*<sup>d</sup> her somewhere; I did not quite follow the story, but it must have been forfeits, I think, for he was told to do it, and consented if it was done "sous la lampe." I told him you and Lady D. had lovers' quarrels, and that she employed me to bring you back to her. He said, "Oh! Madame, c'est un joli métier que vous faites." Colonel Colville<sup>1</sup> told me he wanted to introduce Galliffet to some American women the other day, but he said, "Je ne fais pas de connaissances. D'ailleurs je n'aime pas les Américaines, ce ne sont pas des femmes ce sont des hommes d'affaires." All this is very trivial, but it comes under my pen. He weighs ten stone now, but in Paris over eleven. He eats most sparsely, and walks about in flannels and a waterproof to "transpirer." His wound makes it difficult to him to get on a horse, but once on it he is all right, but is bound up in some silver "appareil." He did not tell me all this!

I long to eat my food in my bedroom, as I get tired of the smoking and spitting and juggling peas and onions down their throats, downstairs.

The English post seemed to go wrong yesterday. I only got my papers at night instead of in the morning. We went to the theatre to see *Fra Diavolo*, which was laughable enough, and an English milord and his wife were made great fun of. The lord was the image of Mr. Godman. This morning, in consequence of only getting to bed at ten instead of nine, I did not get up! so I lost my last chat with dear Galliffet, who leaves to-day. Yesterday morning he was very interesting. He told me about his education, carried on at a seminary by Monseigneur Dupanloup. Mgr D. made the boys confess and communicate every week—which is usually only done in the case of priests. Before receiving the Holy Communion, they had to declare "contrition parfaite"—that is, *sincere* regret for anything they had done. He said as his faults were only boyish faults of eating too much tart, he would not express regret—"au contraire je désire seulement de recommencer," and so he was

<sup>1</sup> Colonel the Hon. Sir William Colville, brother of first Viscount Colville.

expelled. He spoke very nicely of religion, comparing ours with his, and saying the priests were the drawback to his religion, but that he thought it "une religion plus consolatrice" than ours. He spoke so feelingly about religion—with no sneer at it—that I asked him if it were true, taking himself, for instance, as an example, that Frenchmen had no religion, or at all events, never went inside a church; and he said it was quite true, and, that though he had a religion of his own, he never went to church. Then he compared the value of Englishmen and Frenchmen. He thinks as *individuals* Frenchmen are worth more, are more intelligent and logical in their views, but in a mass they are worth nothing, whereas English public opinion is most excellent. I think he has a great opinion of his own opinion. I should say he was proud of his own reputation; but he talks like a man who thinks, and so is interesting.

Campbell-B. told me he heard Galliffet had given the following advice to the young Duc d'Orléans as to his conduct in life: "Pas de collage, pas d'aventures, pas de gomme."

To fly off to scandals, let me tell you that the foreign Countess continues to have rows with every one. We *see* and *hear* her having them with the waiters at dinner. She screams with rage and calls people and things by every abusive name. She had a great row in a shop the other day and called the shopman a "dirty Jew." He sent for a policeman, who marched her home, she voluble with abuse and a crowd following. The man has summoned her, and they hope to settle it before the burgomaster and not go into court.

17/8/90.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Last night I took a box for the theatre and invited our friends to repay them the supper they would give us. They are irrepressibly friendly. They wanted us to *sup* after the theatre. We wouldn't. They wanted us to take tea there to-day. We won't. They lend me stupid novels which I can't read, and then question me about them. I return you Lord W.'s letter—you may like it for dates. We are going to hear a Wagner concert by the band, so as to have an alibi for the tea. It rains all day and every day. We continue to *find* the Campbell-B.'s quite the nicest people here.

Did you see an article in the *Times* about "Love me, love my dog"? I think it so easy to love the dog, and so hard to

love the people. You never mention our three angels! How are they? Please ascertain their views about the Lodge. I hope you are well *fed*, and that the maids get up early and keep you clean. Who went to Osborne with you?

About Greenwich. I would, if I were you, write to the excellent Cowell, and tell him what you will be out of pocket a year by taxes and gardens at Ranger's House, and say you would like to let it or lend it to some one who would relieve you of those expenses. It is *much* better to be quite open, and if he does not judge it necessary, he will not mention it to H. M.; but as he said strongly we ought not to let or lend, I would frankly tell him the state of the case. I think, with that settled, a few advertisements of "an excellent house in a suburb of London," etc., would bring a customer.

P.S.—Did I tell you of Galliffet's remark that he had known many intelligent women with small heads, but scarcely ever had known a man with a small head to have force of character? Also that his dog was *très aristocrat* and will not make friends with his valet de chambre, "qui est bien plus élégant qui moi." Just like our Roger, who rushed to meet the "Friendly Girls," thinking it was a garden party, and when he saw who they were, bow-wowed at them over his shoulder and ran back to us.

RANGER'S HOUSE, 10 p.m., 3/10/90.

I have just got your first letter. I am glad you liked the brushes and rug. If allowed, you would never have anything nice for *yourself*. Our poultry excursion was very interesting. I believe one might like "Wyandots," "Landshaws," and "Rosecombed Orpingtons" as much as Grohiers and Padeloups! We saw *a thousand* cocks and hens, ducks, pigeons, etc. The man who took us round explained everything, feeding, management, etc., so it was really a good lesson. The drive there, beyond St. Mary's Cray, is really charming. We are in hopes Cork will take our peacocks and give us fowls in exchange.

Lady  
Wolseley

My dear middle-aged friend went with me round the shops yesterday to see the fashions—she trying on all the youngest things! Dress is quite as interesting to her now as it was twenty years ago. She is jealous, I can see, of Frances' youth and dislikes going about with her. How sad! She is happier

with a poor old humble-bee like me, who has thrown up the sponge and doesn't try to rival *her* waist.

To-day we went to the Military Exhibition, and took Mrs. Lang with us. It was the "Officers' Competition" day, and *very badly* they competed. Barrington was entered for everything and very grandly dressed, but he did not *do* much! I am delighted you had such a reception. I long to hear further particulars of *everything*. I have been out at a quarter to seven each morning and am shrinking visibly.

RANGER'S HOUSE, 6/10/90.

Lady  
Wolsley.

I must tell you of our Kempe expedition yesterday. It was thoroughly enjoyable. We got to Hayward's Heath at 1.25. Mr. K.<sup>1</sup> met us there himself, with his waggonette, pair, coachman and footman, very well turned out for an "artistic" man. His house is in the village, a little back from the road, date 1583, and close to it an old half-timber cottage which he bought also. The exterior of both *very* picturesque. The garden is at the back and stretches away into the country, no houses to be seen. His garden is formal, and his yew hedges planted only fourteen years ago are magnificent. His receipt is "feed them." The inside of his house is *ravishing*. Partly old, partly added to, but you could not tell the new from the old. His rooms are, as Bodley said, a "series of pictures." All oak panelled, oak floors; *such* Eastern rugs! Lovely little recessed windows partly of stained glass; he is a stained glass maker, and his glass quite the best I have ever seen—every detail thought out, and yet it is *not* affected or *maniéré*. He took us all over the house, bed-rooms and all. I *should* like you to see it. Except the "great parlour," his rooms are all small. His dining-room small, long and narrow. The table *very* narrow; we all sat at one side and the servant handed things *across* the table. It was not in the middle but along the side of the room. Very quaint with its embroidered tablecloth. I felt I ought to have been an early Italian lady sitting at it. He is building a new wing, and asked me to lay the first corner-stone. I said Frances would. We had such a pretty little simple ceremony, all standing round the foundations in the garden—all being only we and three-and-

<sup>1</sup> Charles Eamer Kempe (1837-1910), famous for his stained-glass windows.

twenty workmen. We stood on lovely Indian rugs, the workmen bare-headed. Frances smoothed the mortar and tapped the stone, and said *Floreat Domus*, putting a new coin under the stone. Mr. Kempe made a little speech explaining *Floreat Domus*, and saying that, begun by good workmen, it must flourish. Then we all sang "God save the Queen." Then we drank a loving-cup, and the workmen after us. It was a nice brown crockery three-handled tankard and replenished from an old copper "black Jack" shaped jug, with a bunch of borage in it. (I am sure he knew the blue of the borage would look well in the copper.) Then the workmen gave three cheers for me, F., and Mr. K., and it was over. I very nearly asked them to give a cheer for "Lord Wolseley," but was shy. It was quite a pretty little ceremony, with a nice spirit about it of good-will between us all.

## RANGER'S HOUSE, 9/10/90.

Taylor makes out our house move is a big job; your books alone would fill thirteen cases. Oh, what a plague it is to move, and then move back again, spending our poor money! I find so little to write about in our very quiet life here—unless I gave you every pro and con of our little gardening and other arrangements, or told you that yesterday we went to town to get new stays! The charming A.D.C. elect is to come to-morrow, and miladi is coming also for a little visit. I believe, as he comes from Aldershot, she has planned to journey with him. The poor young man will be bewildered between his two Generals' wives, past and present. I am *out* at twenty minutes to seven still every morning and am growing quite slight!

Lady  
Wolseley.

The A.D.C. on your Staff I propose to attach *myself* to is little Childers. I write him terrible dispatches, and he answers very nicely and even says "he is glad to learn so much." We have our heads together into the pantry sink, and we light the kitchen fire to see if the water heats quickly—all by letter, of course. It will be a great gain to you that I should have some one to loose off my domestic energy on.

Miss Moore had such a success at Balmoral. She sang twelve songs to the Queen in the afternoon. The Queen asked for an Irish song. "The Wearin' o' the Green" was the only one Miss M. knew, so she sang that. The Queen said it was "so sad and *mistaken*." I do think that such a *delightful* little



phrase, it résumés the Royal limitations so accurately. What *they* don't agree with must be mistaken. Why did *you* let Dillon and O'Brien get off? What were your troops thinking of not to catch hold of them at some port?

RANGER'S HOUSE, *Friday*.

*Lady  
Wolsley.*

I was just knocked out of time at the —, and *desperately* glad to get home yesterday. It was a deadly country house party despite a pleasant Colonel — and the extremely vivacious Lady —. She discoursed or rather *gabbled* about everything. The — were *unusually civil*! *N.B.*—They go to Ireland every year. The poor dowdy — are really kind, nice people. He gave me 10s. 6d., the other people ignored my little charity. I am keeping a strict account of all donors. The youth is a very civil young cub. He looks more like twenty than twenty-five. He *hates* society, never goes into it, can talk of nothing but hunting, and haltingly at that. Miss — did all the work in talking to him, and very valiantly I will say. Whether she made any impression it is absolutely impossible to guess. The house was *filthy* and stuffy! and the food execrable. My breakfast in the morning was a battle. No salt, no knife, no napkin, and such tea, poisonous *tannin*, standing for hours I should think. Mitchell had to grope for my shoes herself in the boot-hole, as no one would bring them up. Of course the carriage was late to take us to the train, and we all had to go in the shooters' brake. What fearful things shooters do go out in, to be sure! Just two knife-boards balanced on the wheels. My mattress was composed of lumps with a central peak, and I spent all night trying not to roll out. I should think it has not been carded since — was born! I am *glad* to think the 17th will see you here. Must you bring Raynor here? I quite dread his seeing this *piggery*—I assure you the male slavey is worse and worse every day; the plate simply filthy, yet he covers himself with rouge in cleaning it, and looks as if he had killed a sheep.

P.S.—I am much interested in Parnell and read every word about it in the *St. James's Gazette*. I read the paper right through at night with my toes on the fender, because not seeing a man in the evening I felt the world might come to an end and I

not know it. I think Parnell is rather ill-treated by all the torrent of ridicule on his "tom-cat" adventures. Just as if, many of the men who jeer at him would not have done the same! More party-venom than morality in it! By the bye, you always call those good people you have been with "Carysbrooke," and their name is "Carysfort." I hope you did not do it to their faces!

## RANGER'S HOUSE, GREENWICH PARK, S.E.

15/1/91.

Here we are *de retour* from Horsley. A capital ball! Our drive to it was most dangerous, owing to the slippery roads—ice the whole way, and the men quite expected to have to drag the carriage. I must tell you of Lord — as a specimen young man *fin de siècle*. He took me in to supper. Asked me what I would drink. I said champagne—as I saw it there. He poured me out a glass and said, "I wish you would tell me if it is good," meaning before *he* drank any. I said, "You seem not to have forgotten your Latin, *Fiat experimentum*, etc."

Lady  
Wolseley.

I met Cyril Flower<sup>1</sup> in town full of *gush* about Gladstone's splendid strategy in outmanœuvring Parnell; but that remains to be proved, and I can't see either side has much to be proud of.

## RANGER'S HOUSE,

31/1/91.

Here we are back from our wedding. The kind "Ladies" let us dress there, and lent us their carriage. The church was very crowded; some were very dowdy. The bride looked *extremely* well and more self-possessed than most people are at any time, let alone at their wedding. The bridesmaids' hats were ugly, but their brooches pretty. A monogram in Guards' colours, and tiny coronet in tiny pearls and microscopic diamonds. Lady Stewart's house is charming as to shape and the colouring nice, not too glaring for Bodley. The *brilliant* red paper of drawing-room good for a dark widow with two dark daughters.

Lady  
Wolseley.

The two chief actors<sup>2</sup> were like a happy boy and girl—as

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Battersea.<sup>2</sup> Lord and Lady Lanesborough.

they are—very jolly and in the highest spirits and quite natural, at least if it is natural not to have any special feeling.

I have written for Taine and *Mrs. Osborne*, and will send them on if I get them. I am reading Fanny Kemble's *Further Records*, written at sixty-eight, and very rubbishy it is. Apropos of your going to Cyprus she says: "I hope Sir Garnet will black his face to be in character. Is he married, and is his wife's name anything like Desdemona?" All of which is very forced and not very funny.

#### RANGER'S HOUSE, 1/3/91.

Lady  
Wolseley

Last night I dined with the Knutsfords<sup>1</sup> to meet Princess Louise,<sup>2</sup> who had a *gumboil* and did not come. The party was Lord Lorne, Duke of Abercorn,<sup>3</sup> the Chamberlains, the dear Stephens, the Knutsford daughter with her Smith husband, the redoubtable Ashmead Bartlett, Mr. Cecil Rhodes (the lion of the moment). I sat between Bartlett and Knutsford. He is a little too *Ministerial*, always "in attendance on the Queen," somewhere. I thought Bartlett was going to confide in me about some private troubles, for he said, "I have been through some most painful scenes this week," but it was *only* a friend who died of the fog. Alfred Austin<sup>4</sup> is to have his play acted at the St. James's Theatre one night in June by *Ellen Terry*, etc. After this one night, if it succeeds, it will be produced by the ordinary St. James's Company, which includes Marion Terry. He is very excited about it. Old ——— was by Alfred's machination with Lord Salisbury ("I said to Salisbury you *must* do it") lately made a Baronet.

P.S.—There is merely a mention (no description) of Marlbro's funeral in *Mrs. Osborne* and one mention of the Duchess of M——. I will copy it out, but don't think you will care for it. She was Admiral Byng's sister, and her letters interceding for his life are interesting. Also a letter from the Duc de

<sup>1</sup> Henry Holland, first Viscount Knutsford, Secretary of State for Colonies, 1887-92.

<sup>2</sup> Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria.

<sup>3</sup> Second Duke.

<sup>4</sup> Alfred Austin, a leading journalist; Poet Laureate, 1896.

Richelieu to Voltaire saying how brave Byng was and how unjust his trial.

### RANGER'S HOUSE, 6/3/91.

This morning at 3.30 we got back here from our three days' "London season." We dined on Tuesday at the Blumenthals'; Lord Brownlow and de Staäl, my neighbour, was very dry and amusing. Superlatively good music. On Wednesday, after dinner, we went to see *Ivanhoe*. It is a good *spectacle*, but the music says nothing to one. Sullivan, who *can* write catching tunes, is foolish to attempt what he can't manage—a serious opera. He had better leave that to Wagner. As Mr. Goschen says, "It left me cold." There are one or two good innovations. No *curtain* between the scene-shiftings. The house gets dark for a second, and when the light returns the scene is altered. Yesterday evening we went first to a "Cinderella" dance at the Aberdeens'. Then Mrs. Marshall Roberts' ball at Spencer House. Miss Cornwallis West<sup>1</sup> was there. She is very tall and very fair, had a very pretty profile, but flushes when she gets hot. Being hot is only becoming to some girls.

Lady  
Wolseley.

### BELGRAVE MANSIONS, 27/4/91.

I was much interested in the Emperor's telegram. It had a warlike *tail*, I thought.

Lady  
Wolseley.

### B. MANSIONS, GROSVENOR GARDENS, 6/5/91.

We are at the end of a very hard week! I could not go on at this pace long, but there have been so few balls till now that I could not bear to say I was tired and not take F., but five nights running is tiring. On Thursday, Frances went to the opera with Alice Northcote. I dined with Lady —, who has two pretty daughters, and had collected two eldest sons for them. I went in to dinner with Lord —. He is an athlete with a very expansive shirt front. He told me he had a "*gun head*," a phrase which conveyed nothing to me. (I heard him also let it off on Lady Dufferin, and was comforted to find *she* didn't know what it meant!) So he had to explain he had been pigeon-shooting all day. I longed to ask how the *pigeons*'

Lady  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Princess Henry of Fless.

heads felt ! The other guests were Lord and Lady Churchill, Sir R. and Lady Abercromby, Mrs. Charles Eliot, Sir C. Fraser, Lady Dufferin—whom I like—and her girl, and some more young men. Then F. and I went to a ball in Hill Street, which we thoroughly enjoyed, and only got home at 4 a.m.—extraordinarily late for a London ball.

Last night we dined with the Reays to meet the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. We had the Montroses, Leconfields, Lady Galloway, Balfours of Burleigh, Sir Mackenzie Wallace, young Edward Stanley (the Preston eldest son) and his wife, Alcester, Lord Houghton, and George Curzon. I had Lord Houghton. Mr. Curzon took in Frances. I wished it had been reversed, as I would better have appreciated the political talk. Oh ! Mrs. Elliot Yorke was there and very nice. Forgive all this frivolity ! We lead a dreadful life, turning night into day, but yesterday, as a variation, we tried the driving capacities of three second coachmen, one after the other, and the jumping-up-and-down powers of three little grooms.

B. MANSIONS, 12/5/91.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I have only rubbish to fill my sheets to you, but as it is our life you will accept it. Frances has been to tea with Kathleen Cuffe, and there met Lillias Borthwick ; they had a "rare gossip." We went to see Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, with Miss Eames as Juliet, the girl to whom Julian Storey is engaged. She is *most* charming to hear and see. An ideal Juliet, and such lovely clothes.

BELGRAVE MANSIONS, 12/5/91.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Last night the Rothschild Ball. It was a *drum* with interludes of dancing. We went very early to see the people arrive. The staircase, diamonds, and gowns were a gorgeous sight, but after the arrivals were over it was a little tame. They only had six dances in the whole evening, and three were quadrilles. The heat was something beyond words. There were *three* young men ! and hundreds of bald heads, and hundreds of girls ! The Prince shook hands and the Princess talked to me, and said she had seen Frances and me at the opera on Saturday. What a memory !

I am so very tired of being away from *you*. I just long to have you with us again. You *can't* wish it as much as I do. How delightful it will be to be settled down with our own things, too, round us, and a garden and cocks and hens.

## B. MANSIONS, 4th June '91.

We got home from our Queen's Ball at about two. It was just the usual sight, not so full as usual, and with the usual desultory dancing. The diamonds were gorgeous, especially, perhaps, Lady Londonderry's. Sir John Cowell put us in a little quiet corner close to where the Royalties pass out, so we got several kindly handshakes. The Prince and Princess both looked tired, I thought. To-night we go to Lady Chetwode's. I hope that will be a good dancing ball. Some of these balls are very mysterious!—*perfect* for house, supper, flowers, and *scarcely a man!!* Lord Grey de Ruthyn saw two men he knew sitting out at one and said, "What are you two chaps sitting here for?" "We are waiting for our partners to come and fetch us!"

Lady  
Wolseley.

## B. MANSIONS, 9th June.

I have been reading a very nice and very *religious* book the last week—old as the hills, however—*Memorials of a Quiet Life*. It is by Aug. Hare, and the history of the uncle and aunt who brought him up. *She* was a wonderfully good woman, and little Augustus seems to have been very devoted to her. It was rather too texty for me, but the real goodness of the people is very sweet-smelling and elevating after a little "season," and I have really enjoyed it. I shall make F. a present of a copy as a nice book to keep.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I did not care much for the letter you sent me. I don't mean to hint it was theatrical, but it entirely missed, I thought, the pathos which comes with real feeling. Pray do not print a "General order" when I die (signed) "WOLSELEY." In the Hare book I tell you of, the coffins were always carried to the grave by men in Sussex smock-frocks—they were Sussex people—an idea that commends itself much to one.

BEECHWOOD PARK,<sup>1</sup> DUNSTABLE,  
28th June 1891.

Lady  
Wolsley.

We came here yesterday. It is a forty minutes' journey and a forty minutes' drive from the station, the most lovely drive possible through real *English* country, woods, picturesque houses, little old-fashioned towns, etc. We have an extremely pleasant party—not smart, not frumpy, not all old or all young, extremely well mixed. Here it is; shall I dissect it for you?

*Intelligence*.—Mr. and Mrs. Goschen, Hamilton Aidé, Sir Edgar Vincent, and I am obliged to add myself, having no claim to any other category.

*Wit*.—Mrs. Godfrey Webb, Lord Morris, *Beauty* Lady Helen Vincent, and pretty Mrs. Brooke (whom we met as Miss FitzPatrick, sister to Mrs. Cornwallis West, and who is now a widow).

*Girls*.—Frances and Lady Sybil Beauclerk.

*Young Men*.—Lord Castlerosse, a McMahon (son of Sir Thomas, I think), Lord Frederick Hamilton, George Peel.

I think it very cleverly arranged. The young men would find the girls colourless without the two pretty married women to add brilliancy to the party, and I should be furious if there were no young men.

I forgot a Mr. Morton Frewen (without his wife). The house is large, partly old, partly new. Mrs. A. says it was in such a state no one would take it, but she has had carpets cleaned and dyed, and has twisted it about till it is most comfortable. The park seems nice too. We are to drive this afternoon, I believe, over to Ashridge, about four miles. My room has a charming old Japanese paper, big bamboos with parrots and butterflies and humming-birds. The Chippendale glasses are in *silver*, not gilt frames, and it looks very well indeed. Now I must dress.

At the French Embassy on Thursday the Duke of Cambridge told me you had never been to see him. I said you had ~~been~~ three times, and that you were *desolated* at not finding him. He said I was to tell you he was very angry. I said I could not tell you that, for it would break your heart. He was quite pleased, and said I was to tell you it would be impossible to

<sup>1</sup> Belonging to Sir Egbert Sebright, Bart., let to Mrs. Adair.

send you anything but a pleasant message through me. He was delighted with himself, and repeated it all to de Staäl,

B. MANSIONS, GROSVENOR GARDENS,

30/6/91.

Our Adair visit continued and ended very pleasantly. On Sunday we drove over to Ashridge, 4 miles to tea, with Lord and Lady Brownlow. They had the Pembrokes, Lothians, etc., also the Oscar Wildes! It seems the Brownlows have got a little tired—or she has—of a narrow, restricted, social circle, and *fancy* they would like to know more of the artist world, actors and actresses, etc.! Ashridge was looking *most* beautiful. I had never seen it in summer. It is an ideal place—not the house, but the park, gardens, etc. *Lovely* Lady Helen Vincent had seemingly no desire to commune with *me*. However, as every one else was very nice, I did not take that to heart!

Lady  
Wolseley.

B. MANSIONS, 1/7/91.

Life is hurrying on in a dreadful whirl here! Last night was rather an off night (and to-day is a very *off* day, for I have had no letter from you!). We dined with the good Ladies. I had Sir Henry Thompson, very interesting and pleasant, and on the other side Gennadius, who is most amusing, I find, full of appreciation of fun! I will tell you one interesting little anecdote. Apropos of Westminster Abbey, Sir H. Thompson said that Shakespeare and Ben Jonson attended Spenser's funeral there, and threw their pens into his grave. Gennadius said that ceremony was copied from his countrymen the Greeks, who at the funeral of a very great (literary, I suppose) man, threw their *stylus* into the grave. Also that as Ben Jonson was a great Greek scholar, *he* must have told Shakespeare of the custom, as Shakespeare himself only read translations (*he* might, however, have read of it in the translations!). Gennadius was very amusing about the fashion amongst smart women now to be rude, and how if a man is civil they either think him quite second-rate, or imagine he is in love with them. He says he often sees in their looks that they think he has "des *intentions*" when he only has "des *attentions*," and he

Lady  
Wolseley.



laughs to himself in his chair when he gets home, over their misguided vanity.

I heroically went on to an *awful* drum. I left Frances in the carriage and stayed five minutes. There was a troop of "Spanish troubadours" in costume (very fat legs in white cotton stockings), as grave as judges, pinching a little whispered melody out of their guitars, *almost* inaudible amongst the roar of voices rising louder and louder, and the voices ceasing the moment the Spaniards ceased their tune. It was really amusing. Lady Tryon and Colonel (War Office) Fraser the only people I had ever seen.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN,  
*Sunday, 7/2/92.*

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I have just received Frances' letter of yesterday—please thank her for it. The toothpicks are just the usual common ones to be had everywhere, so hard and strong that you might as well pick your teeth with the poker. Those I wanted were just half the size. But never mind, these pokers will do for the Hussars and Guardsmen who dine here. Oh, such a dinner the other night! If officials would only give one a leg of mutton and a rice pudding and a good bottle of wine, how much pleasanter it would be for us, cheaper for their own pockets, and better for the general health of all parties. You know how little of a gourmet I am, but I draw the line at garbage—served up by heated, hurrying waiters—under the disguise of long French names, taken haphazard from some cookery book.

DUBLIN, *4th June 1892,*  
*My Fifty-ninth Birthday.*

#### OUR SILVER WEDDING DAY.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I have just received your nice fat letter of yesterday. Thank you so much for it, and for all it contains. As I have often told my brothers and sisters, you were evidently made for me, for I feel you are the only woman who does not bore me, the only woman I could live with, in fact the only woman who interests me. You amuse me, and have all the qualities for good that I have not: wit, great descriptive powers, and great imagination. You know as well as I do how much I

love you, and if I were only a little easier as to finance, I should be as happy as the day is long. I feel that both you and I have so much to be grateful and thankful for, that we ought more than others to try to please God and show Him how much we value His blessings and are sincerely grateful for them.

9/8/92.

A rumour, brought from London last night by Edward Cecil, says Tom Brassey is to be Lord-Lieutenant. I sincerely hope it is true, for though he is not brilliant, he is sensible, and would not embark upon measures that would lead to revolution. His Excellency was at the field day this morning, and I asked him to come with me to the Curragh on Friday for a manœuvre there, which he is to do. I have also arranged to give him a formal stately review here next Saturday. So I shall send him off with all honours.

Lord  
Wolseley.

CADIZ, *Monday, 26th September 1892.*

We have had a long and tiring day, and I am glad to be alone in my own cabin. We went ashore early, and left by train for Xeres, where all the sherry in the world is made. There we saw all the process of pressing and fermenting, and drank so many samples of old wine that we were soon jabbering all at once and might almost have been mistaken for Frenchmen. We had luncheon with the biggest of the wine manufacturers, went to see the best church, and at last got away in a jaded and somewhat *tooly-looral* condition. I was tired talking, and still more of listening to a garrulous Spanish Marquis, who chattered and gesticulated from the moment he joined us at 9 a.m. until we said good-bye to him at 4 p.m. As he faded away in distance whilst we drove to the station, I could see his arms waving as if he were a semifore (wrongly spelt), and I could hear the ripple of his garrulity long after a building hid him from us.

Lord  
Wolseley.

We start to-morrow for Lisbon, but we are not at all certain the Portuguese will give us "pratique." I tried to buy a piece of old embroidery for you, but the ancient devil—she-devil—who owned it differed with me so seriously as to its value that we could not come to terms.

LISBON, E.S. "MIRROR,"

*Thursday, 29/9/92.**Lord  
Wolsley.*

I have just returned from Cintra, the summer resort of the Lisbon folk. The King has a hideous modern castle in the worst possible German style—perched on the top of a rocky hill quite a thousand feet above the surrounding country. It is quite painful to see the poor horses pulling at their collars up the steep gradients in which the road has been constructed. When you get to the top, the view is very striking. On one side the mouth of the Tagus, with its very yellow sandy beach contrasting with the blue sea, which usually beats upon it rather angrily. Then turning round and looking north over a rolling plain studded with villages, you see the high ground of Torres Vedras, upon which Wellington constructed his celebrated lines. Our minister, Sir George Petre, met us at the railway station here in Lisbon, and went with us. He is a pleasant old man with an unpleasant stammer. We were then in turn presented to the King, whom I had met in London at the Jubilee in 1887. He was in uniform, which is unusual with him. If you can picture the Duchess of Edinburgh in boots and breeches, you will have a very good notion of what he looks like. His face is curiously like hers, and the accent with which he speaks English is exactly hers. He was very gracious : we did not see the Queen, which I regret.

We went to lunch with the Petres. She is a most affable woman, and has evidently been good-looking some forty or forty-five years ago : dressed in mauve with long golden fringe round her waist. She was very amusing, and did not mind when Sir George caught her up, which he did from time to time.

The King told me he hated living in the clouds at Cintra, and enjoys the seaside where he sees plenty of people. The Queen likes the quiet of her castle on the mountain-top, and hates the watering-place where the cocottes of Portugal come to wash themselves in the briny.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN,  
*29/1/93, Sunday Morning, very early.*

*Lord  
Wolsley.*

The Londonderrys arrived yesterday evening ; he had to dine out, but we had really a very pleasant dinner. The Row-

leys, father and mother; the Claude Guinnesses and their daughter; Miss Dowse, Father Healy, Arnold Forster (staying in the house), and some more whom I forget: twelve in all. The evening before, we were twelve men, including Judge Webb and Professor Tyrrell, between whom raged the most delightful discussion as to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. We had also Tisdall, who was quite eclipsed, and who was evidently most anxious to recite. There were also Barr Campbell<sup>1</sup> and his adjutant, Helyer 3rd Hussars, Coke, Childers, and Welby. I feel that all went away thoroughly pleased with their entertainment.

To-day His Ex. comes to luncheon to meet Lady Londonderry. My Lord lunches out with the Olpherts. Also the Moncrieffs and Judge Webb. Arnold Forster<sup>2</sup> rode Kathleen yesterday and the day before. She went very well, but he is so delicate that he could not stay out beyond an hour, and did not like going fast. I have mounted Spencer for the last week on Brown Bess, who is now quite well. She makes a noise, however, and if I can sell her to some infantry major or colonel who is a bad horseman, and wants a really steady charger, I shall do so. The dogs are quite well. Roger never comes near me; Coffee condescends to sleep in my room, but it is under protest.

You ask me about those two ladies. Well, they appeared here, and such figures of fun were never seen outside the booths of strolling players. The elder female's appearance beats everything I have contemplated in woman. She has now taken to a light wig. Their ideas and habits are barely human, and more suited to the monkey-house of a zoological gardens than to everyday life. When they appear on "the Front" at the seaside there must be a rush to gaze upon them. But what can poor Joe do? He knew them as a boy, when they too were very young. They are his own flesh and blood, and unless he poisons them—for which he would be certainly hanged—he cannot *débarrasser* himself of the relationship. He must wish they would emigrate; perhaps some negro potentate might be glad to have them as white women in his harem.

<sup>1</sup>Colonel Barrington Campbell, afterwards third Lord Blythswood.

<sup>2</sup>M.P., West Belfast, Secretary of State for War, 1903-6.

ROYAL HOSPITAL KILMAINHAM, DUBLIN,

24/5/93.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I am just from the Queen's Birthday parade, which went off very well, and there seemed to be a great crowd of people. I lunched at the Viceregal Lodge after the review, and there met the great Radical, Mr. Lucy,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Hardy the novelist. Where was it we met him before? I expect them both here every minute to see the Hospital.

My dinner on Sunday went off very well, and that at the Guards yesterday was enjoyable. Sir John would have sat there all night if I had not torn him away at last. He is a dear, good, old fellow, but I know exactly his limitations and I have already heard his views *many* times upon all the topics of the day. Of all the fallacies in the world, the greatest is the saying that "three is no company"; it is just the number I like best, for then I am not called upon to talk most.

13/6/93.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Enclosed note from Sir H. Ponsonby is in answer to my letter giving him my views about things here. In it I intimated indirectly that I could not stay here if Civil War took place. I am afraid the worry of this Home Rule Bill will kill the Queen. If it does, Mr. Gladstone will have another and a very great sin to answer for. I hear the excellent adjutant<sup>2</sup> of the Coldstream is engaged to one of the beautiful Taylor twins.

Sunday, 12/8/93.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have just come back from the Chapel Royal in the Castle, where I went to the Rifle Brigade military service and to hear Colonel Lyttelton's brother<sup>3</sup>—headmaster of Haileybury—preach. I enjoyed the sermon very much; it was sound stuff, such as soldiers can and will take in—no highfalutin nonsense about theoretical doctrine and mystic theology which few understand and which soldiers don't even try to.

I go to lunch with the Lytteltons by and by, and then back here to get through a huge pile of private letters. How I hate

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Lucy.<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Lieut.-General Sir Stanley Maude.<sup>3</sup> The Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton, afterwards Headmaster of Eton.

the prospect. The letters I mean, not the luncheon. Last night I dined with the Scots Guards—a farewell dinner. “Bar” has reduced his figure considerably, and I think he and all his officers are very sorry to leave. On Tuesday next I go to Monasteriven for a couple of days’ manœuvres. Lady Drogheda, who will be away, has allowed me to stay with my Staff at Moore Abbey. I am off again on Saturday, 19th, to stay with the Lord Chancellor in the West. There I remain until 28th, when I must come back to be again sworn in as Lord Justice. That boy, Richard, was given a week’s leave to visit his friends, but he has not been heard of since. I hope he has not tumbled down a well. I am much disturbed in my mind as to whether I should or should not vote in the Lords against old Gladstone’s Bill. What do you think?

You are right about the man of one hobby being a bore. And the hobby that is more or less mechanical, like playing the fiddle, singing, or dancing, or the tight rope, becomes automatically a bore. I cannot talk of the advantage of B flat over C sharp, nor do I care two twopenny d——’s whether the Blondin of the day chalks his boots with French or common chalk, etc. A real interest must be an intellectual one, into which any well-educated man or woman can enter.

I am so glad you are enjoying yourself, but you always do enjoy yourself on the Continent. The smell of a foreign drain to you is like the bouquet of “Château la Rose” to a connoisseur in wines: it gladdens your heart.

AT SEA, NEARLY OFF PORTLAND BILL,  
8th September 1893.

As I write this, I presume that Frances and you are sitting in the sunny gardens of Versailles. I have been driven below by a very heavy shower of rain. We have a westerly wind against us and a heavy chopping up-Channel sea breaking over our bows, which would put you *hors de combat* if you were on board. I think of you every hour of the day, and I pray morning and evening to God that He may help you. The older I grow the more I turn to Him for help, and the greater the comfort I obtain from feeling that I am in communion with my Father, and that He cares for me. I have just read the psalms for the day, and they are delightful—please read them if you have a Prayer Book with you.

Lord  
Wolseley.

1892-1893

## CHAPTER XXI

I STRATTON STREET,  
1st May 1892.

Lady  
Wolsley.

No letter from you all yesterday, and, of course, none can come to-day; *very naughty of you!* We have settled on the Bryanston Street house (21), and we go into it next Thursday, as they wanted that time to get it ready. We have given up Paris, but to-morrow we go to Brighton (King's Hotel will find us) till Thursday. We did not like to stay on here so long. They are most kind to us, and leave us our independence. Mr. Burdett-Coutts took us to a play on Friday, *A Fool's Paradise*—a clever piece and well acted. Last night, Sir Henry and Lady Evelyn Ewart dined here, and we all went to see Oscar Wilde's piece, *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The dialogue is very good, the plot not good, impossible and vulgar, but it is a better play than the usual run.

We went to the Academy View and saw some nice pictures, and also bores without end. Lady Haliburton is most anxious you should make a speech in the House of Lords, in defence of her *Arthur*, who is being much pecked at.

21 BRYANSTON STREET,  
Saturday, 8th May 1892.

Lady  
Wolsley.

I have just finished Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, *David Gripe*. I think it very forcible, and was thoroughly interested in it. I must read you the description of a country house in it, *quite me* at Wilton!—and they left by an "early train." The book is a strange jumble of religious views, Voltaire, Schopen-

# THE LETTERS OF LORD AND LADY WOLSELEY 307

hauer; every sort of "ism" pressed into the service, of Mrs. H. W.'s hero. One hurries along, always thinking he will settle down, and he always has a new belief to try. There is not *one ray of humour in the book*; perhaps it is the one thing lacking in the authoress herself. I have also had some more nibbling at Gösse. He is a literary Dreyfus.<sup>1</sup> He makes us something in a tasteful modern way out of a few shreds of old forgotten literature, as Dreyfus does with a bit of old brocade or embroidery. I am becoming quite a critic.

21 BRYANSTON STREET,  
3rd June 1892.

I like your paper-cutter, dear thing, and don't long for the tiara! You have given me more than many tiaras in your tenderness and forbearance to me in all these twenty-five years. I *wish* I had always been quite worthy of it. I feel strongly, too, that another woman might have been of so much more use and help to you; but as human life goes, I hope I have suited you better than some may have done, and that I now at least suit you fairly. We are very happy, I think. I know I am, are you? I am always very diffident about having *any* good qualities. Try to find all you can in me. You always do try, and never snub or crush me. I am not sending you *any* birthday gift, but my loving thoughts and wishes to be *with* you.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Mrs. Haliburton Campbell is getting up the Fancy Dress Quadrille for the Caledonian Ball, and has asked Frances to dance. • Sixteen girls and sixteen Guardsmen. The dress, *à vivandière*. There is to be a *practice* at Chesterfield House, and Mrs. Campbell allots the partners to each girl.

I wish we could have been together to-morrow. I go to a Coquelin play in the evening.

21 BRYANSTON STREET,  
Saturday, July 1892.

MY DEAREST,—Yesterday you had only a *business* scratch, so to-day we must return to social annals. On Thursday, Frances and I dined with Mrs. Arthur Kennard to meet

Lady  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Art dealer who introduced the fashion of covering books, etc., with silk and brocade.



the Tecks; but the Duke's sister died in the morning, so they could not come. Poor Mrs. Kennard was very depressed, as she had wreathed her house in roses. They had a long *old* table, and round *young* table! I had Thomas Hardy, the novelist—whom I liked very much. A. was next the much-run-after Mr. —. She gave us a graphic description. She and he were placed so that they could be seen through a doorway—door taken off its hinges—by two girls of the family *not* dining, but watching on the stairs how she played her fish! This was all planned out. They *applauded*—silent clapping—when she seemed playing him well. He goes in for being *rude*, and, poor man, is awfully pursued. So A. went on the *indifferent* tack at first, which was the best, as one can't give him more butter than he has had already. He told her she always looked so *demure* when she came into a room (so he has watched her coming into rooms), and she told him he was always dreadfully self-conscious. She was never introduced to him before, but he has frequently tried to get a rise out of her by coming straight across a room *to her*, and then asking some one near to dance. After dinner, Mrs. Kennard had a concert, and Mr. — sat by A. the whole evening; but that did not take her in, as that is also a dodge of his. He *devotes* himself to a new friend the whole evening, and next time they meet never looks at her. A. was *entourée* by young men, and talked *least* to the great *parti* just to be even with him. It is really an amusing game when you are young and don't care and can wait.

KLINGER'S HOTEL,  
4th August 1892.

Lady  
Wolseloy

MY DEAREST,—I was out at 7 to-day to have my first glass. I found myself much too late. The crowd was *excessive*! A queue half down the Promenade, four deep, of *people* waiting to fill their glasses. I gave mine to a Dienstmann *exactly* like L. K., and then mistook another for him still more *exactly* like L. K., and got so confused between the two that I finally got a glass of cold instead of lukewarm as ordered by Ott. Then I walked to the so-called "Riviera" and looked at the distant pine woods, *all the little* straight cross twigs looking *exactly* like a line engraving. As I sat there Galliffet walked by with another Frenchman: I saw him instantly, and

have no doubt his quick eyes saw me, but I looked another way, for after the "article" episode, I don't propose to thrust my acquaintance on him again. He is much aged and quite infirm, and walks with a wriggle as if the silver plate had slipped out of place.

I am afraid *you* are not well? *Do please answer this.* It would worry me less if you would tell me. I have read *Theodoric* (King of the Ostrogoths)—history not fiction—and was much interested. I have also read Mrs. H. Ward's earlier book, *Robert Elsmere*—a very fine book. It is all religion, streaked with love, and I find it as enthralling as any clever French novel, which is saying a good deal. She wisely refrains from any effort to affect humour, so that one a little forgets the loss of it. The weather is fine now, though it might be a little warmer. The pine woods smell so good. Tell F. I don't venture *far* alone, but wait till I find a respectable and fairly active-looking couple, and, pioneered by them, get some distance. To-day I attached myself to a pair of honeymooners, who I am sure wanted to kiss one another in the woods, and were much bored by my elephantine tread in pursuit. I generally have a chat with Mrs. Beerbohm Tree; such a nice little woman. They are to act in Dublin in September, and I have begged her to come and see us. I am at C. B. Brackenbury's *Frederick the Great* and like it and *try* to know what the left wing of the army is resting on, but it is rather a struggle. How curious that he ran away at his first battle—at least, rode out of the way all night.

I shall be coming home primed with strategic knowledge from this book and shall *examine* you and see if you *really* know anything. I have long doubted it! Now, for instance, how about having your wing *en potence*? Are you in favour of it? *I am not.* I will give you two objections: one that if either wing moves forward, or wheels up ever so little, a gap is made in the line; another that if attacked successfully by the enemy, your *potence* tumbles back on your centre. Give some other instances for and against, and let me see that you *understand* the question.

21 BRYANSTON STREET,

Sunday.

... Well, we went to *Hypatia*. I find A.D. 413 a little too far back for my eighteenth-century mind, but still it was

Lady  
Wolseley.

wonderfully well put on the stage, and Beerbohm Tree very good. Sir H. Bulwer was very nice and old-fashioned, and delightfully *fussy*. He promises to come and see us in Dublin in the spring. The house was full of people we knew. Mrs. C. Lawrence, Henry James—we go with him to a play on Thursday—Lees Knowles, who we thought *wouldn't* see us, Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, Mr. Farquhar, the actor, Mrs. Fort that *was*; General and Miss Thesiger, and the Bouveries. There were numberless Jews in the audience, as the piece is full of Jewish ascendancy, and an old Jew the principal character. I enclose a few more cuttings. It is amusing they should pitch into us for rivalling their Lord-Lieutenant, for since he came we have entertained *less* than before.

Yesterday we called on old Madame Pyronnet who spoke of people wearing "emetic green." She said, "I call it that because it makes me sick to look at it." And she quoted a Frenchman who broke off his engagement to a girl, and the only reason he could be induced to give, was "*ma chair se révolte*."

Then we went on to see poor Emily; I am afraid her misfortunes will never come right. He suffers, it seems, from *insane* jealousy, and fancied if she spoke even to a waiter that she was carrying on with him. She told me that the doctor she consulted said it was not at all an unusual case, and that there was a "prominent couple in London society" exactly in her case. In the evening Colonel C. told me—without my mentioning the prominent couple—that Lady — had gone through these trials (I knew Lord — was ordinarily jealous, but I did not know he was to this extent), and that she had said to him at dinner at her own house, "Don't talk to me, or I shall catch it so terribly when you are gone." I dare say *they* are the "prominent couple."

21 BRYANSTON STREET,  
3/6/93.

Lady  
Wolsley.

MY DEAREST,—This will, I hope, reach you to-morrow morning, *your birthday*, and bring you my fondest good wishes. To me you seem quite a young man, and you cannot grow any older. I don't know if you got gouty, and blind and deaf, and if I saw you in a Bath chair, whether I should think you old! but as it is, you seem to me what you were when we married, only *much* better looking. I am quite sure that you

have gained in expression, in colouring (from your white hair), and in delicacy of outline in your face. I have been trying to find a little present you would care for, but I can find nothing. If I *do* see anything, I shall not mind its being a day or two late. I think you will like my *letter* on the right day, however.

Colonel Grove<sup>1</sup> was here on Thursday. He says, with regard to F.M., he *thinks* they intend *not* to fill it up at once. The Duke wants Prince E., old Thompson<sup>2</sup> is all for *you*, and C.-Bannerman is open to suggestion from Thompson—which Grove says old Stanhope never was—so that is in your favour. He also says that *two* F.M.'s are wanting to the full Establishment, one paid and one unpaid, so that you and *Fuzzleboo*<sup>3</sup> (?) could both be made, he the latter and you the former. What a dear nice old man Colonel G. is! I like him *very much*. To-day we meet Castlemaine in the Park at 10, by *his* request! Then there is the meet of the Coaches. Then we go to see Ibsen's play, *The Master Builder*, at 3. Gosse has both translated the play and sent me a box. In the evening we go to Foreign Office. Are we not busy!

12/6/93.

On Saturday we had luncheon with the Beers (does he not own the *Observer* ?); they live in an Italian-Moorish-Chinese horror of a house in Chesterfield Gardens. The dining-room in the centre of the house, no air or light, and we ascended endless floors in a lift to a Moorish palace above. What a strange way to spend money! Yesterday to the Gerald Ponsonbys—so different and so pleasant, their charming, well-proportioned, panelled, moulded house which, alas! is to come down "to improve the Duke's property."

Lady  
Wolseley.

21 BRYANSTON STREET,

12/7/93.

I have written to Truman, using the words you advised. What a sad ending for two good and clever servants. Tomorrow I have a tryst with Mr. Leveson-Gower in the Row. I trust the weather will permit. I shall pour India into his

Lady  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir Coleridge Grove, Lord Wolseley's military secretary, 1895-1900.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Ralph Thompson, Under-Secretary of State.

<sup>3</sup> Nickname for Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

(deaf) ears. I am assured that Herschell is not to go. That it would not be as good as his Lord Ch——ship. I can bring it on the *tapis* by asking Mr. Leveson-Gower if H. is going. On Saturday, you see, I walk with Mr. Morley, and I shall do the same to him. It has just occurred to me, I have never left a card on the Gladstones this year. I did not know if you would like it. Should I do it still? Last night we went to "Music" at Lady Lovelace's. The Tecks there, the Duchess most gracious, thanked for F.'s hard work for the "Girls' Present." She said the young couple are so happy, "George" reading aloud to May, who has sent for more wool for her knitting, and "George" had written the Duchess such a *delightful* letter that day.

I hear Lady ——'s daughter had a proposal the other night, a very ineligible one, and the young man came to see Lady —— next day. She was furious when she heard of it, and lashed herself into a frenzy before he arrived. When he was shown in, and had made his declaration, she said to him: "I want to ask you one question. Do you suppose that I sit on a very narrow, hard, ballroom bench till 2 a.m. to reap *you*!" The poor young man turned and fled!

21 BRYANSTON STREET,  
Sunday, 16th July 1893.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Yesterday I took my Rotten Row walk with Mr. Morley and managed most *innocently* to get India into his ear. He remembered—what I had forgotten—that I had mentioned it to him before! so it is well in his head. I am *sure* he did not think that one sentence was the reason for the walk. It was most amusing to see how our being together was noticed by riders and walkers. His being there at all was, I am sure, considered a marvel, and he said he had not been there for twenty years! He was very delightful. He seemed in good *political* spirits (you will be sorry to hear), and talked with more confidence of continuing to be Chief Secretary for another six months!! Frances enjoyed the Wimborne Ball on Friday. We went the other day to see the ——s. When I arrived, Lady —— was sitting talking to several men. She apologised for not getting up, saying a wasp had stung her leg. I strolled round the garden with my dear Colonel. In a few minutes the Duchess

of — arrived, upon which Lady — jumped up and ran all across the lawn to meet her! My companion saw it at once and told me. He had been prescribing an *onion* for his hostess' leg, but he thought a Duchess was a far better remedy. I will take the book to Mr. Lang next week. There is a story that some one told Madame Melba—the great singer—that Lord Wolseley had said, "Who is Madame Melba and what does she do?" To which Melba replied, "And who is Lord Wolseley and what does he do?"

HÔTEL DU LION D'OR, RHEIMS,  
27/7/93. 6 p.m.

Our travelling companions are very cheerful, but not in the *least* interested in anything old or historical. It seems to represent nothing to them, but I *hear* that they delight in scenery.

Lady  
Wolseley.

To-morrow Frances and I go by rail to Laon, a very *medieval* town, for the day. Our friends stay here, as it is "only antiquity." We saw the *trésor* in the Cathedral to-day. One cup of the twelfth century was very like the details of the *Ardagh*. We also saw a little casket reliquary given to the Cathedral by Henry II. with Diane de Poitiers' monogram on it. How strangely he mixed up his religion and his mistress. Fancy if this happened nowadays!

HOTEL SCHWEIZERHOF, NEUHAUS, SCHAFFHAUSEN,  
Wednesday, 2/8/93.

I am *much* enjoying myself, but with many thoughts of you. I should so like you to be here, if *you liked it* yourself, and you would like the scenery and the towns, I know, but I am afraid you would feel it your *duty* as a Briton to *hate* the foreigners. They light up the Falls every night with different coloured limelights, and manage to make the Castle look as if it were on fire—a red, glowing ruin. It is *féerique* and not trashy or theatrical, though the idea would be worth much to Augustus Druriolanus. Why does he not have a cotton-wool Schaffhausen in his next pantomime? You recollect I always said it was ridiculous that every family in London should have a cook and kitchen fire of their own. I see now a monster Kitchen Co.

Lady  
Wolseley.

is being proposed. I think it a most interesting and practical scheme. All *servants* should be engaged and managed by companies, whose business it would be to engage them, keep them in order, and dismiss them when unsuitable; otherwise life is a burden to those who cannot afford an agent, and unless that agent is a gentleman, it is only adding one more to the insolent robber band.

1894

## CHAPTER XXII

ARMY AND NAVY CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.

Wednesday, 2/5/94.

Yesterday to lunch with Baker Russell at the Cavalry Club—the last fad of a select band—and worked on afterwards at our Board until 5.30 p.m. Went to see Lady D. Neville. She is just the same, but begins to stoop. Maurice and Mr. Charles Williams<sup>1</sup> to dinner with me at the Army and Navy. I was to give Maurice a bedroom in my lodgings, but when the time came for going there, about 11.30 p.m., he found that some one who had also dressed at this club had carried off his dressing-bag, containing also his walking clothes. I lent him a night-shirt. This morning he came into my room to have a talk at 7 a.m. Still no clothes—at 8.30 sent him off here to look for them; we breakfasted here together—he in evening clothes—to the astonishment of those who did not know him, to the intense amusement of all who are aware of his peculiarities. He is, as I write this, wandering about the club trying to run in the man who walked off with his bag. The Duke of Connaught asked me to dine with him and go to the play afterwards to-night, but I told him I could not possibly get out of dining with the Clothworkers, much as I should like to be with him.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I hope to see Duke of Cambridge to-day. Buller tells me it is settled I am to be made a Field-Marshal on the Queen's Birthday; Donald Stewart also, but not Roberts.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Williams, journalist, first editor *Evening News*.



ARMAGH, 21/5/94.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Will you kindly send to London Library for Craik's *Life of Dean Swift*? The author has written to the *Times* about my book, and I think wrote the article in the *Times* on it.

Please keep the D. of Marlboro's letter and G. A. Sala's for me until I return. I am curious to know if the *Gazette* will have my name in it. How, even in old age, we cling on to honours which really mean nothing!

I am writing over a fire, but the windows shut so badly that I feel a cold draught on my near side, whilst on the off-side my liver is swelling like that of a Strasburg goose. I paid a visit to the new Primate and also to the Roman Cardinal: both out. His Eminence, whose father drives a car, is by no means clever, but he is a moderate man and mixes less in politics than most of his cloth in Ireland. I move on to-morrow to Newry, and on Wednesday inspect the 15th Hussars at Dundalk. Please tell Rayner to have my medals cleaned, and get Mitchell to sew them on to my *worst* tunic, so that they may not shake about when I am on horseback on the Queen's Birthday.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN,  
4th June—my Sixty-first Birthday.

Twenty-seven years ago we were married. What events have taken place since then! When too late, of course, I see the mistakes I have made, and how I might have won where I failed. Now, although I feel myself strong enough for any campaign, there is a proper prejudice against old men in command of armies in the field. You know how fit I am, quite as sound as Sir Charles Napier in 1849, when he was hurried to India at the age of sixty-seven, or as Lord Clyde, sent there when he was sixty-five. It is a dangerous experiment to employ an old man to command in war, and a sin to do so with a young one of proved merit available, like Redvers Buller at this moment. Of course, my ambition is to have one big command and go out in it. But God's will be done; I know I say that honestly to myself.

ULSTER CLUB, BELFAST,  
30th June '94.

I was up at an early hour, but there is more activity here at dawn than at noon in any other Irish city. At 10 a.m. I start to go over the great shipbuilding yard here, where there are over seven thousand men at work. Then a fire brigade to inspect. Then a public luncheon with the Lord Mayor, and a Boys' Brigade to inspect. Then the Giant's Causeway. This town is so entirely different from Dublin that it is difficult to realise one is still in Ireland. Yesterday a deputation of two gentlemen from Larne. I was asked to see them by Jimmy MacCalmont, M.P. (Hugh's younger brother). Of course they wanted barracks built in their neighbourhood; but one was very drunk, and I had some trouble to get rid of him.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I hope the murder of President Carnot may lead to some stringent law about anarchists. I wish we could hang a score of them a day "pour encourager les autres."

CAMP—KELLYVILLE PARK,  
5/8/94.

I have just come back from Kilmarooney—Heavens, what a name! but the place is beautiful, with some delightful things in it. Three *very lovely* cups of Charles I.'s time, given to an ancestor by the Irish Parliament. An enamel of Queen Elizabeth—which has been converted into a very large ring by my lady. It has *scratched* on the back the initials S. W. (Stewart Weldon). Then there is the priceless enamelled little watch given by Charles I. on the scaffold to the Bishop who attended him. Oh, such a gem! and most carefully preserved—without a scratch. Then some of Napoleon's plate taken by her father at Waterloo, and a knife which Sir Anthony's father took from the dead body of Tippoo Sahib when it lay in the gateway at Seringapatam. Piles of most interesting letters from her father from the Peninsula and Waterloo, and deeds of Elizabeth and Charles I. epoch.

Lord  
Wolseley.THE GROSVENOR HOTEL,  
12/8/94.

Maurice met me at Euston Square and we drove here together. I had a tub, and we breakfasted here. In a quarter

Lord  
Wolseley.

of an hour we are off for Genoa. Rayner sent me off without a tooth-brush, or if he gave me any, he has packed them away in one of the big portmanteaux where I cannot get at them. My sponge-bag is so small that all the wet exudes through it, and the result was disastrous to the shirt I had hoped to wear to-morrow. But these are small worries. The day is fine, and the sun clear. I slept all through the night and feel very fresh in body this morning.

GRAND HOTEL, GENOA,

13th August 1894.

Lord  
Wolsley.

We have just arrived, and found Sir J. Pender awaiting his guests in a very finely decorated drawing-room: he arrived here yesterday from Aix, where he had been going through a massage course, and looks all the better for it. The party consists of Sir J. P., Sir John Mowbray, M.P., Col. Sir J. Ardagh, Lord Portsmouth, Evelyn Wood, Lord Kelvin (Sir W. E. Thomson that was), a great electrical expert and of all kindred sciences; the American Ambassador and myself. Evelyn very deaf, so that I am already somewhat hoarse from shouting at him; Sir John Mowbray—a very old man I like very much. Mr. Bayard, the American, is, on the whole, the most interesting of the party: he is well read and is full of instructive historical allusions and of very amusing anecdote. We may touch at Syracuse, but mean to get to the Crimea as quickly as possible.

SEBASTOPOL, 24/8/94.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I am enjoying myself thoroughly here. Yesterday we set out in our steam launch and crossed the harbour, where four carriages, each drawn by three horses abreast, awaited to drive us to the Alma, a distance of about twenty miles.

I rode all over the Right attack trenches the evening we arrived and saw the spot where I went down with two others—I alive, the others dead. To-day we go to Inkermann, Balaclava, and the Monastery of St. George, where I was taken when badly wounded, and upon our return we are to call in and have tea with the Governor and his family.

AT SEA, GOING IN TO ODESSA, Sunday, 26th August 1894.—  
We left Sebastopol yesterday at 2.30 p.m. Wood and I rode all

the morning round all the familiar scenes. I went over the ground where my regiment encamped; over the spot where my tent was in the winter of 1854-55; over the ground where the heavy fighting took place at Inkermann. How it all came up before me! the men who were killed when I was knocked down and who fell with me. I am grateful indeed to Pender for giving me this opportunity of seeing the Crimea again.

IN THE BOSPHORUS, ANCHORED  
NEAR THERAPIA,  
28th August 1894.

Evelyn Wood and I start off on horseback soon after breakfast for a bay on the Black Sea about one and a half hour's ride from this, where the Russians will land when they try to take Constantinople. Dear Sir John Pender is, I think, somewhat put out that the Sultan has not asked him to dinner. Personally, I hope His Majesty will let us alone, but on Friday we are to see this little cowardly black man ride about seventy yards from his house to a neighbouring mosque. I should much like to ask the little "varmint" why he spends money in the erection of batteries on the Bosphorus whilst he leaves the back door wide open and undefended.

Lord  
Wolseley.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 30/8/94.

Sir John has decided to stay here for the Sultan's fête to-morrow, the anniversary of his accession. He lives in terror of assassination; he is spoken of as a wonderful man. I can only think of him as a contemptible fool, incapable of distinguishing between his real and his false friends. He is an absolute Sovereign, ignorant of the first principles of government, with the most obedient, long-suffering people, and an army that, if properly managed, would enable him to laugh at Russia and all his other enemies. At the Curries' <sup>1</sup> on Tuesday, I sat next the Russian Ambassador, who used a fan all through dinner, and on my other side was a charming girl, a Russian, the daughter of the Russian Embassy's dragoman. She spoke English perfectly and was quite amusing. She smokes all day, rows herself about in the

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Philip (afterwards first Baron) Currie, Ambassador to the Porte, 1893-98.

Bosphorus, is twenty-six—she told me—and I think is even more anxious than most women to be married. But the society here is very small, extremely immoral, and most of the diplomats of any position have wives already. Lady Currie makes a good but an anxious hostess, and I think the damp heat ashore exhausts her. I am sure that, although she enjoys her position, she loathes the place and always feels tired.

THERAPIA, 31/8/94.

*Lord  
Wolsley's*

I am terribly shocked to hear of poor Cowell's sudden death. As I went over our trenches before Sebastopol, I thought of him and of my other Engineer friends there. Oh that I could be killed in action and not drop off from over-ripeness or rottenness!

Yesterday we steamed down the Bosphorus and anchored off the Golden Horn. Currie, in his ambassadorial yacht, called for us and took us to the Treasury in the old Seraglio. The emeralds and diamonds and pearls would place the Turkish Army on a sound basis if they were disposed of judiciously. Everything is very badly shown, but Currie is wrong to denounce it as a sort of Palais Royal exhibition. There is a great deal of historical interest, and one should prowl about with one good dragoman to interpret the Turkish labels. There is no catalogue, and probably the custodians plunder the collection at will.

We returned to Currie's yacht and an elaborate luncheon. Then to St. Sophia; then to the Hippodrome to see an Egyptian monolith—I must reread my Gibbon—and the twisted serpents. Sir John attributes to Currie the fact that the Sultan has taken no notice whatever of him. But Currie tells me the Sultan is furious at my being on board, and looks upon me as the man who is most responsible that Egypt is now ruled by England. My only concern is for Pender, who attaches great importance to the condescension of Sovereigns. It is an innocent feeling, and dear Sir John is so good to us all that I regret much that my presence on board should have deprived him of this very simple enjoyment. It sounds like being fond of lollipops. But let the man who likes lollipops have his fill of them.

We leave Constantinople to-night, and expect to be at Genoa on the 6th and in London two days later.

ATHENÆUM, 9/8/94.

To-day I have spent entirely in this club, and wrote steadily to answer the piles of letters I found awaiting me here from all sorts of people. I wrote to Mrs. Copley to say I could not pay her a visit; I have no clothes with me to go to Doncaster for the races or amongst smart people. Besides, I shall now tackle some heavy work here. I have begun an article on my visit to the Crimea, but I shall postpone that until I return to Ireland, and stick to the Marlborough work whilst in London. I liked your extract from Mrs. Grant's commonplace book. I cannot gush to people if I sincerely feel for them. I love but few, and to those few I can only put my feelings on paper.

Lord  
Wolseley.THE ATHENÆUM,  
10/9/94.

Your description of the *père et fille* whom you met is too true. What a life! How much nobler to break stones on a road! To the man whose first thought is England, and who feels that she must sink or be saved by her gentlefolk, the contemplation of English society is painful. I feel that a country whose upper classes live as a certain set of men and women do, can only be saved from annihilation by some such upheaval as a great war, which will cost all the best families their sons, and call forth both the worst animal passions and the noblest of human virtues, and for the time place the very existence of the kingdom in danger. I can see why God sends great famines and plagues and wars. But, enough of this—London always makes me feel sad and morose; yet, Heaven knows, I am not and never have been a pessimist.

Lord  
Wolseley.WINDSOR CASTLE,  
22/11/94.

Travelled down here with Lord Breadalbane,<sup>1</sup> who was very chatty. Is he not Lord Steward? At any rate, he is something about the Court. As we neared Windsor, the whole country was like a lake, with the castle as an island. No gas, drinking water, or *drainage* in the place for the last week, and people punting about through the houses. A Royal carriage

Lord  
Wolseley.<sup>1</sup> First Marquess of Breadalbane, K.G.

to meet me, postillions, etc. Met at the door by Edward Clinton,<sup>1</sup> which reminded me that my old friend Cowell had gone where I must soon pack up my traps for. Was met with the question, "Did you get Ponsonby's telegram?" Good heavens, I thought to myself, not another postponement, I hope—no, but "you and the other Field-Marshal must wait and dine and sleep." No clothes; plenty of time to send for them, as the Queen does not dine until nine o'clock. A long voyage through Waterloo Gallery, St. George's Hall, and various passages, and then up two stories by a stone staircase, very narrow and like the servants' staircase in most houses, brought me to a room I have been in before. Several pictures: all daubs: bad modern furniture, hideous, but strong, massive, and comfortable. Leather-covered sofa and chairs, cold for cold weather, and hot-looking in hot summer.

Rayner looking dignified, and evidently impressed by finding I was shown to my room by the Master of the Household. Told him he must be off to town as soon as he had put me into my boots. He knew all about it: the housemaid had told him, and very likely the Queen had told her. Got into my leather breeches, and was fastened into all my beautiful attire: looked lovely, but when I tried to get down the stairs, I never felt anything more uncomfortable. Walking down the corridors, I experienced all the sensations that a cat must feel when *shod* with walnut shells. How on earth, thought I, shall I ever get up if I have to go down on my knee to make a reverence before the Queen? Dreadful thought: felt getting red all over to match my beautiful coat. Clinton<sup>1</sup> could tell me nothing of what the ceremony was to be, beyond the fact that there was a Guard of Honour and a band ordered to be in attendance. Went to the Red Drawing-Room and found Sir D. Stewart there. He was in plain clothes. Seeing my boots, he said, "Are you not wrong in wearing them?" "No, according to *Queen's Regulations*." He would not have it at any price, and said Sir H. Ponsonby had given him to understand that he was to wear gold-laced overalls. I assured him he was wrong, but he had nothing for it but to appear in what he had brought down. He also announced that he could not dine here, as all his clothes had gone off this afternoon to Brocket. I heard

<sup>1</sup> Lord Edward, second son of fifth Duke of Newcastle, Master of Queen Victoria's Household, 1884-1901.

him subsequently say to Henry Ponsonby, "You told me overalls." Ponsonby's answer was, "I said Levée dress." Would you believe it, no one here knew what was a Field-Marshal's Levée dress, or knew what the ceremony was to be. I said I should make an obeisance, and he said, "Quite right." Brassey was the Lord-in-Waiting. He did not know what he was to do. The Bâtons were produced, and an Equerry, Lord Wm. Cecil, had a velvet cushion on which they were placed. Brassey took the cushion from Cecil, and Sir D. S., being the senior, went in before me. Then my turn came. The Queen was in a very tiny little room, the same in which she gave me my G.C.B., and in which people kiss hands when made Bishops, etc. etc. Brassey having asked a servant if he should knock at the door, and receiving a nod in reply, knocked with the knuckle of one hand at the door, whilst he held the cushion with the Bâton on it with his other hand. I walked in; the Queen bowed most graciously; she had her back to the window—it was a little after 3 p.m.—so I could not see her face well. She took the Bâton from little Brassey, and gave it to me with a nice smile and very great grace. I made my reverence, she gave me her hand, which I touched with my lips, retreated two paces backwards, and got out of the door very noisily. The band in the Square played "God save the Queen," and the Guard of Honour presented arms when each of the two Bâtons was given away.

I forgot to say that between my being dressed and the ceremony, I had luncheon with the Lady-in-Waiting—Lady Downe—the Maids of Honour, whose names I forget—all in black—and the Lord-in-Waiting. I spent the remaining daylight in the library with Mr. Holmes. There, indeed, I have been until I returned here, to my own room, to write you this. I have spent a delightful evening looking over engravings and miniatures—oh, such Coopers and Cosways!

I should like to be a Lord-in-Waiting, to live here for one or two months every year. Brassey told me he is going to Victoria, Australia, as Governor. He will make an excellent one. How fortunate it is to find men like him who will take such places! I *hear*, and believe it to be true, that Sandhurst goes to Bombay to succeed Harris as Governor there. I am always glad when I hear of these places being given to peers, for I am sure it is wise, nationally, to appoint men who are not dependent on office.



THE ATHENÆUM, PALE MALL, S.W.,  
23/II/94.

Lord  
Wolsley.

There is one thing I should have said about the Queen's conversation. We were talking about the Czar, or rather I mentioned the word Czar, when she pulled me up and said, "I am sure you don't know how much all the Royal Family of Russia dislike the expression of 'Czar'—they think it cuts them off from the European comity of nations, and relegates them to the East, and thrusts them back to a time when they were always called Czars, when they were still a barbarous people, and barbarous rulers over wild races from the Eastern Steppes. They like being called 'Emperor,' but do not object to the titles of Czarevitch and Czarina for the eldest son and wife of the Emperor." I do not pretend to repeat her words, but this was what she said in substance.

I wrote my name at Gloucester House last Tuesday, and to-day had a message that H.R.H. wanted to see me. I have just returned from my interview. He told me, poor man, he had lost the sight of his right eye, and now shot with a crooked-stocked gun for the benefit of his left eye. I have a telegram of congratulation from the Comtesse de Pierrefond. Telegraph, please, if she is the Empress Eugénie.

ROYAL HOSPITAL, 27/II/94.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have a few minutes to write, but no ideas to put in writing. I went last night to hear Irving in *Faust*; he had most kindly given me a box—opposite the Viceregal box, and which held eight. Bertie Cowell dined here, so we went, a party of four, and had plenty of room. House very full, piece not after my own heart—I don't believe in moral lessons being taught on the stage, and the piece, *Faust*—either as an opera or as a drama—has always seemed disagreeable to me. I hate the story from beginning to end. I don't like the Name of God being bandied about on the stage, and regard people on their knees there as an impious exhibition. I prefer comedy pure and simple, and to keep my religious thoughts for the House of God or the privacy of my own room.

After the theatre was over, I went to sup with Mr. Irving—a large party, too big to admit of general conversation. I did not get home until 2.30 a.m., and lay in bed until 9 a.m.

Altogether, I allowed the whole course of my usual mode of life to be upset for this supper-party. Irving went out of his way to say he would send me £20 for our Military Charities, that is, as a subscription to help your relief of misery amongst the soldiers in our immediate neighbourhood—was it not kind?

I had two Quakers to lunch to-day: they are here for a meeting in the interests of the slaves on the West Coast of Africa. Neither of them in any way interesting, and one especially, the usual cut-and-dried sort of fellow who supports life on a pabulum of cant and blinding unreality.

KILDARE STREET CLUB, DUBLIN,  
28th November 1894.

I was busy all the morning at an article on China—I am to get £100 for it! Then a short gallop round the 15 acres; I had to be back early to meet our great tragedian, to show him over the Royal Hospital. He came with Mr. Gunn, who owns the Dublin Theatre, and he was immensely struck with our Great Hall. I showed him the Bâton, and then he wrote me a cheque for £21, in your name, for the Wolseley Fund for old soldiers and their widows and families. I shall keep it until your return here, but I want you, if you possibly can, to send him, by *return of post* to the Shelburne Hotel, Dublin, a little letter of thanks for his most noble and generous contribution. Do this, please, if you can.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Dr. Wheeler, who wanted to see me on a reorganisation of the "Army Medical Department"—oh dear me, such a subject!—came to breakfast this morning and took up all my time, until I went out for my ride. Then a converted Jew who has been lecturing in Dublin called: he is a great phrenologist and electrician; he felt my head, and seemed to know a good deal about my disposition. He lunched with me, and I had barely time to get into plain clothes to preside at Ardagh's lecture. He said when Lord Cornwallis abolished suttee, he interfered with an institution purposely intended to keep the world free from intriguing widows, who for centuries had been the curse of all Indian Courts.

I pitched into Childers<sup>1</sup> to-day, for on the estimate of

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Edmund Spencer Eardley Childers, Lord Wolseley's Military Secretary, 1890-95.

expenses for coming year he has inserted *The Times*, and for himself a rebel paper called *The Freeman's Journal*. He said it had been taken in for fifty years. I said I would not have a paper that dealt in personal abuse. I take little interest in politics, but I draw a very strong line between loyalty and disloyalty.

1894

## CHAPTER XXIII

ROYAL HOSPITAL, DUBLIN,  
28/6/94.

I am enjoying Marlboro' *immensely*. It is really delightful reading, quite as good as a French memoir. Who can say more? We have no events to tell you of, so I can't make an interesting letter, and I have no news later than Mary of Modena's death in 1718, so good-bye.

Lady  
Wolseley.

ROYAL HOSPITAL, 23/8/94.

On Tuesday Mrs. Grant and I made a delightful excursion. By train to Bray, then our vic. met us, and we drove to Bellevue House, Glen of the Downs, Mr. La Touche's place. The occupants are an old bachelor brother and two old sisters. We did not see the old gentleman, but the ladies were most kind and showed us everything. The house is very Adams-y, with beautiful ceilings and chimney-pieces. The gardens charming, and greenhouses of the date of the house and so graceful; not a bit like the ugly things of nowadays.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Yesterday we watched a most exciting match between the 15th and 10th Hussars. The latter won; so many wanted the 15th to do so.

To-morrow the Derbyshire Regiment's Sports. The usual tug, sack race, and wheelbarrow business, I suppose.

I have had a letter from Lady Carew, enclosing one from Madame Tornielli, the Italian Ambassadors, to say the Duke d'Aosta and the Count of Turin are coming to Dublin next Monday for the Horse Show week, and know no one. Lady

Carew is asked to procure them some "amiable invitations." They have taken rooms at an hotel, a *horrid* hole, I hear, near North Wall; it seems inconceivable that their Ex.'s should not have been communicated with, so that they could entertain these princes.

ROYAL HOSPITAL,  
Monday, 27/8/94.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Last night we dined with His Ex.; only four women—Frances and I, and Duc and Duchesse de Luynes, and Mrs. Jekyll. I went into dinner with the Duc de L., a young man of twenty-six, short, a *fair* edition—a little larger—of Alfred Austin. They both spoke English excellently. She seemed rather hostile to England, thinks French women *ride* better! She is a daughter of the Duchesse d'Uzés (Boulanger's), young, short, less *élégante* than I expected. Dress uninteresting, but lovely necklace of large pearls, set round with diamonds, and large pearl drops from it. After dinner she discoursed on the shock it gave her when Englishmen *shook* hands, instead of kissing her hand, also to be addressed in a letter as "Dear" instead of as in French, "Madame la Duchesse." Then she compared a Frenchman's ending to his letter, "Je dépose à vos pieds mes hommages respectueuses" to "Yours very truly." She told us that in France the women do not sign their *Christian* names but their *maiden* surname. She signs "d'Uzés Duchesse de Luynes." I think this must only apply to aristocrats of the first water. Certainly Madame de Bassano always signs to me "Clara de Bassano." The poor Ex.'s smart people as usual have thrown him over. Lady Brooke and young Princess Pless have excused themselves; it is inconsiderate of them, I must say.

Mrs. Earle is full of enthusiasm about the German *Nature Cure*! Some German has discovered that one's teeth are exactly the same as monkeys, and therefore prescribe their food, nuts and fresh fruit, and not to drink *anything*. This she carries out.

18 WHITEHALL PLACE, S.W.,  
30/10/94.

Lady  
Wolsley.

No, you will *not* try the silent system! I should prefer any amount of blowing up to that; you will make allowances for a tired body.

Let the A.D.C.'s<sup>o</sup> do as they like! I am quite agreeable. Frances returns from the Dudley Smiths to-day. She has enjoyed her visit, though it was quiet. I *much* like the cutting about your Crimean article. It is *Maurice*, I suppose. Poor old Father Healy. Many will miss him.

Yesterday we went to a "Saturday Pop" with Holzmann and Dicksee—the artist. The music excellent, a little *too* good for me. The Hall crammed with a breathlessly attentive audience. All ugly and frumpy. The *cream* of Society is evidently not musical. I am going to-morrow to see the palmistry lady and will tell you what she says. She told Frances that her mother would live to *eighty* and be bedridden for a year or more. It will be curious if she tells *me* the same.

We went to see *The Gaiety Girl* on Friday; Letty Lind's dancing was a dream.

#### WALTON HOUSE.

We have just seen *The New Boy*, a *most* amusing farce. A brother of Grossmith's acted divinely. He is about 3 feet high and looks thirteen, and was in the play married to a giantess of forty-five. Hence much merriment.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

#### PENSHURST PLACE, TUNBRIDGE, 2nd November '94.

This is an entrancing place! I think it, if possible, more fascinating even than Hatfield. It is so delightfully rambling, one could go on for ever making discoveries. Lord de Lisle showed me the portrait of the Henry Sidney supposed to be Monmouth's father.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

The party consists of the George Keppels, Lord Suffield, Mr. Chaplin (Agriculture), and Christopher Sykes. Also a young Mr. Hill Trevor. I can't describe to you how delightful the house is, and how full of lovely and interesting things. The palmistry lady said I was very *critical*, and had great artistic taste and feeling without the power to do anything. The *fame* in my hand puzzled her a good deal, and she also said that I should have been more remarkable if my immediate connections had been less distinguished. She really did not know who I was.

ROYAL HOSPITAL,  
10th December 1894.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I have been reading Mrs. Ritchie's new book, *Chapters from Some Memoirs*. She says of d'Orsay: "He was of that race with Byron who lived in the beginning of the century, *magnificent performers of life's commonplaces!*" In another book, George Sand's *Histoire de ma Vie*, I have come across odds and ends about Marshal Saxe. He was her great-grandfather. He delighted in rancid butter! His mother married him at seventeen to a Comtesse Loben whom he disliked. In fact, he did not want to marry, and was only induced to because her name happened to be *Victoire*.

We feel a very shrunk party of two, without the bright little scarlet jacket, and the warm heart under it, between us at dinner.

The Archdeacon writes me that the Archbishop has already secured him to preach at Christ Church on Saturday morning next, at 11 a.m., so we must give him up. I have written to tell Goodwin. The Archdeacon also says the Archbishop wished him to preach in St. Pat's, but the Dean gave the same answer about his School Board opinions and wouldn't have him! I thought an Archb. was like a Pope.

1895

[IN the summer of 1895 the Duke of Cambridge resigned his post as Commander-in-Chief, and Sir Redvers Buller was his successor elect. But before the appointment could be patented, Lord Rosebéry's Government was defeated, and Lord Salisbury on taking office insisted on placing Lord Wolseley at the head of the army—the circumstances of the position being, however, somewhat altered as well as the title. Meanwhile the Embassy at Berlin had been offered to him.]

## CHAPTER XXIV

THE ATHENÆUM,  
*April Fools' Day, 1895.*

London is certainly the loneliest spot in the world for any man over fifty, but for one nearly sixty-two it is sad as well as lonely. If you are fond of theatres, can find any amusement in music halls and in the society of women whose character has long ceased to be doubtful, London has many attractions. I remember all these sensations, perhaps some of my sadness arises from feeling that so-called pleasures are for me no longer. I dined here and sat next Henry James. He had been writing all day and his appetite was prodigious in consequence.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

THE ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL, S.W.,  
2/4/95.

I have had such a day of it, and have interviewed and been interviewed till I feel dazed. H.R.H. looks quite well, I think, and will live for years yet. He suffers just as you do at this moment with rheumatism in the right shoulder and cannot lift his pen to dip it in the ink, though he can write quite well.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

Buller asked me if I would take Chelsea. I said yes, on the distinct understanding that it was not to cut me out of work



when H.R.H. dies or leaves. Gipps tells me he supposes I shall have the Blues; I reminded him of his letter when he offered me the Coldstream. You will see by enclosed that we now have the entrée.

THE ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL, S.W.,

*Wednesday Evening, 24/4/95.*

*Lord  
Wolsley.*

I have just returned here from dining with Mr. Nineteenth-Century Knowles. A pleasant dinner—all men—Sir Wm. Grantham (a Judge), Lord Dundonald, Lord Duncannon (Peel's private secretary), Jim Lowther, the one-armed man who is head of the Police,<sup>1</sup> and a son-in-law of Knowles—name unknown. A general feeling that the Government will be turned out on the second reading of "Local Veto Bill." Knowles asked me to write for him—said yes. To-day I mistook the Fieldens' house and went into the corner house opposite Grosvenor Hotel, in which I think Mr. Hozier used to live. Was shown into a stately room with some nice things in it. Down came a little man not more than 5 feet high, who seemed delighted to see me. Said his wife was out. Sat with him as long as a decent visit should last. Sydney Glyn afterwards told me he was an immensely rich Jew whose sister is the Baroness de Worms.

GARLAND'S HOTEL,

*5th May 1895.*

*Lord  
Wolsley.*

I enjoyed my Academy dinner, and although poor Millais had a very bad throat, and even when talking to you can scarcely make himself heard, I like his manly, hearty, touching and *English* English a thousand times more than all the lingual confectionery with which Leighton usually indulged us. I always remember when he called upon the Archbishop of York to return thanks for some toast for which the other Primate from Lambeth had been named and had his speech prepared. Little Maclagan had just tried to say a word, when Millais explained his mistake, and Cantuar plunged into a speech to which no one paid any attention. Last night a bald-headed gentleman spoke for music for about half an hour, but, after the first two minutes, conversation went on as usual, and Mr. Pinero

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edward Bradford.

met with the same fate, except that now and then his stentorian voice rose above the clatter of tongues. These people give their speeches type-printed to the reporters; why don't they sit down when they find that no one is listening to them? It would be all the same in the newspapers on Monday. Rosebery just failed to be witty. I sat next to Dufferin on one side and Windsor on the other. The former is very deaf and consequently difficult to converse with, especially as his worst ear was next me. He thanked me for our kindness to his son, but I couldn't remember that we ever did anything for him.

Prince Edward told me that Roberts will go to Ireland if he is offered the place, so I presume that point is now settled. The Duke of Cambridge spoke to me about Roberts, not in honeyed terms. Prince Edward likes Kempe's sketch of the window for the Royal Hospital and is very glad to go shares in putting it up. Mr. Asquith inquired much after you, and said that he hoped he and his wife would see a good deal of you when we settled here and when you came back in June. However, he told me that his wife *hourly* expected an event, so I suppose she will not be quite fit so soon.

I wish I were with you to read about Cæsar's passage of the Rhine! How delightful it is to read about the great men of the past when one has had to dine with the comparative pigmies of the present and to hear First Ministers of State hold forth on nothings at a banquet!

GLENBEIGH, 5/6/95.

Oh, what air we have here! I wonder how you would like it? but then it is Ireland, and you are strongly prejudiced against everything on this side of St. George's Channel. You would, however, like the gorse and the broom, and the quantities of yellow iris and the luxuriant ferns and fuchsias which here grow into trees, and where all save the spirit of man is holy and pleasing to every sense that is within me, at least. The sea and its sea-weedy smell has a great charm for me. I look out over the long low ridge of sandy dunes, where the batteries practise, to the sea beyond, where the tide breaks upon what is evidently a bar. The line of white foam, and the deep blue sea around this narrow streak of white, and the distant hazy mountains beyond the bay, but coming right down into

Lord  
Wolseley.

it, form a peaceful landscape that bespeaks peace. And yet these savages are a howling, begging lot of savages, who will not work except in their own lazy fashion, and to whom dastardly murder is no crime. Their murders are always of a cowardly nature. There is no question of a fair stand-up fight, but a sneaking rascal pots you in safety from behind a wall, and the whole cowardly population seek to screen him from the crime he has committed, and which he is quite willing to repeat any number of times until some hangman puts an end to his infamous career.

COPENHAGEN, E.S. "MIRROR,"

23/6/95.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

Before you can get this, the news of the Government defeat will have reached you. I presume from Rosebery going to Windsor immediately after, that his abject lot have resigned. They will have to finish Supply, and then there will be a general election. But what interests me, personally, is that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman announced in the House of Commons that the Duke of Cambridge would retire on 1st October next (*i.e.* the day my time ends in Dublin).

This morning we all had an audience of the King. Of course that was got up by dear old Pender, who loves Kings and Princes. I went in the undress uniform, the civilians went in white ties and evening clothes, looking as if they were waiters in want of a place. The King was in walking dress, and spoke to every one. He asked me if the Duke of Cambridge had resigned. I had not then seen the telegram, so I said I did not believe it. He replied he hoped it was not true. He had much difficulty in finding something to say to each of us that would be more or less apropos. His voice and accent was exactly like that of the Princess of Wales. In the afternoon to the old Castle of Rosenborg, now a Royal Museum, where all the most precious possessions of the Kings of Denmark for the last four hundred years are deposited. Such miniatures, such paintings and enamels. Beautiful ceilings: the floors of black and white marble set chess-wise, and the chairs and tables used by Kings when our Charles II. was selling England to Louis XIV. Copenhagen is the prettiest town in Europe.

THE ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL,  
15/7/95. 6.15 p.m.

I have been so hard at it all day that I am tired talking to friends and hearing their chorus that it must not, it cannot be. I have barely time to tell you anything, but will write again from Dublin to-morrow. M'Neill came here to see me. He has sent on my letter to Bigge, saying he thought the Queen should see it immediately, and that in his opinion there was only one man for the place, and that man was "Jo."<sup>1</sup> As soon as M'Neill hears from Bigge he will let me know the result. I have just this moment been interrupted by little Alf, who will see "Salisbury" on Wednesday and tackle him on this point. He scouts the notion of "Devon"<sup>1</sup> being given the place. There was some thought of Lansdowne—who in future I shall call "Kerry," because he has property there, both in letters and telegrams—putting in Roberts, but I fancy that is over.

Lord  
Wolseley.

8/8/95, or rather 9/8/95, for it  
is nearly 1 a.m.

I have sat up to write my answer to Lansdowne. You never told me which of the two places you would choose, so I have had to elect off my own bat. I believe it will be the best for Frances, and I hope the most agreeable for both you and me. I should have liked to have you here; first, to tell me whether you prefer Berlin or Pall Mall, and secondly to correct my answer. I feel as the man condemned to death must feel when suddenly reprieved.

Lord  
Wolseley.

ROYAL HOSPITAL, 14/8/95.

I leave this to-morrow for "Hazlewood, Sligo," until Wednesday, 1st, unless I am called to London. I fancy the announcement will soon be made. I suppose Lansdowne has settled it with the Queen, and is now in a position to tell Buller. Hurrah! Thank God. I cannot tell you how my heart rejoices, and how grateful I feel to God for this blessing. I have an idea the remaining months of this year are to bring me luck.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I hope the Queen will not resent my having turned a deaf ear to her reiterated message of the Emperor's anxiety to have me at Berlin.

<sup>1</sup> "Jo" and "Devon" private code words for Wolseley and Buller.

I want, when leaving this next month, to present each man in the Hospital with a nice brierwood pipe—150 pipes. Please get the Army and Navy or other stores to send me these.

The very moment you see our secret announced in the papers as a *communiqué*, please send me a wire saying, "News published."

HAZLEWOOD, SLIGO,  
16th August 1895.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have just this moment read the leader in the *Times* of yesterday about me. As that paper has always been very much down upon me, I am grateful now for its small mercies. It accuses me most unfairly of having spoken at times disparagingly of the Navy. That is absolutely untrue. Far from it, I have said, in a public speech—more than once, I think—that if we had only one million to spend on defences, I would spend it on our Navy, our first, our only great line of defence. But the *Times* had to say something disagreeable about me to make up for saying anything in my praise, so let it pass.

ROYAL HOSPITAL, 23/8/95.

Lord  
Wolsley.

My table is so encumbered with letters and telegrams, all of which must be answered, that I felt the glass of port I drank at luncheon get more and more into my head as I looked at them. But I do in my heart appreciate them, for I feel that a considerable proportion are sincere. I did not know I had so many good friends. I have to-day had a very nice note from Roberts which I will send you to-morrow when I have answered it. I enclose copy of letter I wrote before breakfast to H.R.H. : tell me frankly if you approve or otherwise. I know the old gentleman likes and dislikes me by turns, just as I do him. But he is down in his luck, and I feel for him, and picture to myself what I shall feel five years hence when my turn comes to make my bow and retire for ever from the Military stage—that is, if I live so long. I have now no chance of dying like a soldier in harness in the open air, and with my face towards England's enemy.

I dined with His Ex. again last night. He was exceedingly nice ; asked me to stay with him at the Lodge, and if I would not do that to dine or lunch there whenever I wished. Nothing could be more agreeable than he was to every one. He cannot

ride, and although he has a thoroughly broken horse, he only just maintains himself on it.

I must don my red jacket for dinner. I hope you got the *Punch* with the picture of "Cambridge and Wolseley."

BUNCRANA, 13/9/95.

We had a large party of young people at Crom, and sat down some twenty-one or twenty-two each night. I was never with a brighter set, all determined to amuse themselves, and from Erne down not one ashamed to play the fool, when by doing so he or she could contribute to the general hilarity of the moment. Lady Erne is, as you know, a sister of Lord Enniskillen, and, as Florence Court is not far off, the young people of both houses are very *liés*. There were Lady Kathleen Cole; a daughter of Evelyn Ashley's, who is engaged to be married; a tall girl from the north of England, whose name I forget for the moment; General and Miss Thesiger; Dick Moreton<sup>1</sup> and his handsome Eastern-looking daughter; Charley Crichton, his son and daughter, the latter looking very pretty; Mr. and Mrs. Seely; a young Eliot, son of Chas. Eliot; then a young and very charming daughter of the Ernes; an old lady—very old—Miss Cole; and a son of Colonel Sanderson, brother of the boy in the Rifle Brigade. The life and soul of the whole party were Lord Crichton and a younger brother. Both very nice and full of fun. The elder is being seriously laid siege to. I believe it is very amusing to watch *her*; her machinations to get near him, to get him to talk to her, form a most interesting study. The house is large, well kept, plenty of servants, a deer park round it, a river and a lake running through the park, well stocked with boats and yachts and steam-launches of every sort and kind. Lord Crichton has an excellent voice and is very good at charades and all that class of amusement.

Lord  
Wolseley.

BARON'S COURT, IRELAND,  
15th September 1895.

A large house-party here. Lords Claud and Frederick H., and a small son<sup>2</sup> of the former; a daughter of Lord Water-

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Sir Richard Moreton.

<sup>2</sup> Now Lieut.-Colonel Gilbert Hamilton, Grenadier Guards.

ford; and Miss Wilson-Patten, who plays the violoncello *à merveille*; the Rev. Mr. James, who is equally good—better—on the piano; Lord and Lady Hamilton. The place looks lovely, for the sun is out and the lights and shades everywhere make pictures all round.

I go to Omagh to-morrow and return here to dine and sleep. On the 17th, Tuesday, I go on to Ballyshannon and sleep at "Cliff, Belleek," near there, where I propose remaining until Friday night or Saturday morning, when I leave for Dublin.

BROCKET HALL, HATFIELD,  
9/10/95.

Lord  
Wolseley.

We drove yesterday to Panshanger—the Park much larger but the house not so livable in as this charming house which only wants a "clearing out" of a good deal of rubbish to be about the most delightful place one could have. Host and hostess both, as you know, kindness, gentleness, and hospitality itself. John M'Neill went to town to-day to look after the "place" of Black Rod, just vacant. It is, he says, in the Queen's gift, and I hope he may get it, as he wants it. Oh, what a delightful thing it would be to have a country house, no matter how small! The more I visit London the more I hate it, and the more I see of the country the more I like it.

As I write this the bells from Colwich Church are ringing in my ears. Such a peaceful place. There is not another sound upon the earth or in the air to be heard, not even the rustle of leaves, for there is no breath of air to stir them. I long to be altogether away from the turmoil of life, no stupid A.D.C.'s or careless housemaids, no grooms that lame horses or butlers and footmen who stir one's anger every hour, and no kitchenmaids who let the smell of bacon pervade the house.

BLENHEIM HOME LODGE, WOODSTOCK,  
21/10/95.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I don't often ask you to do me a favour, so I hope you will not refuse this one. It is that you should employ Miss Graham to do your likeness. Please make an appointment with her for some early date—I don't think you will refuse me this.

I have been grubbing away all day. My shorthand writer, a fine ex-soldier, has his nose to the grindstone from 2.15 until past 6. A stately butler—formerly a private in the Blues—and a footman impregnated with tobacco smoke and smelling like an old dirty pipe, and who taints the air and atmosphere even of the Great Gallery, bring me in tea and bread and butter at 5 p.m. I share it with my uncomplaining Sergeant. As I sit alone in the Great Gallery here, with only some candles on the table near me, I hear the flooring and the panelling crack very often. There are always noises in it when the place is quite quiet, and each time I turn round and should not be surprised if I saw Marlborough standing beside me.

Mr. Angas, with whom I stay, is a very nice fellow: son of a Yorkshire farmer, he understands all about farming and bulls and top-dressing, and is a devoted admirer of the horse. The house he lives in is called the China House, as in it was kept all the valuable old china of the Palace. He has written to you to-day to tell you about the trains, and he has arranged to have the great Birmingham organist to come here on Saturday to play the splendid organ in the Palace for you.

Blenheim is certainly a princely possession, and the two millions with Miss Vanderbilt will be a boon.

## BLENHEIM HOME LODGE, WOODSTOCK,

24/10/95.

I saw little of the day, for I spent from 10.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. in the Long Gallery working at the Marlborough papers, giving my unfortunate shorthand writer but an hour between 1 and 2 p.m. for his dinner. I expect him to strike work every morning, but he is most cheerful and quite contented. But he is a soldier, so that accounts for his pluck and uncomplaining endurance. A civilian would have left by the fastest train after his first day's imprisonment with me.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

## BALMORAL CASTLE,

2/11/95.

I made a good journey here, and put in an amount of sleep that will last me for some time. It was cold, and I did not

*Lord  
Wolseley.*



enjoy being detained two hours at Aberdeen for a train to Ballater. There, I was met by a fly which brought me in *an hour* to this Castle.

I was very much amused this afternoon, when out for a walk with Colonel Bigge, to see a closed landau pass. In fact, we had to leave the drive and stand in the snow to let it go by. The windows were open, so I asked who was the "Baboo" sort of fellow I saw within it with a large turban. "Oh, that is the Queen's moonshee and his wife and mother," I was told. "They go out in the carriage every day." One must have been in India to realise the position of the man who is thus provided with a carriage, while the Field-Marshal, at the head of the Queen's Army, drives in a fly. Bigge consulted me (!) as to whether I should or should not kiss the Queen's hand. I said it must be as the Queen liked, but my idea was that I should do so.

A message came from the Queen as Bigge was talking to me in my room, to say the Queen would see me after lunch. I went to lunch in my best frock-coat to be ready for my Audience. Lady Ampthill was the Lady-in-Waiting, and she left the Castle for London after luncheon. Miss Lambart, Mrs. Mallet, *née* Adeane (Lady Elizabeth Biddulph's daughter), two acting ladies whose names I forget, Aleck Yorke, young Ponsonby, a curiously-made old Indian General who might apparently have been at the battle of Plassey, a doctor, name unknown, and a stout man who looked like a German. This was our luncheon party.

After luncheon, I was ushered into a room, where the Queen was alone on a chair in the middle of the room. She half got up and curtsied, and I knelt and kissed her hand. She said, "I must sit, I cannot stand." She was very gracious, and said I had been very nice and kind about the Duke of Connaught, but she thinks he will be my successor. I asked her if she would like him to be Adjutant-General. She said Arthur wouldn't hear of that, and he is very happy where he is. She evidently hopes to keep him on at Aldershot for the next five years, which might be a little hard upon the rising Generals. However, that is a matter the S. of S. will have to settle. The Queen is looking well and healthy, and seemed in good spirits. God preserve her life. She is having some private theatricals to-night, in which Aleck Yorke, of course, plays the chief part

and is the organiser. I shall tell you of them when we meet.

Every one here longs to go South. The whole country is under snow, and with its pine woods and silver birch reminds one of Canada in winter.

1895

## CHAPTER XXV

PFALZER HOF, WEINHEIM, BADEN, GERMANY,  
May 1895.

Lady  
Wolsley.

We had to wait an hour in Frankfort and came on here by what they call the *Bumbel*, the slow train. Pannebakker<sup>1</sup> met us enthusiastically at this station, and had a landau and pair, coachman with white gloves, like a wedding, waiting for us. She drove us first to her pretty villa, and after tea brought us to this primitive German inn. We are in the midst of wooded hills, on one side, with old castles on them (fifth century!). I walked into the town to-day, about a quarter of a mile, a nice, quiet old place where no one is in a hurry. It does one's nerves good. We have lunched with Pannebakker; she makes the pupils wait at table, which makes one feel rather uncomfortable! Then she took us for a lovely drive through a very thriving-looking country, large well-to-do farms, and orchards—all in blossom—and vineyards everywhere. I think we shall like this place! Poor Mitchell *hates* it. The paving-stones hurt her corns; there are no maids and no shops!

Have you ordered your *Blues* uniform? I want you to send Miss Pannebakker a signed F.M. photo by Werner. We found our hotel rooms filled with her little attentions—scented soap, chocolates, stamps, books, and prints.

PFALZER HOF, WEINHEIM,  
19/5/95.

Lady  
Wolsley.

I am reading the letters of André Ampère; he was a great scientific, electrical Frenchman who lived about 1804. He

<sup>1</sup> Sometime governess to the present Lady Wolsley.

had a wife he was very fond of, and he writes her most charming letters. She died very soon, and he married again and was very unhappy. He is very modest and simple, and he was, I believe, a *great* discoverer in Science. He and she were very, very poor, and their little shifts were very touching.

Do not hastily sell our little round tables and ball chairs, and I would *certainly* not sell those half-circles for lighting the rooms. As we pay a *lump sum* for moving our things to Greenwich, I would take all I could. We can sell them there if, after all, we do not want them. You will get nothing for them in Dublin, and *if* you succeed H.R.H. you will want them again. You are always in a hurry to *sell for nothing*! and it costs so much to buy again. Madame Ampère would have said all that to *him*, because he was, like you, too interested in big things to do little things with attention!

I told you I had been reading *Le Rhin*, by Victor Hugo. I was charmed by it. He writes very simply, whereas I always fancied he was a wild dreamer.

5 KISSELEFF STRASSE, HOMBURG,  
6/6/95.

Yesterday we saw the Empress Frederick, as she paid a visit to a Court Minister and his daughter who are staying here. She had a modest victoria and pair, the servants had shoulder knots and aiguillettes—like an F.M.! She is very like the Queen, with less presence. When she came out to get into the carriage, there were such bows, and hand-kissings, and curtsies from her host and daughter. She *plumped* heavily *behind the coachman*—where you are *not* allowed to sit!—and the Crown Princess of Greece who was with her had to go round to the other side of the carriage to get in. We *snobs* watched it all, hidden by a bush from the all-seeing Royal eye. You never told me if I ought to write my name for her at Cronberg before I leave.

Lady  
Wolseley

Mitchell and I took a long walk out to the "big fir wood" (not *fur*, sir!) and back. We were *going* over two hours. It is the beginning of an immense forest which covers all the hills near here. The Germans do things very thoroughly. There are seats everywhere, and coloured indications on the trees, corresponding with a map which one can buy, so that you can

never lose your way. F. and I are going out there to-day, to spend the whole day, with our books, etc.

5 KISSELEFF STRASSE, HOMBURG,

17/6/95.

Lady  
Wolsley.

MY DEAREST HUSBAND (not that I have several!),—I think of you at Hamburg, and wish it were spelt with an "o." I wonder how you will like the German life at Hamburg; but I dare say you will just live like English fighting cocks. We find your recommend *such* a bore. I should say he is the poorest of poor creatures—lazy, self-indulgent, and a snob. The old father is worth twenty of him. I am glad Hamley's *Memoirs* find dispassionate readers, as shown by the cuttings.

5 KISSELEFF STRASSE,

21/6/95.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Yesterday we drove to Nauheim. We had a nice light little victoria, and *of course* I did not start till the bearing reins were taken off. Then Sir Thomas Lauder took us to a pretty old town "Friedburg," with a fine mediæval tower, and a quaint 1604 Schloss where Princess Alice of Hesse lived before *he* became Grand Duke. When I was in a shop the G.'s came in. He is nice. She has no manners and is uglier than ever. How he can do his share as regards the children one cannot imagine as one looks at her. Lauder tells me that all the cart horses in Germany are given by the Government to the farmers, on condition that they are to be available for transport in war-time. What a good plan! They are remarkably good-looking horses. One never sees an old or lame one; they are not of the cart-horse breed, but look much more refined, only very big and strong.

5 KISSELEFF STRASSE,

23/6/95.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Such delightful news the faithful Grove brought me last night, in a Frankfort paper. The announcement by C.-B. in the House of the Duke's resignation on 1st October—just fitting in, too, with our plans! I do hope it will all come out as we wish. I see the incomer is not to be called Chief of the

Staff. So much the better! Shall we have a sentry at our door? Will the pay only be £4000? I see they say the term is to be the usual term of Staff appointments, but *can be extended*! Frances had gone to the Opera at Frankfort and I had the delight of telling her when she came back at midnight. I had a most *pleasant* sleepless few hours of excitement. When do you suppose we shall know more? I wonder if C.-B. will resign. The Government must be very busy thinking of themselves and their position, but luckily the Army can't be left without a head. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, the Duke's feats of valour won all the battles in the Crimea. How you have misled your trusting family on the subject. All this makes it now *worth* describing a charming drive Mitchell and I took yesterday through several delightful old German towns. We passed the Empress Frederick's place, "Friedrichsruhe." It is a large strong house in rather small surroundings, but it has one charming thing. The *fence* for 2 miles, I should think, round it is a thick hedge of roses of all sorts, honeysuckle, and all sorts of flowering things. It was ideal. It is so simple that any tradesmen *could* have it; and no tradesmen *would* have it.

5 KISSELEFF STRASSE,  
26/6/95.

We are *very excited* about the situation! We see news from England very promptly in the Frankfort *afternoon* paper, and we take in *now*, *Times* as well as *M. P.* and *Daily Tel.* I wish *very much* that I could see you, *before* our furniture move begins, to talk over our affairs. I feel rather puzzled about our winter plans till I hear what you think. You know what a *weaver* I am. Colonel Grove leaves to-day for London. He begged me to tell you that he would like to see you on your way through town. He has been so nice to us, and we grieve for the loss of our political and military adviser in this crisis.

Lady  
Wolseley.

We had thought of a little Rhine trip with Lady MacDougall from 1st July, but we are disinclined now to leave this good centre of news while all this excitement is going on. Lord Selborne told me he had a telegram yesterday from Lord Salisbury saying he is to be Prime Minister, so I suppose the difficulty of the Radicals delaying the dissolution (which Lord Salisbury said must be settled before he finally accepted) has been got over.

*Finale.*—A little sermon to you on *ingratitude* to Providence. You say you have had no "luck" for years. I think you, and we all, have had blessings innumerable, and you must think of them and not of your wishes. *Amen.*

5 KISSELEFF STRASSE,

29/6/95.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Yesterday I started at 9 for Heidelberg; the Castle is a magnificent ruin and still contains interesting pictures and relics. I saw a mezzotinto done by Prince Rupert and many pictures of him, of Elizabeth of Bohemia, of Sophia and of Charlotte Elizabeth of Orleans.

*Sunday.*—I am not sure whether this will ever reach you, so I shall not write much, only a little *bon jour*. So Lord Lansdowne is to be War Minister! How do you like that? And the Cadogans go to Ireland, but being in the Cabinet it is a very different thing. What do you augur for us?

5 KISSELEFF STRASSE,

15/7/95.

Lady  
Wolseley.

DEAREST,—I have just sent you off the packet of letters you left in my charge, and which I forgot to give you back. It is as well that you should have them back. I now enclose you some letters that came for you this morning. I took the liberty of opening them as I knew all the writings. I had a charming letter from Major Griffiths full of sympathy and desire to help you. You will see him to-day. I also had a letter from Sir J. M'Neill, which I did not particularly like. He made no offers of service, and declares Sir R. B. is quite to be trusted and is most loyal to you. He says that as the country is divided (which I don't believe!) as to you or Roberts, the solution is Buller! There was nothing private in his letter, so I sent it to Major Griffiths, as I thought it might be useful that he should see this very ridiculous solution, and be able to give it a crack on the head. What a downfall Sir W. Harcourt has had. Besides losing his seat the German papers say he and Lady H. were pelted with mud at Derby. I long to hear from you and to have an account of to-day. Tell me if you saw Sir J. M'N. and what he said to you.

## SCHLOSS HOTEL, HEIDELBERG.

Friday, 26/7/95.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I must tell you about the Empress Frederick yesterday. We left here at 10 o'clock, got to Frankfort at 12, and changed into the Cronberg train and arrived there at 1 o'clock. Her carriages met some Royalties who were in our train and us. We had a rather rumbly little victoria, but the servants had aiguillettes and on their buttons a star—like the *Garter*—which she had also on her tablecloths. What would it be? Perhaps it is the *Garter*? When we arrived at Friederichshof, the Hof Marshal (Chamberlain) met us at the door, and ushered us into the inner sitting-room hall where the Empress and guests were. She was *most* kind and amiable, and we *kissed* her hand. Then *she* introduced her daughter, who is married to a *Hesse*—he was not there—and also a *Gleichen* girl, who is married to some Prince, for the Empress called her “Princess.” Then there was the Grand Duke of Hesse, and a son of Prince Christian’s, and Count Sachendorf and three “in waitings”; also Mr. Hugo Wemyss, but no other small fry except ourselves. We went at once into luncheon. The Empress sat between the Grand Duke and the *Christian* youth. The Chamberlain sat opposite her, with F. and me on each side of him. We were *thirteen* at luncheon with the Hesse “in waiting.” The luncheon was very good. Six servants, not smart, in trousers, and not good waiting. We had *kromesnies*, cutlets, partridge, artichokes, one sweet, and dessert. The table had some silver and flowers and two silver soup tureens with their covers on as ornaments! German spoken more than English! The Empress spoke very sharply to the butler about a knife handle being chipped. “It wasn’t done when we last used them,” in German. The house is very nice inside—light, large, and cheerful, a great deal of delicately carved wood in it and charming Louis xv. plaster ceilings. Quantities of *good* furniture, but a little too much mixed up: old German, French, Italian, and English. Still it is very nice, not at all a *palace*, more a *fairly* large English country house. She sat and walked about with me and with Frances and was *quite* simple and not a bit condescending. What are her politics? for when I said the elections were going well, she said, “I hope it is good for the country??” She said, “Campbell-



Bannerman was very good for the Army." This doesn't look as if she resents the Duke's rejection. When I said we were anxious to know what your fate would be, she only said, "I know nothing," but offered no sympathy. Does it mean that she is ignorant about our hopes, or that she wants the Duke of Connaught or what? The grandchildren came down and she played with them, and about 3 she bid us good-bye, thanked me for coming so far, sent you "many kind messages," and went upstairs. We left at 3.15, had an hour in Frankfort, and got back here at 7.40. She was very displeased with the servants for leaving some rugs to fade in the sun. There were very good pictures, and cabinets of treasures and pastels and miniatures that I would have longed to examine at leisure. She told me the Queen cannot move her legs now, and can only read through a *magnifying* glass, and cannot recognise any one across the table. We shall stay on here for the present. I won't mention *the* subject except to say I still hope.

SCHLOSS HOTEL, HEIDELBERG,  
28/7/95.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Your "Hindustan" letter just arrived. What jumps we do make from one possibility to another! I am quite prepared for anything that is best for you. What a remarkable leading article about the Duke of C. in Friday's *Times*! I do not think I ever read a stronger one. Do you suppose it was *inspired* by the Government?

Yesterday the students had a great *breakfast* in the open air in the Castle. They wore strange clothes and drank unlimited tankards of beer. We went to look at them. Some had fancy uniforms with swords, some evening clothes. They then processed through the town with a band, in forty-four landaus! one with six horses, several with four, and the rest with two. Four students in each, a few riding. They ended at an hotel and were to eat there from *three* till night. They are such fat, soft-looking young men, and to our eyes look very vulgar. ~~In~~ In the afternoon we went by rail to Swetzingen, where the Grand Duke of Baden has an eighteenth-century country palace with immense Versailles gardens. We wasted our time going over the palace, but intend to go again to see the gardens.

I have begun to read *Plutarch's Lives* in French, Dacier's

translations. What a lot those old fellows knew! It seems to me, except machinery, steam, and electricity, we have made no progress.

SCHLOSS HOTEL, HEIDELBERG,

31/7/95.

We wait breathlessly to hear more. Are we to cry "à Berlin," or shall we be in India, or shall we subside into a house in Ebury Street with a parlour-maid? Also tell me, when the Duke of Wellington was C.-in-C., was he a cross-bencher or did he choose a side? Don't forget to answer this, as I don't understand your Carlton problem. Have you done it as a protest against the Rads. intended treatment of *you*, or as a protest against their general policy? I want to be able to answer as you wish if I am questioned about it. Our small doings seem so terribly insignificant, I hesitate to tell you about them. Pannebakker lunched with us on Monday and took us to see the students' clubs or, rather, beer-drinking places. They have all sorts of funny little rules and regulations, and are in a great measure allowed to manage themselves and make their own laws. A young student showed us over his club and was *most* civil. He kissed our hands when we left. He had half an ear cut off and his nose stuck together with cotton-wool. He told us we could go and see the duelling, and we intend to go. They fight at a little inn in the country near here. I do not fancy it is very tragic. We also saw the prison they are shut up in if they offend.

Lady  
Wolseley.

SCHLOSS HOTEL, HEIDELBERG,

7/8/95.

Your "good" telegram has just arrived, and has warmed our hearts. We understand it to mean that you have heard something encouraging but not *decisive*, and we think that Lord Mt. S. must have sent you a satisfactory account of his interviews with Lord L. yesterday. If so, Lord Mt. S. must, I think, have telegraphed it to you, as I don't think there was time for his letter to reach Kilkenny. We wait your next letter with impatience! I wonder when I have *not* been waiting with impatience for a letter in the last twenty-five years! I do hope it will all soon be satisfactorily settled!

Lady  
Wolseley.

*Notice.*—Do not cross your letters on foreign paper—we cannot make them out !

SCHLOSS HOTEL, 9/8/95.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Of course, as usual, we are dying for more news. Especially to know *how much*, and whether you will be called "commanding" or "commander" or what. Perhaps Sunday may bring us a letter. As soon as I know more I shall make my plans for departure. How delightful to be able to make *plans* again ! Frances says she sees them spinning in my brain already. I must go over soon to look for a house, and then you must come and do lion when I have done jackal. As soon as it is *announced* I shall put in a *par* in *M. Post* to say I am expected at M'Kellar's, as I have no doubt I shall have many congrats. and I don't want them to wander about abroad. Is it not all delightful ? I hope you are *happy*, because you were so brave when it looked bad for us. I am more glad than I can say, and you know it is not *all* for myself.

17 DOVER STREET, 19/8/95.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Kind Grove has just been here. He has found out that nothing is settled about the C.-in-C.'s pay, but he thinks it will be settled in about a week, and thinks they intend to deal liberally. I do not know whom he saw about it. He says the Lansdowne Asst. Sec., Mr. Welby (he and his wife were in the same house with us at Homburg), has behaved very nicely about you, and has never failed to put in a word edgeways for you whenever he could.

I can say no more ; dear Colonel Maurice tells me Lord L. has just announced it in Lords. Dearest child, no one can be happier than I am at your happiness or wish you more blessings in this new stage of life.

OLD PLACE, LINDFIELD, HAYWARDS HEATH,

Monday, 9/9/95.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Here we are in the Kempe earthly paradise ! I am writing in my bedroom. Such a bedroom ! I wish you could see it, *absolutely* perfect, and the whole house the same. You *must* come down here some day. It would triple my pleasure if

we saw it together. He has a butler and footman and odd-man, so you would not be subject to a parlour-maid. Blanchett says the servants' quarters are as good as ours, and they have everything that can give comfort and refinement. The garden is looking beautiful too. This morning we sat out there, and then he took us to see a nice old house in his village, with a *large* garden, to be sold, freehold, for a thousand pounds. I felt I could be quite happy there. Its door is in the little village street, but not much harm in that, and the back quite country. Then we drove with him to Groombridge, about 18 miles, through Ashdown Forest, such a pretty country with *commons*. It is a real old, untouched Charles II. house, placed where an older house, a Castle, had existed, and still surrounded by the moat. Old gardens with grass terraces, a fountain, peacocks, swans, and *storks*, flights of white pigeons against yew hedges. Two spinsters and a widow—Miss *Saints* and Mrs. Streatfield—live there, and have owned it for the last hundred years. Before that it belonged to *Packers*, before that to Wallers. They have fire-backs and panelling of 1579 out of the *older* house. The Duke of Orleans, taken at the battle of Agincourt, was imprisoned for seventeen years in the Castle which this house replaces. They were nice and homely and simple, and spoke of the *honour* it had been to meet you at Eridge when we were there fifteen years ago, and they hope you will go and see Groombridge. Altogether my little outing has refreshed me much, and I shall return bravely to the house-hunt to-morrow with renewed energy.

1896

## CHAPTER XXVI

HENLEY PARK, GUILDFORD,  
1st September 1896.

Lord  
Wolsley.

We have had rather a long and tiring day. It poured heavily all last night and early this morning, and we did not mount our war-horses until about 10 a.m. It soon began to rain again in torrents, and the poor troops seemed as if they had been walking about in a fish-pond to look for food, and had found none. The Highland officers near me had bonnets that reminded one of the miserable appearance a pheasant presents that has fallen in a pond and remained there some time before it is retrieved.

Our usual Conference came off in a downpour that took the starch out of every one, and the venom out of my criticism. We then started for this place, a ride of about 10 miles, and here we arrived about 5 p.m., hungry as hunters, for none of us had eaten anything since half-past eight in the morning; and even my mare, the "Duchess," that had played the fool to any extent in the morning, and had been positively violent in her frivolity, was tamed down into the demureness of old maidenhood. (She must be a Duchess in her own right!)

We had a right good tea with many viands. Then in came the Middletons, my Lord, Lady, and the unmarried daughter. They are to dine, so they came to tea, and are to dress here. The Verners, who do not know the Pirbrights, came to see me whilst we were having our tea. They have been received into the bosom of this family already, and invited, I think, to dinner during my stay here. Mrs. Verner looking very pretty. There

is to be a large dinner-party here every evening during my stay. The brother-in-law, Mr. Something Phillips, who is the coming Lord Mayor, and his son are here—the son's name is *Benjamin*. They have been partridge shooting to-day.

HENLEY PARK, GUILDFORD,  
2nd September 1896.

I have just had lunch—a banquet prepared by a cook who ought to have the Garter. It poured all last night and it rained all day, so the manœuvres intended for to-day were postponed. I saw one Division of the Army pass by here, and rode out in a waterproof coat to them. They were as wet as drowned rats, but all were cheery and marched as if on parade, although they had already done 13 miles and had nearly 4 more to go before they encamped in the rain on wet ground.

Lord  
Wolseley

Our dinner last night consisted of Prince Napoleon and his equerry, General, Mrs., and Miss Swaine, the three Cokes, *père*, *mère*, and *fille*. The last named is five feet eleven and a half inches, and the man she is about to marry is six feet three, so it is like one of the marriages Frederick loved to arrange. Lady Pirbright wants me to go and see the Empress with her, but I would prefer going to see that august lady by myself.

HENLEY PARK, GUILDFORD,  
4/9/96.

Rosebery has asked us all three to stay with him at Dalmeny when I go to Edinburgh to deliver an address the first week of December. I have accepted for myself, refused for you, and left the question of Frances open.

Lord  
Wolseley

We have twenty here to dinner every evening, and Lady Pirbright told me they were now feeding daily in the house *one hundred and twenty-six* mouths besides the nine horses of my party in the stable. I walked through Guildford with her yesterday and every one ran out to see her. She is so good and kind to us all here, that I hate to laugh at her even to you. You said something about an elephant being found grazing in Hyde Park as very unlikely and very incongruous. But it would be nothing to my dear Lady P. in the streets of Guildford. No bird of paradise, no cockatoo or "parrot with a tail like a

carrot," ever equalled her in brilliancy and variety of colouring. I will describe it when we meet.

We had a very pretty woman to dinner last night, a Mrs. Winans, wife of the great pistol shot. His father is one of the richest men in the world. She was the daughter of a Brighton doctor; and had she not met this millionaire she would probably have married the local chemist. Only sixteen when she married, and had six children "right away."

BROOME PARK, NR. CANTERBURY,  
[afterwards bought by Lord Kitchener]  
15/9/96.

Lord  
Wolseley.

You can imagine what an Irish establishment this is! but the welcome is Irish also—sincere, hearty, and warm. This is *the* home of the Oxendens, and their portraits hang on every wall. They came in for this place and property by marrying the heiress of the family who had long owned the place. There is a picture of the first Oxenden Baronet, 1668, and a very nice one of Arabella Churchill. The house is of red brick, much begabbed and said to have been built by Inigo Jones. It is in very bad repair, as is also the old furniture, most of which is entirely after your heart. The park is fine and beautifully wooded, and the surrounding country rich in undulating scenery, in no way grand or imposing, but delightfully green and homelike. The house is just 7 miles from Canterbury, along the old Watling Street of the Romans.

CHARTERHALL, DUNS, N.B.,  
*Before cock-crow, 9/12/96.*

Lord  
Wolseley.

Trotter met us at the station last night. Phoebe Allan and her husband, Lord and Lady Gifford, young Maurice Gifford, three sons and one daughter of the family, constitute our party. Gifford took Frances in to dinner, and on the other side of her was the eldest son in the Life Guards. She goes out hunting to-day, and so do all the party except me. I go with Mrs. Trotter to see the field of Flodden, of which battle I know nothing.

We had a long and troublesome journey here, and I went through a trying time, having to make three speeches. Perth

was, *en fête*, the shops shut up and the streets decorated, and crowds everywhere. The day began by being very fine, but when I had to speak to a multitude on the "Inch" in the open air (Inch means island) a steady drizzle set in. Perhaps a suitable accompaniment to the ripple of rot that came from me.

The Town Hall holds 3000 people, and it was crammed. There I received the freedom of the city and was able to make myself easily heard. But I was well tired when I finished by the inspection of a Boys' Brigade on the platform of the Perth railway station.

WILTON PARK, BLACKBURN,  
10/12/96.

Yesterday Mrs. Trotter drove me over to a sister-in-law's place, Lady Marjoribanks—a widow—who has a nice place full of nice things. She fed us well and drove us on to see where the battle of Flodden Field was fought, and then to Castle Ford near by. King James IV. of Scotland slept in Ford Castle the night before the fight, and his bed is still there—date of battle, September 1513. There is a winding stone staircase down from his bedroom to the room occupied by the Lady Heron of the day, whose husband owned Ford then, but was in prison. The King intrigued with her, and it is supposed that her *beaux yeux* so influenced his conduct that he lost the battle and has never been heard of since, nor his body ever been found. Ford was done up by Louisa, of Waterford. You must remember her, she drew well—and "painted" with great care and broad artistic colouring.

Lord  
Wolseley.

P.S.—Please tell your friend that I sounded Kitchener when at home, but he positively declines to take any married officers, and I think he is right.



1896

## CHAPTER XXVII

ROYAL HOTEL, LOWESTOFT,  
10/4/96.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

Before getting your "gram" this evening, I *had* written to Lord Mount Stephen. I wonder if he is very heart-broken? I shall be anxious to hear all details. It is nearly twenty-nine years when she was so kind to me when you and I arrived in Canada, a bride and bridegroom, and, dear little thing, what a good husband you are! and nicer every day.

To-day I had another tricycle ride, and did better. The machine was, however, a horridly bad one, and we went to another shop, hoping to find a good one. They had no tricycles, but a persuasive woman vowed she could teach me on a *bike*! and I am to have an hour's lesson to-morrow. She says she has taught many ladies, one over sixteen stone! and quite old ones. I tremble as I think of my lesson, but I will have *one* try at least. Pray keep this a *dark* secret. *Don't* blab it out to Rayner or Mitchell.

We are leading a very peaceful life. Dinner at 1, high tea at 6.30.

I am reading like mad; am now at Prescott's *Philip II*. I like it all except the battles, for I never can see where the "left wing rests."

HÔTEL BRASSEUR, LUXEMBURG,  
30/8/96.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

I quite like this place, and wish you could be here. The fortifications—demolished and otherwise—would interest you.

The situation is really most picturesque. There are excellent modern houses and some few nice remains, but I don't see the eighteenth-century palaces you promised me. I have just had my little *déjeuner*, and am writing in my prophetic attic. Mitchell and I are off at 1 o'clock (2nd class) to Trèves for the day, and get back about 8. This is the Luxemburg fête day, the culmination of the August Fair which has been held here every year since 1400.

Good-bye. I must prepare for Cæsar—B.C. 56—and the *fourth* century at Trèves, and try to be as intelligent as I can.

LUXEMBURG, 1/9/96.

I enclose you the Trèves "Porta Nigra" photo. Keep it for me. It never was finished, and the *latest* date attributed to it is the fourth century. Napoleon was luckily short of ammunition when he was at Trèves, or intended to blow it up. He took all the lead off the roof and made it into bullets.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Do you know that between Trèves and Thionville, about six miles N. of "Sierak" (ten miles from Thionville), there is a Château Nunsdorf, popularly known as "Château Marlbro'," because Marlborough resided there.

STRASSBURG, 4/9/96.

Already the days are closing in so, that we can't be out after 6.30 or 7, and I am afraid then it will be worse, and it is chilly the moment the sun goes down. I feel as if the battlefields will scarcely be a success, and that you won't like an hotel bedroom for a long evening. *What do you think?* Could you not meet me instead at Amsterdam, or any dam you like, and let us do a week's pictures together? You should do the battlefields in May—before the ballroom benches begin—when the days are long and bright. The left wing may escape us in the dusk.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I wish we could wander together through the old streets here. There are charming corners, as you know. The little German soldiers are always tripping about, and doing their high *bantam* step when they see an officer, and, like lobsters, they seem to see behind them and everywhere.

BELLA VISTA,<sup>6</sup> BADEN-BADEN,  
10/9/96.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I like this little place so much. The food is quite good, and it is so fresh and quiet and in the country. One is in a hundred charming hill and wood walks at once, with a bench everywhere and not paper-baggy and restaurant-y. I must tell you of a delightful drive I took to a "*deserted* Schloss" in a little Versaillesish garden, built by a Markgräfin Sybilla in 1735, and not inhabited since her death. It is furnished and exactly as she left it. Some charming old French furniture. There are *lits de parade*, with rails round them just like Louis XIV. at Versailles, and any number of pictures of Markgräfs and Markgräfin. One room contains seventy miniatures of Sybilla and her husband in any variety of costumes. There is the kitchen, with all its old copper and crockery and curious delf and china. She was very vain in her youth, and very *dévoté* in her old age, and they show the chapel and hermitage where she finally lived and died. She had two life-sized wooden figures of saints, who dined every day with her, and their uneaten portions were given to the poor. Don't come abroad a patriotic Briton, but come prepared to like everything. I am so happy here, on my little balcony, with Gibbon, that I can't even make excursions. Pray bring ample topographical information how to *find* the battlefields, for Baedeker *néver* even mentions such an event. He merely gives Ramillies and Roermund as *stations*, and not even an hotel! However, no doubt you are a *truffle-dog* where a battlefield is concerned, and will know its whereabouts at once. Don't have "Viscount Wolseley" on your portmanteau, or we are undone.

4 GROSVENOR GARDENS, S.W.,  
10/12/96.

Lady  
Wolseley.

My tea-party, programme enclosed, was most brilliant. Scarcely any one failed! and all "brought their *daughters*" (whom I had not asked). I had an *excellent* staff of young men, and everything went well. Seats for all, craftily scattered—not in rows. A little pile of extra chairs at hand, used as required. My *grease-spots* I considered were poor E., with an uninvited cousin. Arthur was very useful, so was young Tryon, and Lord Towney, and Herbert. Mrs. D. *et fils* came, but so late that I don't

think the latter wanted to help with the teacups, so I only put them into seats. On Saturday I go a house-hunting *all day* into Sussex with Kempe, so I shall not write that day probably. Let me know when you return. I have had no letter from F. for two days, but all the foxes she has hunted must take up her time, so I am not cross.

Miladi *very* penitent. She thought November had thirty-one days, and that to-day was the 1st December !

1897-1898

## CHAPTER XXVIII

THE ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL, S.W.,  
23/3/97.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Grove carried me off yesterday to see Miss D. S.'s pictures—four in number—which she means to send to the Academy this year. One is a colossal affair of Marie Corelli, who is represented in a sort of white cotton chemise, clinging to her, with a *satín train hanging on behind*. It is a most ambitious picture, but will require a great amount of wall space.

I dined at the Hotel Cecil with the Grillion Club—first-rate dinner. Kimberley, Fortescue, Lord Balfour, Robert Herbert, Buller, Grant Duff—twelve in all.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, GIBRALTAR,  
21/4/97.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Yesterday I rode to the top of the rock to see our new batteries—such lovely views of sea and land! Our great Channel fleet—about 14 men-of-war of the finest sort—looked like a few cockle-boats scattered about on the bluest of water. My father began his soldiering here just *one hundred years ago*, not many years after the last and greatest of the sieges. In his day the baboons from the Upper Rock used to come down almost daily to rob the gardens, and would penetrate as far as the officers' guardroom.

At Europa Point we lunched with the Cameron Highlanders. Hanging up in the officers' mess-room as trophy was the bugle with which the charge was sounded at Tel-el-Kebir when the Camerons rushed upon Arabi's entrenchments. They are to have a new battalion added, as in the case of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards.

THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL, S.W.,  
18th May 1898.

As soon as I received your pencil note this morning I packed up my traps—oh, how badly they were packed!—and moved off to No. 39 St. James's Place. There, when coming down the very steep stairs from my second floor, the landlady, who was following, came tumbling upon my back—nearly knocked me down, and fell with great force upon her head. I thought she was killed: tried to pick her up—she weighed a ton at least, but at last got her on her legs. A man, a Volunteer officer (he told me he was) who lives on first floor, rushed out and insisted upon her going into his sitting-room to steady herself. I saw her again when I went back to dress there, and she seemed all right, but said she was stiff and bruised. A bad beginning of my bachelorhood? To Windsor with the Wantages, from Paddington; he is Lord-Lieutenant of Berks, and as it was a Berkshire Regiment to which the Queen was to give new Colours, he was, of course, on duty. The Queen gave the Colours from her carriage, and made a little speech which she had evidently learnt and *partly forgotten*, poor dear Lady. How gracious and nice she is! M'Neill in great form, and having charge of everything apparently. Tea and wine and sandwiches and cakes in St. George's Hall afterwards. Tell Frances that I like the chestnut, he was by far the handsomest charger on the ground yesterday. Every one admired him. Tony<sup>1</sup> found the black difficult to manage when he was mixed up with foot soldiers. He did not mind guns firing nor small arms nor any cavalry, but the red-coated foot soldiers set him all agog, and he did not prove himself a reliable charger.

Lord  
Wolseley.

PALACE HOUSE, BEAULIEU, SOUTHAMPTON,  
2/6/98.

This is a delightful place in the New Forest. An old and splendid Abbey in its day, one of the largest, most powerful, and important in the south of England. Of course, the house is chiefly new built from the ruins of what must have been 350 years ago an entrancing pile covering many acres. The hall where we dined last night was all groined over, and was

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Anthony Weldon, A.D.C.

formerly the main entrance to the Abbey, the places, where the doors were, and through which you drove there, being now filled up with fairly well done Gothic buildings. The splendid old Church is now an utter ruin, and the existing Protestant place of worship is the old refectory of the monks. I might ramble on for an hour to tell you of the beauties of this place and of the forest, through which I rode yesterday about 6 p.m. But I must dress.

ROUNDWAY PARK, DEVIZES,  
2nd June 1898.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I become somewhat confused by the number of places I stay at and the number of hosts and hostesses I become acquainted with on these expeditions. The internal decorations of the Adams period in this house would please you much.

GLYNLLIVON, CARNARVON,  
*My Birthday*, 1898.

#### OUR THIRTY-FIRST WEDDING DAY.

Lord  
Wolseley.

*Sixty-five* !! When I began life I always thought I should have been killed before I reached fifty—yet here I am near three-score and ten of the Scriptures, and shall die in my bed like an old woman.

Yesterday I inspected Walter Long's fine yeomanry regiment.

EDINBURGH, 14th June 1898

Lord  
Wolseley.

I am sick of making speeches. To-day I had the freedom of Dumfries given to me in a silver-gilt box with enamelled pictures, arms, on the sides. That meant a short speech; then I had to open a bazaar, and that means a long speech. To-morrow I am only expected to make one short speech, which is a relief to my unimaginative mind. I have a review of the garrison at 11 a.m., and this Edinburgh freedom at 4, and leave for London at 10.50.

When last here I protested against the proposal to build a hospital upon the best part of the plateau on which the Castle stands. I was beaten, because the Government would not face the expense—a few thousand pounds—of buying another site,

so there now stands this hideous construction of essentially railway-engineer style, and you can guess what that is. It has ruined one of the very finest sites for a building in good taste to be found anywhere.

39 St. JAMES'S PLACE,  
20/6/98.

Our dinner-party last night at Baroness Burdett-Coutts' included the American orator [Chauncey M. Depew], Lord and Lady Dartmouth, Lady Bective, and Lady Crawford, so youthful to look at and delightful to talk to, whom I took into dinner ; also Beerbóhm Tree the actor, and young Malcolm of Portalloch. I walked home with him. He seems bright and clever, and interested in the world's affairs. The Yankee is an incorrigible raconteur, but he told stories well.

Lord  
Wolseley.

On Friday night I was one of Sir H. Thompson's octave. A very good dinner and excellent wine, but too much explanation of the merits of his viands. He has some good pictures. Prince Edward, Burnand, Lord Shand, Alma Tadema, one dreadful bore, and an unknown man made up the party.

39 St. JAMES'S PLACE,  
22/6/98.

A busy day before me, beginning with Woolwich and ending with Staff College dinner. However, it is all in the way of business.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Last night, at the Portsmouths, the old Duchess of Cleveland, a man from our Embassy in Berlin, and, among the rest, a Miss Something—of Scotch name—who lives in Florence. A curious, effective-looking young person, quite unlike English girls in manner, who had read much and spoke well. We walked in the Abbey grounds after dinner, and the company dispersed, mostly, I think, to go to some party at Mr. Astor's. To-day is fine, with the sun shining, and so the world wags, no one caring two straws for the people drowned yesterday at the launch of the *Albion* by the Duchess of York.

Campbell-Bannerman, but not his wife, was at the dinner. He seemed a little shy of me, but rallied when I spoke to him as usual. He asked kindly after you, so I forgive him much.



Some time ago I heard the Lord Mayor meant to give an Army dinner, but thought nothing more about it. This morning I received a card from him inviting me to dine on 13th July, to meet the Secretary of State for War and the Commander-in-Chief! I sent the card to my private secretary to say I was engaged. That I had done so was communicated by Gough to Lansdowne's private secretary. The fat was in the fire—there would be no dinner to the Army without me. I got an urgent letter yesterday from Lansdowne, and on hearing the story I at once said I would put off my engagement to please him, and would dine, etc.

HENLEY PARK, GUILDFORD (THE PIRBRIGHTS'),  
26/6/98.

*Lord  
Wolsley.*

These dear good people have received me with open arms. Cookery exquisite, wine not to be surpassed, and oh! the pictures and the china and works of art with which the house is filled. A large number of Watteaus, and amongst them the original of the copy we bought years ago in Holland—I mean "Fortune-teller." It is a picture of Marie Antoinette being told her fortune in the woods near Versailles. Staying in the house is General Kelly-Kenny; Mrs. Dick-Cunyngham, a tall, good-looking woman, whose husband commands the Gordon Highlanders; and Schomberg MacDonnell.

You mention taking long walks—never go into the woods alone, and tell Frances to be careful also on that point. I go up to town by an early train to-morrow, as I must be at Marlborough House for a meeting about Wellington College. The Queen sleeps the 6th and 7th proximo at Aldershot. I have to be there the 7th and 8th to attend upon her.

July 1898.

*Lord  
Wolsley.*

I have just come back from the Lord Mayor's dinner, where Lansdowne made a very long oration; I also spoke too long, although not at half the length he did. I tickled him up a bit, and shall be curious to know how he liked it. What dreary entertainments these are!

Such a dull dinner last night. I took in the daughter of the house, and found her without wit, humour, or learning.

Probably her husband—whom I don't know—is also dull ; he is ugly, without any doubt. Now what can be the fruit of such a marriage ? And yet their eldest son, if he lives long enough, must be a man of great possessions ! If I were a very rich man with sons who were *partis*, I should do my best to marry them to girls with brains who would breed clever children. At the Iveaghs, the other evening, to meet the Duke and Duchess of York, I took in Lady Ulrica Duncombe. I always feel shy about taking in a young girl, because she must vote me a bore : but here was one who has been for nearly two years at the Women's College at Cambridge, and has thought out some of life's problems for herself.

LONDON, 26th July 1898.

I had a very pleasant afternoon in the city yesterday with Henry Bulwer—seeing the old churches. It is pleasant to find an agreeable companion with tastes like one's own. When I reached London yesterday Mrs. Percy Wyndham pressed me to go home with her to see a number of enamels by Fisher she has had there lately "on view." She is learning to enamel from him, and has already produced some little things that are pretty. There was a lovely enamel of Lady Elcho in profile, a fine work of art and, I believe, a good likeness. They wanted me to stay for luncheon, but I had promised to lunch with the Muncasters, who kindly press us to pay them a visit in Cumberland. They have one of the most lovely places in England, full of historical interest. By the bye, I agree with you that all women have grown *very explicit* in what they tell you, and even the girls are no longer quite so young and innocent.

Lord  
Wolseley.

My levée on Friday was not so tiring as usual. Making them come in uniform was an admirable plan, for it chokes off many a chap who has no red coat with him in town. But still, standing a long time and hearing numerous grievances, some of them terribly distressing—is tiring.

CHILMARK RECTORY, 2½ MILES  
EAST OF FONT HILL HOUSE,  
30th August 1898.

The Morrisons want Frances to go to them ; I hope she will, and tell her if she does to bring her horse with her. I can give her a

Lord  
Wolseley.

first-rate mount for the march past, in case that animal Northampton might develop a strong antipathy to soldiers. Frances can ride beside me at the review and see everything in the best way, or she can go in Mrs. Morrison's carriage. It will be the finest military display ever seen in England, with over 50,000 men on parade. I expect to hear on Saturday that everything on the Nile is over and that Kitchener took Omdurman the day before, Friday. I should not like to fight on a Friday, as he did at the Atbara. Sunday is the day for a real battle.

CHILMARK RECTORY, SALISBURY,

4th September 1898.

Lord  
Wolseley.

The weather here is piping hot, too hot for the men carrying rifles and often obliged to march in clouds of dust in the deep and narrow lanes common here. We were all cheered by the news that Khartoum was in our keeping. I had royal salutes fired in honour of our victory. Now, all the mothers and wives will be quiet for some time. I dined with the Griffiths again last night. The Conan Doyles—Mr., Mrs., and his sister—were there. I was never in any country where the down air was more enjoyable than it is here, and the country is lovely. I have been to church close by, scarcely a soul in it, except the few soldiers I have as a guard at my headquarters. Evelyn Wood has gone in a hot, glaring sun to lunch with the Duke of Westminster. I cried off at the last moment on the plea of having a quiet day here, and dukes have no special attraction for me.

ALTHORP, NORTHAMPTON,

23rd September 1898.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Immediately under my window is a gorgeous flower garden, one mass of colour, with walks and green grass, which latter contrasts well with the stubble-coloured, dried-up looking field beyond. My room is called the "Patchwork Room," and in the dressing-room off it there is a parson whose brother went to India in the same sailing ship with me in 1852—the world is small. There are numerous pictures on the walls, for which, with one exception, I would not give a sovereign apiece all

round. The exception is one behind me as I sit on a beautiful sofa to write this. It is a long Italian picture of a great feast at which Mary Magdalene is anointing our Saviour's feet. The house itself is filled with glorious pictures, and already Lady Spencer has collected a good library again.

I travelled down with Morley. Lady Downe is here, and Bobby Spencer<sup>1</sup> and his wife (who plays the violin *à merveille*). We are off after breakfast to visit the field of Naseby (fought 1645), which is only ten miles off. I shall be expected, I know, to express a military opinion on the subject; it is already formed, and most probably is entirely wrong. My job valet is a great comfort.

ALTHORP, NORTHAMPTON,

24/9/98.

We started from here yesterday morning in a waggonette. My Lady, John Morley, and I inside; his Lordship and the coachman on the box. A pair of horses were sent on to a village about six miles off where we changed, and two riding horses were sent on to Naseby in case we wanted to *scour* the country. Morley begged he might not be asked to trust his body upon the back of any animal. By the bye, the origin of the name Naseby is Navelsby, from navel, as it is supposed to be the centre of England. We stopped at Naseby village to see an old farmhouse there, in which a carousing party of Royalist soldiers were taken by Ireton before the battle.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I preached all day upon the art of war, especially as practised at Naseby, to my two friends, and we took in the battle fairly well in the absence of any good map of the ground.

ALTHORP, NORTHAMPTON,

25/9/98.

Yesterday we went over in a motor-car, at a great speed, to Castle Ashby—Lord Northampton's place. Day fine, road good, no accident. John Morley very nervous—the pace was too great for him. It was the first time a motor-car had ever carried visitors there, so an entry was made accordingly in the

Lord  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards fifth Earl Spencer.

visitors' book, and all the motor's cargo wrote their names under it. Northampton was very nice, especially to her, and wheeled her about after luncheon through the great ornamental grounds which surround the castle. The place looked lovely.

LONDON, 5/11/98.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Kitchener had a great reception at the banquet last night, and he well and thoroughly deserved it. His speech was good and manly. I saw little Ralli in the crowd dressed in a red coat. I suppose he is a Deputy-Lieutenant of Surrey. Tony Weldon was with me, and thanks to the police "bone" I had no trouble, and got away one of the very first. I now hear I am to be given the freedom of Brighton, when I give away the prizes to a volunteer regiment there. The first time it has ever been conferred upon any one.

LONDON, 10/11/98, *near midnight.*

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have been dining with the Blues, and there met Reggy Brett.<sup>1</sup> What he proposed was that we should have Princess Frederica's quarters at Hampton Court. I at once said yes, but, of course, the Queen may say no. You have seen the outside of them, and Brett says they are charming inside. I dare say it may come to nothing, but there is a chance in our favour.

LONDON, 15/11/98.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have to take the chair at a dinner to Kitchener this evening, so I must try to think of what I should say. At dinner last night we had the Stuart-Wortleys (*née* Millais), Lady Higgs, a Lawrence soldier brother to represent the husband and host—away shooting. Then went to hear *Lady Ursula*—nothing in the piece—but the actress,<sup>2</sup> when dressed as a man, made the best man I have ever seen on the stage.

<sup>1</sup> Then Secretary to Office of Works.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Evelyn Millard.

BOWOOD, CALNE, WILTS,

22/11/98.

A compartment to myself and slept all the way. Lady Powis, Lady Blandford. Crewe arrived late; Lansdowne, being detained by a Cabinet, did not come until very late, so we did not dine until a quarter to nine. This house is one of the very best kept houses I have ever been in, so scrupulously clean, and all the walls and railings and woodwork as if they had been fresh painted and decorated. Pictures very good, but in my room, engravings, modern, only. Plenty of powdered footmen, good waiting, and a good dinner. Lady Lansdowne very kind and such a good hostess. I took in Lady M. Scott, who was compensated for having me on her left by a very agreeable young man being on her right.

Lord  
Wolseley.

W. wanted to see me the other day about a son of his, and of course wanted me to do an *impossible* job for him. It is not creditable for our military administratives where the impression still survives that you have only to be a friend to the C.-in-C. to have jobs done for you.

LONDON, 26/11/98.

Dinner last night with Mrs. H. Ward. Pretty Lady K. Thynne and the young Malets were there. Matthew Arnold's daughter, whom you may remember, came with her American husband in the evening. She lives in New York and has four children. Leonard Courtney and his wife were at dinner. I like them both; he absolutely wrong in all his views, I think, but still an interesting feature in everyday life; she, bright and amusing.

Lord  
Wolseley.

LONDON, 30/11/98.

At Lady A. Russell's, last night, I sat opposite Lady Granville, and it is always pleasant to look at her; so graceful and oh, how young-looking. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were there—he goes out with G. Curzon as his private secretary—and there was a daughter of Lyulph Stanley; two Russell sons—a Grenadier Guardsman and two Russell daughters—

Lord  
Wolseley.

the rest of the family came in the evening with many other people. I have had a note from Kempe giving me hours when express trains go from Victoria Station. But if I thought you would be there earlier I would go by an earlier train. I don't at all mind waiting at Haywards Heath for an hour, for I would take a walk and be back to meet you, but I won't play the game of your waiting there for me.

## CHAPTER XXIX

MARIENBAD,  
KLINGER'S, 7/7/98.

Last night I went to the play with Lady FitzGerald, but felt faint and had to come away. It was *La Belle Hélène*, given in German by fat German actors and actresses! It was *horrid*, so vulgar and hideous. We had "Le Mari Sage" and all the songs, but I should not have known them again. Do you remember we saw it at Toronto thirty years ago, with Schneider as *La Belle Hélène*? The chorus ladies last night were all fatter than Helen. I believe they were some of the fat people here "curing" paid to come in! The Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans were there. I hear that he swears at her, or is, anyhow, most rude to her. He walks every day at the waters—6.30 to 7.15.

Lady  
Wolseley.

There is a funny-looking music-hall singer here, a woman, most strangely dressed, who walks about hand in hand with a tall German man, and is followed by a *mob* of starers on the promenade. She is well known, it seems, to all the *men* here.

I am reading Du Maurier's *The Martian*—what the "Martian" means I don't know—very pleasant memories of his French schooldays, and of some Admirable Crichton who was at school with him, who is, I dare say, a real person. We saw a chit of a maid at Cologne, who presented herself for Frances, dressed in a cocky-Tyrolese hat and *bersaglière* plume. She would not do.

KLINGER'S, 18/7/98.

I have great fun in the morning in avoiding old Galliffet. I have never spoken or bowed to him yet, and he is determined

Lady  
Wolseley.



I shall, but so far my "ruses" have succeeded, and as I am much more agile on my legs than he is, I always escape. I always remember he was rude about that article on Cavalry by General Maurice some years ago, and besides, if he wants to continue the acquaintance, he should come and *déposer une carte*, and not expect to speak to me out walking, as if I were a nurserymaid. He has a friend, a fat young Frenchman, who helps him to hunt me, and I look perfectly unconscious, and they don't think I know their little games. Poor old G. looks eighty now, and very trembly on his poor legs, but appears full of conversational fire.

KLINGER'S, 26/7/98.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I can't bear to think of all the horrid things you have to do day after day—Levée, Bisley, torpedoes, etc., while I sit reading Dumas and thinking of the Medicis under a tree in the sun. You must have a nice holiday after the manœuvres. Yachting would be best, I think, unless little Glynde is fairly ready, and then I think you would like that.

NUREMBERG,  
27/7/98.

Lady  
Wolseley.

We had quite a pleasant journey here, through a very pretty country, part of which is what they call the "German Switzerland." The wild flowers all along the line growing in great variety and profusion. I don't think I *ever* was more shaken about. My spine nearly dislocated. A young German couple who travelled with us never uttered a word to one another. I thought how *you* and *I* would have chattered. To-morrow at 8.30 we go on to Anspach to see the eighteenth-century palace there, and we sleep at Würzburg. Gallifet had to return to Paris to give evidence for Picquart in the Dreyfus case.

Lady H. told me that the P. of W. is to be put on board the *Osborne* with machinery that will lower him to his cabin, and raise him to the deck, where he can be under an awning. Neither she nor her lord knew who Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., was.

*Warning to A.D.C.*—I do not see your name (in *Morning Post*) written for the P. of Wales. What are your *lazy myr-*

midons about ? Have it done at once, though much too late, and tell them to be watchful about these matters.

WURZBURG, 29/7/98.

When I arrived yesterday there were *three* nice letters from you waiting for me, and I have had another this morning, also a couple had arrived from F. All that she writes in her letters to you is entirely spontaneous. I have said *nothing*. I don't think hints are a success with young people.

Lady  
Wolseley.

We spent some hours delightfully at Anspach—which *here* is written Ansbach—yesterday going over the palace there. It is indeed a *treasure*-house of beautiful eighteenth-century things, many given by Frederick the Great to his sister "Louise," who was Markgräfin there. I must tell you all about it. *Twenty-two* state rooms, all in perfect order, the best Louis xv. plaster work and furniture ; *such* Dresden and Berlin china. Such tapestry ! We had *no* one going round with us except the intelligent and enthusiastic custodian, so it was really pleasant. He says *very few* people go there—one lady from Brussels, who writes about it, and one Englishman often, "Ernest Vivian," who writes beforehand and stays two days and knows a great deal ! That is the present Lord *Swansea*. Then we came on here. I think you stayed once at this hotel after Battlefields and on your way to meet us at Dresden. I am off to have a "bouillon" and to see the bishop's palace here, also full of treasures.

6 SUSSEX SQUARE, BRIGHTON,  
1/11/98.

It seems very flat and dull without you coming home ! still I like to think you haven't the late journey. I hope you are comfortable in your new *gite* ? It has been a *lovely* day. It might be first of July instead of November. Look at your *three* dress suits, and see how a careful wife has had them (waistcoat, coat, and trousers) marked with Lord Wolseley and *numbered*. One is your best, 2 the next, 3 will do for smoking dinners. Tell your present valet-er to put them out accordingly. They can't be lost at country houses or exchanged for other men's suits. Mrs. "Frederick" and her girl spoke to me on "the front." The latter such a "trying-on"-girl figure and dress. Such a toque,

Lady  
Wolseley.

and chains, and bangles, and feathers, and furs, and flowers. She might have had *ten* husbands as regards assurance of manner (and have been divorced by them all). She made me feel *my* manners belong to a bygone generation.

6 S. SQUARE, 3/11/98.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

The brougham, Sir Redvers, and groom *Edward Ridley* will be at 16 William Street Mews, Lowndes Square, if you will let him know there what hour you want brougham to take you into City to the dinner. Do not send him the order *before* two o'clock, as he has to meet Sir Redvers at the station and will not get to 16 William Street Mews earlier than two. Henceforward he and the horse and brougham are to be at your service. As this is strictly business I shall add nothing more for fear of confusing you. *Except my love.* I am more than a mother to you.

1899

## CHAPTER XXX

NIDDRIE, MIDLOTHIAN,  
*April 1899.*

I enclose official address of this old house and name of telegraph station should you want to "wire" me any message. A nice old house built at several periods. I am in the oldest part of it. The outside walls of my bedroom and sitting-room are over five feet in thickness, ceilings very low. Bedroom modernised, alas, but the sitting-room is still panelled—mouldings good—nice old engravings and curious old oil-paintings in quaint frames. The grounds round the house pretty, with a small stream of running water near the house. Some near neighbours with nice old houses—Sir R. Dick-Cunyngham, the A.D.C. to the General here, and Captain Gilmour, who married a Lygon, and was in a Guards' battalion in Dublin when we went there. The room in which we dined last night was very low, with a quaint and handsome ceiling in plaster, done by French workmen, as dated by them in large old-fashioned figures, 1661. The house has been burnt and gutted several times. Cromwell, when he besieged Edinburgh, helped to destroy it. Nice old family pictures; a Sir Joshua Reynolds and a Raeburn of Andy's great-grandfather, who was in the Royal Dragoons with my grandfather at the battle of Minden.

*Lord  
Wolsley.*

We have staying in the house, self, Tony Weldon and Colonel Allen (both with me), Lady Ventry, Miss Baird, daughter of Sir David Baird, a Miss Wauchope, a cousin, and a Miss Battiscombe, a niece of Mrs. Andy, I think. Miss Baird is quite six

feet high, very fair in colour of hair and in complexion, and decidedly handsome. Mrs. Andy, looking very pretty in black satin with her white hair, very pale face, dark eyes and eyebrows, and very slim and graceful figure, is a pleasant hostess to look at.

I sat up last night here reading about the moon in Sir R. Ball's *Story of the Heavens*. You gave me a copy of it when in Ireland, and I shall read it again when we can get at our books. It is so plain, so easily understood, and so pleasantly told.

I could write much more if I only had a good swan's quill to dip into the ink-bottle of the very pretty old pierced silver inkstand, but with this pin-headed implement of a writer's misery I am unable to go on.

2/5/99.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I had an inspection of the Guards in the morning—felt a little seedy afterwards and lay down until lunch. Then a rush of work, and it was past 5 p.m. when I left that hateful War Office. This morning I am off to Caterham and do not get back to my lodgings until half-past four. But to-morrow I shall be able to get at Ponsonby Fane and perhaps at Reggy Brett about the Hampton Court rooms.

My engagements for to-morrow are :

Noon, Army Board.

Lunch to meet Father Brindle, now a bishop, at 1.30 p.m.

Dine with Clothworkers.

On Thursday I start for Yorkshire. I should so like to lie down and go to sleep instead of all this useless whirl and turmoil.

I return to London on Wednesday to dine with Fishmongers, and perhaps I may have to go to Drawing-Room that day.

Please ask Frances if she has seen a book lying about anywhere called *A Son of Empire*, by Morley Roberts? I had a letter from Mr. Conan Doyle saying he had sent it to me, which I have never answered, waiting until book arrived. Please answer this, as I *must* write to Conan Doyle. At the Lockwood's dinner our party of twelve was kept waiting by Arthur Balfour, who has a trick of always being a quarter of an hour later than any one else.

SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK,

*Saturday Evening, before Dinner, 25/11/99.*

I came here with a large party. Acton, Bishop of London, Lascelles, our Ambassador in Berlin, Duke of Cambridge, and General Williams, and some varied foreigners. H.R.H. in the hall as usual to receive us. Just been interrupted by a footman bringing me a flower for my buttonhole. I have no buttonhole in my coat, and the man says I should have a white waistcoat, but I haven't got one. He says several others have none. I am glad to hear it. The nicest feature here is the Princess, still pretty, always gracious and anxious to say and do nice, pleasant things. She spoke about you and the hospital ship, and said she was glad to see you there, and our future King told me the same afterwards. The Empress, as before, entirely conventional, acting a part long learnt and trying to put on an air of being interested in men, things, and events which don't concern her or hers in the least, and about whom and which she naturally cares nothing and knows very little.

Lord  
Wolseley.

*Sunday Morning.*

I should say that we were about sixty at dinner, so the table was somewhat crowded. I sat next the Duchess of York, who is growing more and more like her mother, whom every one liked. On my other side I had Acton, who is always pleasant and full of information; his room is also next mine, and I sat up with him there for nearly an hour after the women had retired and the men had gone to smoke. The two young Princesses are here, the tall, delicate one and the little one who married the Dane; I presume the Danish Prince also. Lady M. Lygon in waiting on the Duchess of York. I hear she longs to go back to Australia, which she liked immensely.

Lord  
Wolseley.

LONDON, 6.30 p.m., 17/12/99.

I broke off a letter I was writing to you at 5 p.m., being sent for by Lansdowne. It was to say that the Cabinet yesterday decided to send out Lord Roberts as C-in-C. to South Africa, with Kitchener as his Chief of the Staff. He had previously given me no inkling of this, although I had seen him yesterday after the Cabinet, and this morning. He said that, of

Lord  
Wolseley.

course, the first name that had occurred to the Cabinet was mine, but that I could not be spared (all nonsense), and that he felt my health might not stand it. A few more banalities, and then he said that the combination of Roberts and Kitchener was considered the best and most likely to be approved by the public. I said, "Were I in Buller's place, I should resign at once, and I think you will have his resignation back at once as his answer to your telegram." Of course, they expect this, and have, I presume, discounted it.

In the meantime, news just in that poor young Roberts has died of his wound. I feel for Roberts and his wife from my heart.

EATON SQUARE,

13/9/99.

Lady  
Wolseley.

DEAREST,—Not one line have I written you, and I write this late at night. Last night we went to *Carnac Sahib*, Jones's new play. Deplorably dull and silly: quite an Adelphi piece. Jingo, blood, and thunder; hysterical officers and dreadful women. To-night we have been to the *Gay Lord Quex*. Quite excellent. Slightly improper, but most amusing. See it whenever you want a play. How are you getting through your functions? I am negotiating for the house, but will take no step without telling you.

FARM HOUSE, GLYNDE, LEWES, 12/10/99.

Lady  
Wolseley.

The reason I did not let you know of our being in town was that I thought you would feel worried at having to try to get to Ryder Street by five o'clock. I am sure you must be dreadfully harassed. It is a nasty dull day here, misty and foggy. We have plenty to do, so what does weather matter.

I hope Saturday will see you here. You shall have a perfectly peaceful day, no picture hanging or anything else to torment you. You can't have to work at W.O. on Sunday, I should hope.

How nice of the Queen to think of the horses! Dear Lady, I like her for it.

1900

## CHAPTER XXXI

LONDON, 17/1/1900.

No news from Buller yet. I feel sure that Warren must have fought either this morning or yesterday afternoon: I should have thought the latter. But I have had a letter from him written after his unfortunate battle near Colenso. I will enclose it in this, also one from Tony Weldon, who seems delighted at having himself *seen* a battle. There is to be a meeting of the Defence Committee, I believe, to-morrow, and Lansdowne has asked me to attend to describe my demands. He told me what he thought the Cabinet would agree to, and I said that would be entirely inadequate. If I send in my resignation I will send you a telegram to say, "Joseph has given warning," and as soon as I hear news from Buller and Warren on the Tugela, I will, as we arranged when I was at Glynde, say Joseph's character is very good, or good, or indifferent, or bad, as the news happens to be. *Lord Wolseley.*

7 p.m.—Not a word from Buller yet. Bad news travels fast, they say, but it is also said that no news is good news. I don't like the undertaking as far as I understand Buller's plans. We must hear to-night.

January 1900.

How long they are making up their governmental minds. Sunday you did the deed and this is Thursday. They won't let you go— *Lady Wolseley.*



LONDON, 19/1/1900.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

It is now past 6 p.m., and I have just left that horrid War Office, where I have been all day. I have had a good tumbler of milk and am somewhat revived in strength by it, though not brightened in spirits by a long sitting on the Defence Committee. "Go, my son," said the great Swedish Minister, "and see by what fools the world is governed." Well, I always come away from these meetings of Ministers in saddened frame of mind when I have listened for some time to the military folly talked by most of those who comprise that Committee. As I sat at that table and looked round at it, I was appalled at the folly of men assembled to discuss the most serious subject any Cabinet could discuss. The whole time was taken up in worrying over the number of field guns we should order, and the machinery we should erect to make guns, ammunition, etc. When 6 p.m. approached, Chamberlain left, and the rest were tired and bored, and when they are to meet again I know not. I shall take the night to determine upon my future action, and will let you know further when we meet, D.V., at 6 p.m. to-morrow.

I sent you a telegram just now saying we had no news as yet. But a battle must, I should say, have come off to-day. We shall hear probably before midnight.

LONDON, 24/1/1900.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

The Duke of Connaught has just come into my room. The Government have given me all the 48 Batteries of Artillery I demanded, and I am still struggling over the addition I want for the Foot. They have given me fifteen new battalions to begin with, so I am busy trying to start them.

LONDON, 26/1/1900.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

Very bad news from Buller, my dear child—I am in despair at all our misfortunes. God seems to be with the Boers and against us. Warren abandoned Spion Kop after 200 were killed and about 300 were wounded, most of them severely.

I am not easily depressed, but what a helpless condition one

is in here—7000 miles away from the actual seat of war. Yet I feel that I have no right to blame men at a distance.

I go to Duke of Teck's funeral to-morrow, and I fear I may have to attend a meeting of the Defence Committee or at least see Lansdowne after he has left the Cabinet, so I may not be able to get down by 4.30 p.m. train. I have been with Lansdowne and Arthur Balfour for a couple of hours and have frightened the latter considerably. I want them *now* to go much beyond my former proposals, and to collect a considerable Army in England, to show the world we still have plenty of resources left.

LONDON, 31/1/1900.

I had hoped to be able to meet you at Victoria Station at 4.30 this afternoon, but there was a Cabinet, and Lansdowne asked me to stay here until he came back from it. It is now past 5 p.m. and he has not yet returned, so I have missed seeing you, missed the only little real pleasure I now can have to brighten my hard dull life here each day.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

We had a wretched debate in the House of Lords yesterday. Lord Salisbury for once unsatisfying: halting, and in want of words.

I am interrupted every moment, for I write this in my office. I began a sentence—as you will see—but don't remember now what it was I intended telling you. I sat up till past 4 a.m. writing.

LONDON, *Wednesday*, 14/2/1900.

I cannot bear to think of my poor little wife being so sorely tried by those horrid servants. It is not to be wondered at that those who keep servants should take little interest in them, for they are a selfish, spoilt, and ungenerous and ungrateful lot. The only drawback I know of living in the country, is the difficulty of keeping servants permanently there.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

Lansdowne could not get a Cabinet yesterday, but was to see Lord Salisbury and Balfour yesterday evening, and I feel sure will give me all I have asked for—if not, I go. Enclosed from Henry Wilmot may interest you. Poor fellow, when I read his letter I feel how much I have to thank God for—we are about the same age. He may be perhaps a couple of years older than I am, and yet I am hale and hearty, he a cripple.

15<sup>th</sup> February 1900.Lady  
Wolseley.

What a triumph to have made them give in—your telegram just arrived. Little L. *ought* to be everlastingly grateful to you for helping him, but I dare say he isn't. I picture that it was settled without a Cabinet so that it should not be known to many. Mind you recollect every detail of the affair to tell me on Saturday.

LONDON, 15/3/1900.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Just a line to say I hope you are relieved from, at least, some of servants' troubles. But I believe every one who lives in the country is similarly tried, so please, for my sake, don't take the matter too much to heart.

I dined last night at one of Sir Henry Thompson's octaves—a pleasant dinner. In the middle of it I received the telegram you have seen in to-day's papers announcing Roberts having entered Bloemfontein without opposition. *That* was the event of the evening. Our party was, the Headman at Kew—name unknown; Sir E. Maunde Thompson, Head of British Museum; Mr. Asquith, George Trevelyan, the *Times* man—name forgotten, but like Verdant Green in face. I forget the others.

I have just come in from a jog round the Park, and feel quite warmed by the gentle exercise. It looks like rain. If I have a moment I will write to Frances to thank her for the box of flowers; they are delightful. The violets scent my room. She is very successful in her gardening.

BATTLE ABBEY, BATTLE,  
25/3/1900.Lord  
Wolseley.

Tea is over, and I am glad to get back to the *reality* of my bedroom to scribble you a few lines before we mingle together again in the unreality of the "dinner-party." We all went to church, and most of us had a short walk after lunch. This place is lovely still, and even at this early season, and when the snow is in the clouds, which spit flakes upon us from time to time, there is much in blossom. If I were a very rich man, I think I should like this above most of the lovely houses of England. I should like to employ Bodley to restore it, and to make it as

beautiful as it was when the monks frequented its cloisters and sang masses for the souls of *Norman* Kings of England. This love of old churches and ruined castles is one of my earliest whims and tastes. As a boy I longed for money to buy up old fortifications, and always imagined how delightful it would be to live in a place that had been the home of knights and soldiers, and even of lazy, cunning monks.

We had a big dinner the other night at the Beaumonts.<sup>1</sup> I took in Lady Reay, and had Mrs. Asquith on my other side. She was very bright and full of interesting gabble about herself, her husband, and upon all things and people in heaven and on earth.

LONDON, 4/4/1900.

To-day is bright and fine, with an inspiring sun, which I hope may shine full on the Queen as she lands at Dublin. What a wonderful woman at her age! I dined at the Morleys—Lord, not John M. How young Lady Morley looks! Except that she is not so thin as when she married, I see little change in her. I talked most to Miss Chamberlain—Joe's daughter—she is clever and has plenty to say.

Lord  
Wolseley.

LONDON, 27/6/1900.

I have just come from dining with Mrs. Craigie, where we had eighteen men. I had much talk with John Morley, who wants to speak to me quietly about Gladstone. I said he had better come down to stay with us from Saturday to Monday, at which proposal he seemed to jump. He is much nicer as a companion than when he was the politician pure and simple.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I dine with Lord Salisbury on Friday to meet the Khedive, and on Monday at Marlborough House to meet him again, and the Khedive has asked you and me to dine with him next Sunday, the 1st July—will you go? I am telegraphing to know. I must go, so I shall miss my Sunday with you, which I deplore. I await your answer to my telegram to reply to Khedive's invitation. As you say—"poor Lord Airlie!" It is the loss of a brave and good soldier.

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord and Lady Allendale.

LONDON, 16/9/1900.

Lord  
Wolseley.

A Sunday in town at this season is not a bit exciting. I have just come from an hour's enjoyment of the Wallace Collection. I had never seen it since you and I were there together, when Wallace did the honours of his house himself. One of the things I had carried away in my mind from the previous visit with you was the bronze bust of Turenne. I had much difficulty in finding the Turenne, which is under the staircase. The cuirass and chains over the shoulders to join it to the back-piece are richly gilt, which adds much life to it. But now that I have seen it again, I do not think it as fine as the Queen's bronze of my hero. What a collection of naked and half-naked women! These pictures of nude women in every seductive attitude that the artist and his naked friend, the model, can imagine, will always be something of a shock to the sober-minded English gentleman or gentlewoman. Nude statues somehow are never to me so bad as nude pictures.

AIX-LES-BAINS, 18/9/1900.

Lady  
Wolseley.

We are all very happy together. On Sunday we drove out to see Miss Wilmot and her garden. It is on the side of a hill sloping down to the Lake (Bourget), with views of exquisite mountains on the other side of the Lake. The flowers, shrubs, vines, are most beautiful, a wild tangle of loveliness, the most artistically natural, or naturally artistic, thing you ever saw. Of course, there is a great deal of labour and art in it all, but it *looks* as if Nature had her own way. A nice *old* house. We had tea on a hard, stone, creeper-hung verandah.

I liked the *A. and N.* article on your pension, and hope it may do good, but goodness knows if it will. It was amusing and clever of them to put it as if Lord L. was so *anxious* that you should be well rewarded, and they wished to strengthen his hand! To-day we "excursion" to Chambéry, and I hope shall see "Les Charmettes," a house Rousseau lived in. This is a very *relaxing* place, I think, at least *in* the town. On the mountains it must be quite different. I should be happy if only you were doing something healthy and happy, and not tied to that unhealthy W.O. I wish you could have gone to Cromer.

We went to a delightful 2-franc entertainment last night, which included fireworks, a concert, and a very good ballet. Also saw all the wretches gambling at the *petits chevaux*, painted, scented, pinched, and padded male and female *hacks*, but very amusing to look at.

BROCKET HALL, HATFIELD,  
21st September 1900.

The weather here is delightful, clear and bright and sunny, but chilly when the day closes. I had a fire in my room last night. Where I sleep is on the ground floor, my window looks out upon a garden full of flowers and yew hedges. It is the room in which Lord Melbourne died. In the bathroom, through which you enter it, is a bookcase filled with delightful old works and nice old bindings and book-plates of the Lamb and Lewis families that would delight Frances. They tempt one to steal. The first night I came here, Wednesday, I was the only visitor, but yesterday arrived a Miss Hunter—a great traveller. Yesterday we, the Mount Stephens and self, had a lovely drive about here, and during its solemn progress—for I cannot remember when I ever before “went out for a drive” anywhere—we saw through a long vista of some three-quarters of a mile of trees, the *back* view of Hatfield House, and it was superb. You remember that in the back it formed the letter E, into which we looked. It was a most imposing pile at that distance. Coming from the Downs of Sussex this forest scenery is very striking, and makes one feel how lovely and how diversified in its beauty is this splendid England of ours.

Lord  
Wolseley

HÔTEL BEAU RIVAGE, LAC D'ANNECY, SAVOIE,  
25/9/1900.

I heard from you to-day from Quidenham. Yesterday morning we drove out here from Annecy to *déjeuner*. We did not like the Annecy Hotel, in a very stuffy, smelly street. We thought we would *look* at this view and taste the food. It is about 2 miles from Annecy, *on* the Lake, with lovely views. Only opened this year, so not in any guide-book. Rather primitive, no carpets, no bells! When you want the

Lady  
Wolseley.

housemaid you go and call "Marie" over the banisters. *Excellent* food, in a large *loggia* room open to the Lake. Eight and a half francs a day—room, lights, food, service! A little steam-launch, belonging to the hotel, takes you into Annecy, where one gets the steamer for excursions round the Lake, price 20 cents (for the steam-launch, I mean).

LAC D'ANNEYCY,

28/9/1900.

Lady  
Wolsley.

Frances wrote to you yesterday; I did not. You write me such dear, nice letters. I read them over and over again, and think what a lucky, happy woman I am. To-day our little party breaks up. It has been an *unruffled* success! and we are mutually sorry to part. The Morrells go to Rouen and on to England. We go to Geneva—I am drawn there by a desire to see Coppet, where Madame de Staël lived, and Ferney, where Voltaire lived. Yesterday, despite torrents of rain, we spent very pleasantly going round the Lake in a steamer, and at a delightful place, "Talloires," where Besnard has his villa. It is occupied by a French painter called "Weber" for the summer, who showed me all over it. There is also at Talloires a most picturesque monastery turned into a (very bad) hotel. Frances' photos will explain the beauties of the country to you. She is so successful.

GENEVA, 1/10/1900.

Lady  
Wolsley.

We had a delightful day yesterday. Saw interesting portraits and MSS. at the University here in the morning, and then went to Coppet in the afternoon. We went by steamer. Coppet is quite delightful. A little old-fashioned village, with shops under arcades. The château in the midst of it, with a small park on one side. We saw all Madame de Staël's rooms, and furniture and tapestries. Nothing is changed. Many portraits of her and of all her friends. Some of her clothes. The present occupant, the Comte d'Haussonville, is her great-grandson. Frances took five or six snapshots to give you an idea of it.

GLYNDE, 1/12/1900.

I wish beyond words we were together to-day. I thought Lord Lansdowne's minute not only poor but *personally* against you, whereas your minute was impersonal and only attacked the system. I am so glad the real story of your not staying till Lord Roberts' return is in the papers now.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*



1901

[IN March Lord Wolseley was detailed to announce the Accession of King Edward VII. to the Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Roumania, Servia and Greece, and the Sultan of Turkey.]

## CHAPTER XXXII

THE DEANERY, CANTERBURY,  
*New Year's Day, 1901.*

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

I want the first time I write 1901 on a letter to be on one written to you, my dearest little wife. I telegraphed to you saying the uniform I wanted for Lord Roberts' arrival. At least I assume I am to wear what I have ascertained all the Staff are to wear. They will be mounted; I go in a coupé, for which I have arranged. Brodrick offered me a seat in his carriage. He may get into a row over the Colville incident.

It is a strong measure, overthrowing the arrangement already made as a settlement of the business by Lansdowne and me. Lansdowne may say he did it upon my advice, but the Army Board were all, with one exception—namely, Evelyn Wood—in favour of letting Colville<sup>1</sup> off with a wiggling.

I have already been to *three* services, including two sermons—both excellent—and I go to another in the evening, after an early dinner at 6.30 p.m., when Boyd-Carpenter is to preach. Dean Farrar's sermon was fine and should be printed and sent to every man and woman who can read in England.

HÔTEL GRAND MONARQUE, AIX-LA-CHAPELLE,  
24/3/1901.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

The Ladies insisted upon sending me to the station in their carriage—I had sent my traps with George half an hour earlier. My rug had been left at the Athenæum. George said there was plenty of time to fetch it, and started. The train's time was up,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Colville.

no George. I said I could not go without him. Station-masters rushing about, heads out of carriages to ascertain the cause of delay, angry passengers. I was in despair; it was nearly two minutes past eleven, when the train should have started. I ran out and, coming round the corner, a hansom cab *at a gallop*. So I had my rug, and that was something, with a cold journey before me. Londonderry came to see his son off, and expressed himself as most grateful to me for taking him. Lady Castle-reagh came with us as far as Calais; there she branched for Paris *en route* for Madrid. We travel luxuriously, with a special carriage all to ourselves which goes with us to Constantinople, and we have a great suite of rooms here in this *gilded* house of call. My courier is a little fat German whose face is like the full moon with coat of paint over it to make it look dirty.

I have just come from a visit to the "State House" and to the Cathedral. How these Germans render the beautiful works of their ancestors hideous by the intense vulgarity of their taste! They have no conception of colour or of its use. The State House, if treated by Bodley, might be truly beautiful, whereas it is all encased in horrible stucco and covered with stencilling of the worst sort. It must have been done by a third-rate scene-painter. But the Treasure House of the great Church! How it has escaped the iconoclast and the revolutionist, I cannot imagine. The little priest who had been warned to be ready for the visit of the "*Ambassador*"! smelt like an old pipe, and spoke French with an accent that was difficult to follow. I have *Le Rhin* to read in the train to-morrow.

THE OLD PALACE, VIENNA,  
25th March 1901.

I write on this paper because of the above arms, which are pretty. I have just arrived and driven here with a fat old Austrian General who has been told off to look after me during my stay in the palace, which comes to an end Wednesday morning, when I go to stay with Sir Francis Plunkett, our Ambassador. . . .

Lord  
Wolseley.

Some one has sent me *The Review of the Week*. There is a poorly written article defending me in strong terms, but

referring to me as if I had been very ill and consequently prevented from active work. I wish I could be certain who spread, or rather invented, this malicious story.

I drove from the station in a Royal carriage; people took their hats off, I assume, for the gorgeous Imperial livery, not for the little English F.M. inside. My rooms here are furnished very much like a German hotel. The furniture is all painted white, the sofas and chairs badly and commonly upholstered, many pictures of no moment. Two little children—Grand Duchesses, I should say—are interesting because of their costumes. This part of the palace was built by the father of Marie Thérèse. You know from trying to teach me the parentage and descendants of Henry IV. how slow I am to take in genealogies.

VIENNA—BRITISH EMBASSY,  
27th March 1901.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I sat next the Emperor last night at the dinner he gave for me, and we talked of all sorts of things. Now that our Queen is no more, he is the most interesting Royal personage in Europe. For many years he has been very faithful to an actress—she is now about forty—a liaison admitted by the Empress, who used to see her often and was very kind to her. His daughters continue their friendship towards her. Quite lately she has gone abroad and left him, and the rumour is that she will never return unless he will marry her, and *that* he will not do. So possibly he may find some younger *lady*! who will be less exigeante as to the marriage ceremony. Our Ambassador gives a banquet this evening. I left cards upon all the foreign Ambassadors to-day; one, Nigra (the Italian), begged me to remember him to you, and said he had the very pleasantest remembrance of you. He is aged, but is still very pleasant company. I would sooner be master of a workhouse than an Ambassador. It seems to me that his life is *almost* entirely made up of trifling social duties; always "standing at attention," and trying to give to little ceremonies the dignity which in reality can only pertain to big national concerns. Last night at dinner I had the Inspector of Cavalry, General Prince Windischgrätz, on the other side of me. He is very indistinct in speech, and deaf of the ear next to me, so he had to turn round in his chair to bring the "off" ear near my mouth when

I roared my indifferent French at him. I have had a curious General, von Rezinsek, commanding a Brigade in Moravia, and a Captain, Prince Godefroi Hohenlohe, attached to me since I have been here. The latter is bright and clever, speaks English and French well. The former is tall, stately, and stupid, does not understand a word of French, is supposed to speak English, but I can never make him understand a word of it. To-day I wrote to thank him for his kindness and presented him with a handsome ink-case in silver, engraved with the Crown of England, and under it "Edward VII." I wish I was to have so nice a present. To the Prince I am to give a very nice silver cigarette-box lined with cedar, with the same Crown and inscription engraved upon it. I have just written to the King to give him an account of my interview with the Emperor and of what I said when I "deposed" the King's letter "*entre les mains de sa Majesté Imperiale et Royale.*"

This morning to the Emperor's magnificent Riding House, where I saw about ten horses put through the *haute-école*: it was pretty, but was too much like circus work. In the afternoon I was taken to see the Imperial Treasure. The ancient Crown of the German Emperors was unlike anything I have ever seen. Magnificent jewels; but I was chiefly interested in the beautifully designed cradle made for Napoleon's son and brought from Paris by Marie Louise in 1814 when she bolted back to Austria.

THE PALACE, BUCHAREST,  
1/4/1901.

I can only write to you at night. I cannot write in the train, and every moment is taken up with engagements—some interesting, others not so, some very boring. I was met at the frontier by the Préfet of the District and by the General Commanding the Army Corps there. My baggage was late, so with much difficulty I struggled into full-dress uniform by 7.30 p.m. I was taken to the King's apartments; my "suite" were left in the antechamber, and I sat with him *en tête-à-tête* for nearly half an hour. He looks about fifty, but is well over sixty. Then the Queen came in, a tallish woman with white hair drawn up over a high pad. The King spoke French and that very badly; the Queen spoke English like an Englishwoman. The King and Queen sat side by side at dinner. The Queen has read every-

Lord  
Wolseley.

thing and seems to know everything ; she said how sorry the Princess was to miss me here ; she and her husband had gone to Wiesbaden.

THE PALACE, BUCHAREST,  
2nd April 1901:

Lord  
Wolseley.

I am housed here sumptuously in the apartment occupied by the Emperor of Austria when he paid this Court a visit. Plenty of pictures, all modern, some good : French clocks and much ormolu decorations for tables and cabinets. The King has given me a charming enamel picture of himself. The Queen has given me a book with her name in it. She plays the piano really well, and was to-day accompanied by two fiddlers and a 'cello. She keeps an Italian secretary for his voice and fiddling. But you know that, much as I love good music, I *hate* all fiddlers and singing men. Coffee at 9 a.m. ; at 9.15 I go out in a Royal carriage, *my suite* in two other Royal carriages. We visit barracks and institutions—few worth seeing. To-day I paid a visit to the Head of the Orthodox (Greek) Church. A charming old man of good family : so unlike the ordinary, dirty, slovenly-looking and often drunken-looking Greek priest. He showed me some curious things, amongst others the body of a saint—some 200 years old—in a silver coffin ; the hand only was uncovered, and that the devout kissed frequently. It was only skin and bone and as black as my boots. About 5 p.m. I went to the Queen's apartment, where we had the music I have already told you of. There were many ladies present ; one played the harp. Then the Queen sat on the edge of the stage, where stood the piano and the fiddlers, and she read—remarkably well—a poem written upon our Queen's death. I am to have a copy of it. Yesterday before I arrived there was rather a heavy earthquake here : the King told me that all the candelabra swung about, and a huge stone figure toppled off the highest point of one of the great public buildings.

To-morrow I lunch with our Ministers and dine with the Prime Minister. I am to be taken over one of the eighteen detached forts which surround the city.

I was told of a curious Guild here amongst well-born girls—partly social, partly religious. One, a very remarkable member of the Guild, is a great dancer of some Hungarian dance—I

fancy it is somewhat *risqué*—if I may apply such a word to a dance. The legs are very freely thrown about. The lady rests her hands on the man's shoulders and he rests his upon the girl's hips. This particular girl dances without stays, and having a very good figure cuts out all others. The dance is such hard work that both men and women who perform *perspire* very freely, and often have to stop to mop their faces.

IN THE TRAIN *EN ROUTE* FROM  
BUCHAREST TO BUDAPEST,  
3/4/1901.

A dreadful drawback to so many people here is their breath, which smells of onions dished up with a strong flavour of stale tobacco smoke. I have suffered several times when talking to them; a Minister's wife with a tiara and a necklace of great diamonds, whom I took in to dinner last night, was one of them, and the General who took me round the military engineering school yesterday was terrible. The King said that he had wished to confer his highest military Order upon me, but could not because of our King's commands. Both he and the Queen pressed me to pay them a visit again, particularly when they are at their summer residence, Sinai, in the mountains. When I took leave of the King this evening he pressed my hand with both of his, and walked through his large room holding my hand very hard, and said when parting that he hoped *you* would come with me. I have promised to send her a copy of my book on Marlborough and the *History of Prince Rupert*. Please ask Macmillan to have these well bound.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Tell Frances that the Edinburgh Princess is *most* popular with all classes here; they are all devoted to her. She is said to be the most beautiful rider, and paints admirably. I went all over her palace to-day, and liked it—for a foreign palace—very much. Her husband, the heir presumptive, is not so attractive. She sent me many messages of how sorry she was not to be in Bucharest now, and has told people that she used to play with Frances when they were children.

I should like to send King Charles a copy of my little book on Napoleon; he is a soldier every inch and would perhaps

like to read my views upon Napoleon's state of health having destroyed his plans.

GRAND HOTEL, BELGRADE,  
6th April 1901.

Lord  
Wolsley.

We arrived early yesterday and were conducted to this hotel. We could not be lodged in the palace, as King Milan had sold all the furniture in the rooms intended for visitors.

This must be a horrible place for an Englishman to live in. The people seem to me to be all of one class, and a very uneducated and common one. When I bid the King good-bye to-day after my Audience, the Queen sent to say she wished to see me. There are two palaces here, side by side—one an old one in which the King and Queen live, the other a modern hideosity in which all the Court functions come off. The Queen's rooms seemed nice, made and furnished for comfort, not for show. She expects her confinement in about a fortnight, and consequently her figure was not that of a young girl. She must have been good looking when she was young and well, but now she looks old and much drawn about the face. She spoke French in a way that made me feel she had carefully studied the banalities she uttered about "*the warrior* of whom she had often heard and read so much," etc. She regretted that her state of health would not allow her to see me at dinner, etc. She has had *une vie orageuse* and was caught by the King's mother under somewhat compromising circumstances, and dismissed summarily by her from her service as Lady-in-Waiting. Since then the King first presented her with a house and then announced that he meant to marry her. This he did, and her present figure is the result. There was a serious row about the marriage, and rumour says that both he and she are afraid to drive out or leave their palace since it came off. The people are said to detest her. We drove in State carriages to my reception and to the palace dinners—the roads would jolt any false teeth out of one's head. There are no drains of any sort in the town. Cesspits are under or around or behind every house. You can imagine what the smells must be and how unhealthy the town where such a condition of things exists. They talk much of soon beginning "*une système de la canalization*," but if they are run through the cesspits, the plague or the cholera will, without doubt, decimate the population. Thank

Heaven we are in a newly built hotel which is clean and fitted with modern improvements. I am warned by our people here to say nothing in my letters about the King or his wife, for if I post them in Servia they will be opened and read. This is a common Royal practice at this curious Court. I shall avoid this difficulty by leaving them here at the British Minister's for the Foreign Office bag that leaves this next Thursday, the 11th, so you will not get this until the 16th instant. If I find I can gain some time by taking them with me across the frontier into Turkey, I may do so.

You asked me what I thought of "Carmen Sylva." She lives at a pressure that must be killing. It is a question, I should say, when the sword will wear out the scabbard.

PERA PALACE, CONSTANTINOPLE,  
9th April 1901.

This hotel, in which we are the Sultan's guests, is quite new and clean, and stands on high ground. The Sultan, by the way, has recently tricked the Russians well. When the peace was made after the last war, the Russians had stipulated in the Treaty that until the whole of the indemnity was paid to them by the Turkish Empire, no Turkish warship was to be built. As the Russians knew that the indemnity would never be paid *in toto*, they thought they had permanently secured themselves against a hostile Turkish fleet in these waters. But the Turks have paid them off in their own coin, for they have sent their fleet to Italy to be "repaired," the orders being really to rebuild each ship from its keel upwards. Sharp practice; but they are only playing the Russians at their own game.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I hope good British ambassadors will be appointed here; it seems to me we have dropped down to a very low level of men in our Diplomatic Service.

And this fine Turkish race may soon cease to belong to a settled State, as it has ceased to be a conquering power. I am deeply sorry, for it was a race of brave men, strangled by ignorant and stupid rulers.

But hang all such questions. I feel a selfish brute to abandon you to the worries of domestic life on small means, when I wander about as a special Ambassador.

I have just come back from dining at our Embassy. The



Austrian Ambassador was there, so I did not take Lady O'Connor in to dinner, but sat beside her. I took in Mrs. James, daughter of Charley Forbes, who married a beautiful Miss Moncreiffe. Her husband is one of those three brothers who lived in Great Stanhope Street. She is a very pleasant little woman, and gave me a little hint about our hostess. To-morrow I have a very full day, and wind up by dining with the Sultan. I am already tired of feasting with Crowned Heads, but after to-morrow I have only the Danish King of Greece to address.

PERA PALACE, CONSTANTINOPLE,

10th April 1901.

Lord  
Wolseley.

At a quarter to six I had to be at the palace. I in a sumptuous open carriage of the Sultan's, four horses, and a magnificently dressed coachman; outriders and a detachment of Lancers in front, and in rear, and A.D.C.'s riding beside the carriage. I called for our Ambassador, and we had the Turkish General, who is told off to look after me, in the carriage: my party followed in other carriages. Inside the walls of the park round the palace there were guards everywhere, and sentries by the dozen. The poor little man lives in dread of assassination, and never goes outside his grounds. Guards of Honour awaited the British Sovereign's representative at the steps of the palace. I was ushered in through long corridors and gaudily furnished drawing-rooms, each, and all ablaze with Ministers and A.D.C.'s in rich uniforms and covered with decorations.

I had an audience of the Sultan, and handed him my letter from our King. O'Connor made a little speech in Irish-French and submitted his new credentials from our new Sovereign to the Sultan, then proceeded to the room where I had left my suite, when I presented them to him. After he had presented all his Ministers to me, mostly great pashas who seemed hot and uncomfortable in their gold-covered clothes, he led the way to a large dining-room. The Sultan sat at one end of the table, with O'Connor on his right, your servant on his left. The men who waited were mostly fat, all clothed in red frock-coats buttoned across and a mass of gold embroidery. The Grand Chamberlain stood behind the Sultan, and acted as interpreter throughout the dinner. He only spoke French. Each time the Sultan spoke to him, he bowed like a slave and touched his forehead,

then the place where he supposed his heart to be, and then made a motion with his hands towards the floor as if he was taking up the dust to cover his head with when presuming to speak to the great Padishah of all the world. I had to answer all sorts of questions about my suite. Castlereagh being "a Lord," and in such an inferior position, puzzled him. Then I was asked if I were married, and had children. I told him of Frances and of you. He said he had two little daughters, two others being married, and that he was very fond of them. I told him Frances was fond of hunting. He asked if she had to jump fences: was it not very dangerous? was I not very anxious for her safety? After dinner the Sultan went into a long salon, on one side of which, in a line, were my suite and the English interpreter, and down the other side all the Ministers. He took leave of the English, shook hands again with me, and retired. In a few minutes the Grand Chamberlain appeared with a large box covered with green velvet and handed it to me from the Sultan as their highest Order in diamonds. So now you have a large star in diamonds set clear in gold, the centre of the star being enamel. None of the stones are very large, but it is a handsome, and with your ingenuity can be converted into an imposing, ornament.

## PERA PALACE, CONSTANTINOPLE,

12th April 1901.

When I bade the Sultan good-byè this evening, after the little opera at the palace, he presented me with a very handsome gold cigarette-box, beautifully decorated and highly jewelled. There is really one very fine diamond in it, which is your share of the spoil. Then he gave me the first-class of the Chefakkat Order for you, and the second-class for Frances, both beautifully enamelled and made up of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. I believe our King will give both of you the right to wear it, so I congratulate you both upon being "decorated." It is an Order that is only given to ladies, and few get it. Frances' is formed into a bow, from which the Order hangs thus: (Sketch). You have a broad ribbon going over your shoulder, with the central part of this picture hanging to the end of it, and then you have a handsome star with good diamonds set clear in it, and many rubies and

Lord  
Wolseley

emeralds. I am so glad that I am to take back these pretty things to you.

On Sunday I leave in the Embassy yacht for Broussa, Troy, Mount Athos, and Athens, and then join Sir D. Currie on board the *Iolaire*, either there or at Corinth.

THE PALACE, ATHENS,  
20th April 1901.

Lord  
Wolsley.

To-day at 11 a.m. I had my official Audience with the King. I made an "appropriate" speech—in English—as the King and Queen and all the Princes speak that *unruly* tongue easily and well. I am told the King was pleased by my allusion to the friendship which our King entertained for him. At three I went to see Olympic games in the Stadium. Of course, with the brutal instincts of an Englishman who loves boxing and seeing men take punishment, of their own accord, uncomplaining, I was most interested in their wrestling.

I lunched with Sir Edwin Egerton and his Russian wife. Lady Egerton is a great workwoman and has established numerous schools for embroidery and lace work here and elsewhere. I saw some *very* fine pieces of embroidery in her house—one, a great piece about 12 or 13 or 14 feet high by at least 6 feet wide, was beautiful: it was almost completely covered with charming silk work, of the pomegranate pattern. I should like to own it, but I thought of your struggles "to make both ends meet" and swallowed my desire. I paid a visit to the Crown Prince, who returned my visit at once, putting on his riband of the Bath to do so. How particular foreigners are in all these little matters about which we take so little trouble. Sir D. and Lady Currie arrived at the Piræus this morning. I have telegraphed I shall go on board Tuesday, for I dine with Foreign Minister on Monday.

ATHENS, 4 p.m., 21/4/1901.

Lord  
Wolsley.

"I have just been received by the King and Queen to pay my respects and say good-bye: they were both extremely kind. The King said, "You may remember amongst the gold things brought from Troy were two cups of Hector. They have never been copied, but I have been allowed to have one copied, and here it is, and I wish you to keep it as a souvenir of your visit and of me."

Castlereagh and I lunched with the Crown Prince and Princess in their palace—not long built—and *both* were proud to tell me that it was entirely furnished by “Maple.” I dined with the Minister for Foreign Affairs and sat next his wife, a stout woman with intelligence and plenty to say. A large party in the evening, and when I came back here, the King came into my room to say good-bye.

I have had a very pleasant time in Athens, and altogether my mission has been interesting and amusing.

OFF CORINTH, 25th April 1901.

The rain is over, but the wind is raw, and I find that sitting in a cabin on deck is better than walking for exercise’ sake along a wet deck with a dull sky overhead and a cold breeze blowing. I once before came through this Canal when returning from the Crimea with Sir John Pender. It is a well-carried-out work, begun by Nero, and finished in Queen Victoria’s reign. After Malta, we go to Ajaccio, and I shall see the room in which Napoleon was born. That “scoundrel” has a fascination for me which I feel for no other human being I have read about, and I have always wanted to visit his birthplace, which was to him “home.”

Lord  
Wolseley.

VILLA FRANCA, 11/5/1901.

Well, yesterday at Ajaccio. I saw the house in which Napoleon was born. You turn out of a filthy street of rattle-trap old houses down a narrow and still dirtier passage for foot-passengers only, and come to a large old house in front of which is a tiny little *plaz* with some bushes in it: this is beyond the passage, which passage separates Napoleon’s house from these bushes. The hall door to the house is mean looking, and the house and its surroundings look dirty and degraded. Over the door a marble tablet states that Napoleon was born there, 15th August 1769. Of course, like all his life, this date is false, for he was really born there the previous year. He falsified the date, not for the purpose of making himself a year younger, but to make himself a Frenchman by birth, as Corsica only passed to the French in 1769.

Lord  
Wolseley.

THE ATHENÆUM, PALL MALL, S.W.,  
28/6/1901.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I have just sent you a telegram to say, "Speech good, very well received." I did really speak well when I warmed to my subject—and all round me said so, even those whom I scarcely knew. I stood directly facing Lord Salisbury, and I spoke chiefly to him. I was well received on rising, and when I finished. A good House, and the interest of the Debate turned, I believe, upon what I was going to say. Lord Salisbury deigned even to be amused when I described the condition of the Veteran Corps I had known, I did not say where.

In enumerating failures—with reference to the fact that failures were to be met with in all professions—I added I had known one S. of S. for War who was a failure. I spoke immediately after Lansdowne, and I should very much have liked to have had "a round" with the little man. Lord Hampden made a good speech, and spoke with much ease. I dine at Gloucester House on the 6th to meet the King and Queen.

S.Y. "IOLAIRE," AT SEA (OBAN TO SCALPA),  
26th July 1901.

Lord  
Wolseley.

The Empress Eugénie with a large party came into Oban in a yacht on Thursday evening. Yesterday, as we were going ashore, the Captain of her yacht—a large steamer, nearly as large as this one—came on board with a message that the Empress intended to come on board here with all her party about 6 p.m. to see the *Iolaire*. It might have been better for one of her suite to have written a note and asked permission to do so. My first impulse was to bolt on shore and stay there until after the visit had come to an end. Poor Lady Currie was furious: Sir D., on the other hand, was delighted, for he dearly loves the big people of this world. However, I thought he did not like the idea of my desertion, so I stayed. Oh, what a shock to see the Empress! She who was so beautiful, so commanding in mien, now an old, old woman with sunken cheeks, the wreck of a figure, and eyebrows touched up to give them that arched appearance which formerly added so much to the expression and beauty of her face. It made me sad indeed to look at her. What a career hers has been! If she had the boldness to put on paper

all the events of her life, what a story one would read! But we shall never have it. It is only those born in the purple who can afford to tell truths about their origin, early years, and associations, and the genesis of their greatness.

CHILLINGHAM CASTLE,  
BELFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, 3/8/1901.

This is a grand old castle horridly and disgracefully used for nearly a century. Sir Andrew Noble has *three* daughters-in-law here: one very good looking. There are charming pictures by Lely and others of his time; in the midst of them one by Sir F. Grant, a regular Grant picture, like a hundred others he painted in frock-coats and trousers "fitting-well-over-the-boot," as tailors used to say when I was young. Fancy a full-length picture of this sort with, on one side, a fine portrait of that monster Judge Jeffreys in his robes, and holding the Lord Chancellor's bag, and on the other a picture of Lord Arlington with the black patch over the bridge of his nose.

*Lord  
Wolseley.*

1901

## CHAPTER XXXIII

FARM HOUSE, 1/2/1901.

Lady  
Wolseley.

DEAREST,—By the 11 o'clock post to-day arrived, addressed to you, a letter of invitation for you and me to St. George's Chapel ceremony<sup>1</sup> to-morrow, and three tickets for you, me, and F. I enclose you yours. Ours are for a different part of the Chapel, of course. I see that a "letter of invitation" gives one facilities for better trains than if one has a ticket only, so I have kept the letter of invitation for us, as with your Gold Stick you will be allowed into *any* train. Perhaps we might manage to get back to London from Windsor together? We are not bidden to any luncheon or meal there. I have telegraphed to Earl Marshall acknowledging receipt of invitations. I have telegraphed to the Ladies to ask them to take us in. We go up to-night by *latest* train, arriving in town about ten o'clock, as we need a little time to *crape* ourselves up, and the maids here will have time to do it, if we don't hurry off too early.

If you are not able to communicate with us at Windsor, as you very likely may not be able to do, as you will be "Gold Sticking," we shall manage to get back to town by the best train we can. We shall try to see the procession from Glenesk's house too, but if our doing so makes our getting to Windsor risky, we shall *not* go to Glenesk, as the great thing is to get to Windsor.

FARM HOUSE, GLYNDE, LEWES,  
12/3/1901.

Lady  
Wolseley.

DEAREST,—I think it rather remarkable that in the *Times* notices of "Imperial Parliament" they never put in that Lord

<sup>1</sup> The funeral of Queen Victoria.

Northbrook had asked for that paper. It was in the *Morning Post*, and Lord L.'s vague answer: "The paper is in existence and I *imagine* (what strange expression!) will be presented forthwith." I tell you this, as if you do not see the *Morning Post* you may miss it. I also see that you have come in for a reproachful remark from Brodrick anent the Colville affair.

FARM HOUSE, GLYNDE, LEWES,  
16/4/1901.

Yesterday three delightful letters. To-day yours of 11/4 from Constantinople with an account of your diamonds order and *our possible decorations!* *I shall not take your diamonds*, though I know you offer them with all your heart, but I want you to be smarter than paint, as you will be in them. Your whole account of Constantinople and the Sultan was *most interesting*. I feel how absolutely *nothing* I have to tell you in return. Lady  
Wolseley.

I *must* be for several weeks to come at H. Court, so *do not hurry back*. Take all the yachting and outing you can get, and then when you return my mind will be at ease to hear all your impressions. I think your letters *most charming*. I let the good ladies see some of them, and they are more in love with you than ever!

FARM HOUSE, GLYNDE, LEWES,  
18/4/1901.

MY DEAREST,—Yesterday, after a long and rather tiring day in town, I found on my return your letter with the decoration sketches and details. How very grand I shall be! I have already studied our Queen's photo to see how she wears her ribbon! My *first* Order, however, is the one *you* gave me, "The Order of elderly merit." The rubies, emerald, and diamonds are floating before our eyes. The old Sultan *has* been a brick! I long to think of you in the yacht, with all stiff uniform off *and you stays!* off too. *Do not come back*; I have heaps to do before I am ready for you! I am sending you *Morning Post*, *St. James's*, and *Westminster* of yesterday that you may see all Roberts' Lady  
Wolseley.



"commendations." Poor Redvers! What will he do now? Colonel Ward<sup>1</sup> gets the cream of the praise. I suppose poor T. Coke, if he gets any mention, will get it in the next volume.

We followed your triumphal progress with greatest interest. But the Duke of Abercorn<sup>2</sup> sent *much* longer bulletins than you did. The papers continue to refer to the Lansdowne-Wolseley affair, and with rare exceptions they are in your favour.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE, 6/5/1901.

Lady  
Wolseley.

On Wednesday next—day after to-morrow—8th April, I move into our little "Upper part," 18 Lower Seymour Street, and hope that it will be fairly comfortable—I will not say *pretty*—by the time you arrive. You can come straight there, and you will find George to unpack your things and look after you. If you are not in a hurry to get back to Glynde we might stay in town together, see some plays, and go to "Hever," and perhaps Mr. Garner's house near Oxford. It will be a nice little *English* honeymoon, and you will like that better than a French one. I am reading Bismarck's letters to his wife. They are very, very interesting, though almost entirely domestic. They remind me of *you*. I really think I am more useful to you than she was to him. She seemed very *whiny*, and he had to make the moves and pick out the furniture.

The excellent Syngé sent the box down here, so I had a great unpacking. It was a regret to me that we did not unpack together. The things are really beautiful. Scrumptious! The Orders are lovely. Your *Star* very fine! The gold cup handsome and interesting. *I enjoyed it all.*

I showed your rugs to Turberville, Smith's man, and he said they were very good, *one* especially so. They will be a great help. "Carmen Sylva's" embroidery I tried on the piano and it looks well. Do not expect to find me *advanced* here. There are still many hindrances, floors not done, etc. I shan't let you come down till it begins to shake down. Then you must come and hang the pictures, and how we shall quarrel!

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir E. War, Secretary, War Office.

<sup>2</sup> Special Envoy to Courts of Sweden, Denmark, Russia, and Germany.

18 LOWER SEYMOUR STREET, P. SQUARE,  
14/5/1901.

DEAREST,—Here I am waiting for you and doing my little best to have the little nest comfortable. I shall not write you more than this little line of welcome and love because *I am so busy*. Little Fritz is better and giving himself invalid airs and graces munching marrow bones.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Mind you wire me your hour of arrival. You are to dine with the King on 24th May; all your uniform is here.

18 LOWER SEYMOUR STREET, 15/5/1901.

I am trying to think of you in Paris! I wish we *could* have been there together. Go if you can, in your *one* day, to the "Musée Carnavalet." It is in the old part of Paris, which you will like, and the house was Madame de Sévigné's house, and you will see her bedroom! The Musée contains most interesting things. See the room of revolutionary relics. The *bonnet rouge* in every variety of device is *most* interesting. You will like it better than Louvre or Cluny. It is more living.

Lady  
Wolseley.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE, 31/5/1901.

I would rather you did not ask anyone to stay at 18 L. Seymour Street, whether we are there, or whether we are not there, as I must *ménager* the nice housemaid there or I shall lose her. With *one* servant one has to consider numbers. Get the footman to pack up all you want for London, but do not take him to town. Give Dorcas your keys and let her unpack, then she will know what things you have and be better able to valet you. Do not *unpack yourself*. It will only puzzle her and trouble you.

Lady  
Wolseley.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE, MIDDLESEX,  
28/6/1901.

I return the document of deed of gift. Its jargon appears to me most inclusive and comprehensive. Dearest little thing, how kind you are to think out all this for me! I died laughing over the great Farrar's legal fear that I should refuse to *lend* you your uniform! I *will* refuse if there is a war. Please add, "and

Lady  
Wolseley.

all future khaki uniform made for F.M. Viscount W. to belong absolutely to Louisa Viscountess W. and be *under her control*—or you may dress yourself up in khaki and defy me.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE,

Monday, 29/7/1901.

Lady  
Wolsley.

I am back again amongst my numerous household gods ! Violet Paget is here, nicer than ever—one could not have a less requiring guest in a disorganised, or rather *unorganised* house. The "ancestor" has returned. He looks very fine, perhaps a little too varnished, but you will see.

Violet Paget<sup>1</sup> read us a charming little essay she has written called "Silence," but the subject really was Friendship. Tell Lady C. of her books, *Eighteenth-Century Studies in Italy*, *Juvenilia*, *Limbo*, *Genius Loci*, etc. Also *Countess of Albany*. I am sure she would like them. I am writing to thank Sir D. C. for the little *tazza*. It is so pretty. I am longing to hear about "Eugénie." There is still a great glamour round her for me.

I am sure the enclosed is a letter from the King ! and I am devoured by curiosity, but do not dare open !

I sit out sometimes with the dogs and read a French book under the trees, just as you would like me to. I hope you are happy and not bored.

18 LOWER SEYMOUR STREET,

11/12/1901.

Lady  
Wolsley.

I shall go at *one* o'clock to S.K. Museum (now called "Victoria and Albert") to see *our Sheffield*. If your Board permits, join me there.

I went to the *Last of the Dandies* this afternoon and was *bored to death*. Thank Heaven it is the last of them ! Tree, who is an artist, was wasted, and beyond his posing pompously in exaggerated coats and tight pantaloons—as indecent as the costumes of the fashionable ladies of to-day—there was not a feature in the play.

<sup>1</sup> A well-known Authoress who writes under the name of "Vernon Lee."

SEYMOUR STREET,

15th December 1901.

*What pens!* What a dreadful thing a *man's* writing-table is! *Lady  
Wolseley.*

I am up to see odd men. Perhaps none will come, and I write you a line while I wait. I hope you liked Lansdowne as the "White Knight" in the *Westminster*. I thought it delightful. Have you heard anything more of Lord Roberts' arrival?

1902-1903

## CHAPTER XXXIV

APETHORPE HALL, WANSFORD,

*Monday, 22nd September 1902.*

*Lord  
Wolsley.*

Mrs. Lawrence took me to pay Lady Cardigan a visit ; that old woman called on Saturday, so this was the return call. The painted relic of past scandals lives in a most charming house. The oldest part, she said, was of the eleventh century, so it is very much older than Apethorpe. It has one four-sided courtyard, very much smaller than the court here ; and no gallery. Lady Cardigan has added on a great ballroom, the windows of which—but not the ceiling or roof—are in keeping with the old portion of the house. It lacks the stateliness of Apethorpe, but it has great charms. It is close to the ruins of Kirby Hall, but on the other side of the road, and she showed me a door in her house which led down, she said, to a subterranean passage that led to Kirby Hall. She also assured me that her husband, Cardigan, when a boy, had dined in Kirby Hall, whose owner was the bosom friend of his father's—I think she said his father. That surprised me, for Kirby Hall, I should have said, cannot have been inhabited for a century.

FARM HOUSE, GLYNDE, LEWES,

*15/7/1902.*

*Lady  
Wolsley.*

It is *tropically* hot, but I can, with management, keep the little house fairly cool. I went yesterday to luncheon with the Pearsons<sup>1</sup> in their grand château at Paddockhurst. A tiresome little journey. Change at Lewes, change at Haywards

<sup>1</sup> Sir W. Pearson, afterwards Lord Cowdray.

Heath, and then arrive at Three Bridges. A big brake waiting for my little solitary person—so difficult to know which corner to sit in, but finally I anchored myself behind the coachman. The three miles' drive is lovely. Roads with wide margins of lush grass, and ferns, and then big trees and depths of cool shade. The house sumptuous—a marble dining-room, gold plate, peaches, grapes, a "winter garden," *alias* a rather ugly long railway station, conservatory, little cabin-like passages everywhere. Then the principal rooms, full of (valuable) Boule and Louis-Seize furniture. Then Empire rooms, some oak cabinets, not quite new, I think. The house has not quite had a fair chance. Oh, I forgot the library, with 1000 or 10,000—I forget which—books, all chosen by some one else, and never touched since, I should say! Their desolate tidiness and regularity was the most chilling thing I have ever seen. But the Pearsons themselves I like very much.

The Coronation is *fixed* for 9th August. I have inquired if you will be required in London before that date to rehearse again, also if you will be Gold Stick for any part of August. I will let you know what I hear. I wrote to Lord Binning<sup>1</sup> about the Gold Stick business, "as you were away yachting."

I think you make too much of your memory being bad. I think it *wonderfully good*, except for names and for what doesn't interest you. But you *never* give it any rest or let it lie fallow, and I think it is suffering from long overstrain. If you will *let it forget* and not worry it, it will *right itself*. You want much more sleep than you give yourself. This is what the oracle thinks and says.

Anyhow, don't forget me. I will tell you all I hear about Gold Stick and Third Sword. I have seen your new mare and think her very good looking. Her attendant said, "She will make a splendid 'orse later on." I tried to look very knowing, and remarked she was rather "tucked up," which was quite a success.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE, MIDDLESEX,

3/9/1902.

I wonder how you are getting on?

I went to the S.K. Museum and there found a Virginal the *almost* exact counterpart of the one I saw. It was by

Lady  
Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Then commanding Royal Horse Guards.

"John Loosemore, 1655." *Mine*, by "Adam Leversidge, 1666." It was exactly the same in shape and size, and the quality of the painting inside was, if anything, coarser than mine. Keys, notes, decoration, exactly alike. Stand very much the same, rather plainer and rougher. The Museum gave £52, 10s. for theirs in 1873, so allowing for rise in value in thirty years, the woman is not so exorbitant in asking £120—but I doubt her getting it, as the public for such a piece is small. It was very interesting to see their Virginal. I asked one of the curators if they were often offered for sale, and he said very seldom now. If you go to town one day while I am here, I could go up and meet you, and show it to you. You could also see Pierpont M.'s £100,000 tapestry. Think of it if you have to go to town.

17A SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.,

7th January 1903.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have usually set out upon a journey or a "trip" with pleasurable feelings; but none come to me as I contemplate this cruise. I believe the air at Glynde to be far healthier than anything to be found in the Mediterranean. However, if I find my existence a real trial I will return home. Life at sixty-nine and a half is too uncertain to play tricks with the days of health accorded to us. Edward Bulwer and one of his daughters—I never know one from the other—and Biddulph<sup>1</sup> and a new young daughter dined here last night—what a dreadfully dull evening it must have been for the two girls to sit and listen (confound the pen, it is nearly as bad as my spelling) to four aged gentlemen tell old stories and laugh at events that took place long before the poor girls were even thought of. The young Biddulph girl is a new one that I have never seen before—she is fresh-looking and reminded me in appearance and manner of the Puritan girls described in so many of our old-fashioned novels.

THE "IOLAIRE," GENOA,

14/1/1903.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I spent yesterday here ashore with all the party. I thought of the play in which the hero introduced his party by "voici

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Biddulph.

mes nocés en six flacres ! ” I hate travelling about with a large party, and consequently saw very little of what I wished to look at. The *Titania* is our neighbour ; at present she flies the Belgian flag, but is hired by a Yankee who lives on board of her. He asked to see Sir Donald yesterday, and told him a piteous story, winding up by asking him to lend him £500 ! I like Mr. Abbott, the Secretary—a highly educated man, only he goes to sleep after meals in a deck-chair with his thumb in his mouth—I think to prevent apoplexy. Ritchie is on board. He is very outspoken for a Cabinet Minister—rough in manner, and in every sense an intelligent man of the middle class.

S.Y. “ IOLAIRE,” MAKING FOR NAPLES,  
At sea, 16/1/1903.

A very pleasant day yesterday at Elba. As you know, anything connected with the great bad man has an absorbing interest for me, an interest I have never been able to take in the history of any one else. Some accursed Russian, a Prince Demidoff, at one time owned the house in which Napoleon lived—some 2½ or 3 miles out of Ferrajo—and spoilt the place by adding a hideous building in which he collected every purchasable relic of the great soldier ruler. Those relics were removed, and only the building remains to disfigure the scene and detract from the interest that clung round a house and garden to which Bonaparte had been exiled, and where he planned the return that ended in Waterloo.

Lord  
Wolseley.

SUDA BAY, CRETE,  
30th January 1903.

We came in yesterday evening and anchored in the harbour of Milo. We found the Russian Mediterranean Fleet here and saw a Greek corvette steam out to sea with the Queen of Greece on board. She had come here to see her son, Prince George, who is a sort of President in Crete. The French, Italian, and ourselves still have troops in the island, so I do not imagine he has a pleasant billet here. Indeed, when I met him in Athens on my mission he was never weary of pitying himself for the hardness of his lot amongst all the powers here. I was much amused with Sir Donald, who pretended he must go to

Lord  
Wolseley.



call to-day upon the Russian Admiral ; " of course you will come also, Lord Wolseley," he added. I positively refused, telling him that on principle I disliked all potentates, and never went near any of them except at the point of the bayonet. Lady Currie does not care two twopenny damns for all the great people in the world, and often tries to restrain Sir Donald's hunger for the society of big people. But they are both nice, dear friends, worth all the " smart society " we have ever known.

ALEXANDRIA HARBOUR, S.Y. " IOLAIRE,"  
4/2/1903.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I send you home some pages for my *Memoirs* ; please have them typed after you have corrected them and struck out any absurdities that may strike you. Many thanks for your friend's letter ; I am very glad to accept his comments, for although his own books—as he told me—don't sell, his advice is clear and sensible. I think that I may conveniently end my first volume with my story of the Ashantee War, after which I became a General Officer. The transition into the grade of General is a point in a soldier's career that will, I think, make a good beginning for my second volume, which I might publish a year after the first. I should thus make most money for you ; and that is my first thought now.

If I had been brought up to business, I should, perhaps, take business views of life. But transactions that make men rich are to me divided by a thin sheet of paper from the cheating which lands less fortunate men in jail ; your " smart man " in trade and the pickpocket may well go to the same hotel in the next world.

Very many thanks for Pierre Loti's book *Jerusalem*. I have only as yet had time to skim through it, but the writing is delightful. I felt inclined to throw all my sorry MS. overboard as soon as I had read a few pages—of course like me—at the end of his volume. When will an Englishman arise who combines, like Loti, sparkling imagination and deep feeling ; who will be able to find words, as he does, at once to elate and satisfy his readers ?

We are to start to-morrow morning for Cairo, where I shall have to call on the Khedive and officials ; I don't want the trammels of society duties when I am on a pleasure outing.

## SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO,

5th February 1903.

Zohrab met me at the railway station, and drove me here in a nice little carriage with a pair of very fast little Arab horses. He—like myself—has grown old, but is now quite well again and has given up tobacco. I attribute his recovery to his having done so, for he used to smoke to excess. I have not yet seen his wife, but I am to call on her to-morrow. He had tea with the Curries here, and made a favourable impression.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Your extract from A. L.'s letter is the same as he told me himself—I cannot understand why it is he is so "hot" upon the Indian Mutiny. I think the present generation is languid about it. How few even read George Trevelyan's *Cawnpore*? I think Trevelyan's wife and Lady Currie have much in common. Both excellent and clever women, both hard as flint towards themselves and the world.

## SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL, CAIRO,

8/2/1903.

The Khedive gave a great ball on the night of our arrival, but I begged off. The Cromers asked us to dine to-morrow, but I cannot, as we go on board the dahabeeyah Sir Donald has hired to take us up the Nile. I dined last night with the Reggy Talbots. The Portlands were there. She looked extremely imposing, like Semiramis I should say. Mrs. Reggy has become very thin; her grey hair suits her well. She played exquisitely for us after dinner. I took in a Lady M'Kenzie, whom I did not quite identify. Edgar Vincent has become very grey also. I have been through the bazaars; full of rubbish, and at this season the vagabond shopkeepers ask exorbitant prices.

Lord  
Wolseley.

## DAHABEEYAH "OSIRIS," NEARING "KENEH,"

20th February 1903.

I spare you travellers' stories of a country in which you take little interest, and in which, I confess, I cannot muster up any great concern. Their useless monuments often ruined the people of the land by the *corvée* their construction exacted. The inscriptions and the enumeration of uninteresting dynasties

Lord  
Wolseley.

with which travellers in Egypt fill their pompous letters have far less concern for me than the pages of the old Parish Register at home. Possibly if you stayed in Egypt you might come to like Egyptian art, and to take an interest in Cheops and Rameses; I never could. I prefer any English hero—even Dick Turpin—to Isis or Horus.

S. Y. "IOLAIRE," BRINDISI,

19/3/1903.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have to-day gone over an old ruined castle in which every stone told us of Barbarossa, and of the Spaniards who held it for centuries,—beautiful carvings of arms with many quarterings over its great gateways and little boat harbours. We were taken over much of it by a hideous old woman with a powdered face, bad teeth, and a moustache; and afterwards over the interior keep by a remarkably handsome youth in the Italian Navy. He was very affable, but positively refused to take the five francs I pressed upon him. Yesterday I spent an hour in a very old church, formerly attached to a monastery. There was a curious picture of an imaginary group at the Birth of Christ. As only married women were admitted in the fable, a young girl had borrowed a baby to appear as if she too were a mother. Seeing she was so young, the other women challenged her, "If you be a mother, suckle your bambino." The picture showed her prof-fering her breast to the baby.

I have reread *Jerusalem*, by Loti. It does not stand such an ordeal. Too much of the artist, too little of the heart about all his choice morsels. It is too highly polished, too epigrammatic for the world's greatest story. But it is worth studying from an artistic point of view. The man Christ, surely apart from His Godhead, is so holy, so pure, so simple, that His portrait must be photographed as He is and was, and not redaubed by colours from an artist's palette, no matter how able the painter may be.

VICE-REGAL LODGE, DUBLIN,

*Tuesday Night, 21st July 1903.*

Lord  
Wolsley.

At 9.30 this morning in full dress I proceeded<sup>1</sup> in a Royal carriage to Westland Row Station, and with a number of

<sup>1</sup> As Gold Stick in attendance on the Sovereign.

others went down to Kingstown. It had rained heavily in the early morning, but had cleared and was a fine day with the sun shining brightly when the King and Queen and their daughter and immediate surroundings came ashore in a large electric launch. They were very well received and both were very gracious to your humble servant amongst others. We got away in four magnificent open carriages, with a beautifully turned out escort of the Blues in attendance. From there until we entered this park, the shouts and cheering were enthusiastic. I must tell you that Miss Knollys asked much after you, and wound up by saying that the Queen liked you extremely. In conversation with Her Majesty—I sat with her here in the drawing-room all this evening after dinner—she impressed upon me how sorry she was not to have been able to pay you a visit; one reason why she was prevented was that the motor in which she had meant to come broke down. She said she was very sorry, and I am sure she meant it.

*Very early, Wednesday morning, 22nd July.*—The house is very quiet. I left the drawing-room last night as soon as the Queen went to bed. The King and a selected party disappeared to play bridge in another room. I am to have tea at "The Hospital" this afternoon to see the changes they have made. I hear they have enlarged the entrance hall, which must be an improvement. There was a good deal of cheering for "Wolseley" as we came along yesterday; I know this will interest you, so I mention it. The Davidsons want me to dine this evening, but I can't manage it. I should like to do so, for I am already weary of Court functions.

VICE-REGAL LODGE, DUBLIN,

23/7/1903.

I have never had a chance of "doing" a curiosity shop since I came here, and it was only yesterday afternoon that I got away to pay a visit to the Davidsons. He was out on duty and I waited for him, so had only just time to get back here, and once more into my boots—such boots! And off to dine with the Connaughts at the Royal Hospital. They have made it very nice, white paint being the order of the day there. Both Duke and Duchess very kind to me. The Levee yesterday was

*'Lord  
Wolseley.*

attended by over 1500, and I thought would never end. It was in the Throne room in the castle, where the King holds a Court to-night.

GLYNDE, 11/10/1903.

Lord  
Wolsley.

Frances has been reading to me Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, and enjoyed it as much as I did. Morley makes his hero speak to the reader all through the book, and much as I dislike Mr. Gladstone's record, I feel carried away by the description of his character and motives as Mr. Morley portrays them in this wonderful book.

FARM HOUSE, GLYNDE, LEWES,  
29/1/1903.

Lady  
Wolsley.

The rapidity with which you fly from port to port makes me quite giddy! I am sure you do not give yourselves time to enjoy at all. I should want to stay at least a week everywhere.

Alexandria and Cook's office will not contain all the letters I have written to you there. Watts has finished the first *tabouret* for my Italian embroideries. It looks as if it had walked out of Whitehall Palace or into it the day Charles II. was restored. The wood is *antiqué'd*, and looks as if generations of housemaids had diligently cleaned and given tone to it. I am sending you the February *P.M. Gazette* with your second Napoleon article.

Furniture at the "Arts and Crafts" quite horrible. Too many poor enamels. It is now a "fashion" and every one rushes in to compete. There were a few very nice things. The best, I thought, the printed and illustrated books. Some most beautiful.

22/2/03.

Lady  
Wolsley.

I had your pathetic little wails from the *diabeah* (goodness knows how it's spelled) yesterday. You will soon be at sea again in your palatial yacht. I suppose *toujours* Scotch broth is as trying as *toujours perdrix*. We had tea on Thursday with Sir Charles and Lady Tennant, to see his pictures. Such a profusion, and all the best of their kind. Sir Joshua's "Kitty

Fisher," "Lady Crosbie," Gainsboroughs, Romney, Hoppner, Raeburn, Opie! besides Wilsons, Turners, every good master you can think of. I don't know *what* they can be worth! The old man (his family call him "the Bart.") was as lively as a grig, showing me everything and telling me the price of everything. Two inlaid French cabinets, £15,000! and so on and so on. His gigantic hall and staircase are simply lined with the finest mezzotints in the finest states, some unique! The wife—Lady MacD.'s niece—is about thirty-eight, just on her feet again after the third baby. His first wife had thirteen children, and if he lives long enough so will this one. He says he knew you *before you were married*. He was really very nice and kind, and loves to show his things. His pictures are extremely well hung, all on one line, and well apart, and beautifully lit. That is one thing electric light can do. We crammed a good deal into one day, for we lunched at a little Italian restaurant in Sackville Street, and went to Christie's and saw the Elizabethan stoneware jug from West Malling Church, which next day fetched £1500. It was of splashed brown-and-orange pottery with silver gilt mounts, very finely chased. The applicant for the gardener's place dined and slept here while I was away. Frances was much struck with her. An *absolute* lady, and didn't flinch at manure stirring, or scullery drain, or anything! An unhappy marriage, and failing in market gardening has brought her to this. Dean Hole most strongly recommends her, and has known her all her life. She says, "I think I have forty years' work still in me." Poor lady, at eighty-two she will begin digging her own grave perhaps.

1904-1905

CHAPTER XXXV

FARM HOUSE, GLYNDE, LEWES,  
28/1/1904.

'Lord  
Wolseley

I had a very pleasant visit to Micheldever. We had Fisher, Sir Norman, and Biddulph, and their wives, also kind Lady Emma and her husband. Lord Northbrook lent me the official papers he had of my Egypt periods. I am deep in them at present, as I want to "gut" them quickly, and return them to their owner. Lord N. begins to be somewhat feeble about the feet and legs. I watch all these signs now. I never used to do so, but I feel that my time must come soon for being weak on my pins. Northbrook was very nice: old age has rubbed off the Dutch roughness that belonged to the Dutch Beyrings or Barings of the earlier generation. What lovely pictures and what a comfortable house!

CHÂTEAU ST. MICHEL, CANNES,  
12th February 1904.

Lord  
Wolseley

Our journey here *most* comfortable. Frances is a good traveller, very clear in her arrangements, very bright and easily pleased, and Magdah is a good *courière*—if there be such an expression. Indeed the thought occurs to me as to what a good business it might be for a clever woman to start in that line of business. Lady Bathurst travelled in another compartment with her brother Oliver. How young and pretty she is; he very jolly and bright. I always thought Glenesk very clever, with a great knowledge of affairs and of humanity as the species

is seen in society and in public affairs. He is also full of hospitality and an admirable mimic.

"We travelled with the Chamberlains, who were bound for Egypt. I had very long talks with him about his prospects, and he feels sure of eventual victory : so should I be, were he ten years younger, and led a healthier life. He has been losing ground lately, but he will pick that up soon.

When walking home to-day, Frances and I met the bridal pair—the Tecks. She was looking very pretty, and her manner when they stopped to speak was quite charming.

CHÂTEAU ST. MICHEL, CANNES,  
19th February 1904.

I have at last discovered from Oliver Borthwick that his great desire is to go to the present seat of war to examine its conditions, etc. His scheme has been devised in concert here with the young Grand Duke Michael. Oliver is much taken with him and believes that under his ægis he would be enabled to see how matters really stood between Russia and Japan, and which side was to win in the end. For this he would require an autograph letter from the Czar. He has talked it over already twice with me, and I have endeavoured to dissuade him, as I fancy this Grand Duke has little influence, and less intention of undertaking any such expedition to the seat of war.

Lord  
Wolseley.

A footman has come into the room, and he smells horribly ; my mind follows my nose so much that I long to kick him downstairs. But, poor devil, he is quite unconscious of how unpleasantly his presence affects me.

CHÂTEAU ST. MICHEL, CANNES,  
Monday Morning, 22/2/1904.

Yesterday being Sunday, we all went to church, and sitting in front of our host's pew were the Royal bride and bridegroom. The pew they sat in belongs to the King, and, of course, our host has the sitting immediately behind it. To be associated, or to rub skirts, with Royal personages, seems a necessity with some folk in England. Although neither you nor I have ever developed any such longing, I rejoice to see it in others, for it means the maintenance of Royal power in England ; I, for one,

Lord  
Wolseley.



would never bear any allegiance to, nor have the least regard for, a "President," even though he were a "Solomon come to judgment." To me the very idea is hateful of being the "citizen" of a Republic. I am so glad to be the subject of a King, and I rejoice in being his servant.

CHÂTEAU ST. MICHEL, CANNES,

24th February 1904.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I have just written to Mrs. Beaumont<sup>1</sup> about her *admirable* article in vindication of poor Colley, and of the attack made upon him by Morley in his *Life of Gladstone*.

Yesterday we all—the house party—went to Grasse to pay a visit to Miss Alice de Rothschild. Her gardens are beautiful, and her house—three small houses in a row, thrown into one—most comfortable, and filled with charming pictures and lovely things of every kind. I am to have tea with her this afternoon at some club in Cannes. Her hair is now as white as mine, and she possesses everything this world can provide to make man or woman happy and contented. She is, moreover, clever and highly cultured, and only wants what money cannot provide, namely, good health, and, perhaps, the average allowance of good looks accorded to men and women.

FARM HOUSE, GLYNDE, LEWES,

29/4/1904.

Lord  
Wolseley.

F. Leveson-Gower has departed. I drove him to Lewes, and saw him into the train. Although politically our views of life are as the poles apart, he is a very interesting old gentleman. He is a bitter hater of all things conservative, and of all Imperial notions, and is too old to view any national subject except through the worn-out spectacles invented by Cobden and Co. The Whig, pure and simple, is as out of date as the *ichthyosaurus* (is that spelt correctly?). He had strong opinions politically, but he put his country above party. Nowadays, the Radical Liberal blows off steam in denunciations of men who put the honour of England above the exigencies of politics.

<sup>1</sup> Formerly Lady Colley; married, as his second wife, Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, created Lord Allendale.

S.Y. "IOLAIRE," SOUTHAMPTON WATERS,

May 1904.

Lord  
Wolseley.

We travelled to Southampton very comfortably in a saloon carriage, and were taken down in it to the quay, where we walked over a gangway to the deck of this beautiful yacht.

I have been in the cabin below, where the heat would have astonished Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

I have no notion of what Sir Donald's movements are to be, but I believe he will remain here a few days. He sees his huge ugly ships here, and that is a never-ending pleasure to him. They are fitted up in the worst taste to suit the character and inclination of the fourth-rate vulgarandoes who travel by them. There is no "ship-beauty" about them, no grace or symmetry, and no beautiful curves in their lines. They are simply hideous floating iron boxes made to carry thousands of tons of cargo, and hundreds of human beings.

Even this yacht with its boudoirs and handsome panelling of choice woods is objectionable to me. I like a ship to have no gilding about it, and to look like a ship. To try and sail round the world in a sort of *demi-monde* "lady's" suite of apartments is incongruous and irritating to the temper.

(Oh, confound it!) I have spilt my ink bottle on old Currie's carpet in my cabin—what a nuisance! Sir Donald reads the war news carefully and has explained to me how the Japanese will take Port Arthur, with a little lecture on strategy. I wonder what he would think if I tried to advise him on the intricacies of the business in which he has been so successful.

THE PLEASAUNCE, OVERSTRAND, CROMER,

30/7/1904.

Lord  
Wolseley.

Last night's scene and the performance of Milton's *Comus* that took place in these grounds made me regret your absence beyond measure. I kept saying to myself throughout every stanza of the play, how *you* would have enjoyed it! No one can ever read *Comus* without a feeling of gratitude to the blind man who wrote it. The scene was perfect. The artistic efforts to make the grounds round the house scenic in effect suited the piece admirably. The acting was good, if a little too ranting. Hundreds of Chinese lanthorns lit up the shrubberies round the well-chosen spot where the representation took place.

Martin Morris came in time for dinner. He told me he belongs to a club, called the "Mermaid Society," who devote themselves to getting up these "scenic" plays.

18 LOWER SEYMOUR STREET,  
PORTMAN SQUARE, W.,  
Thursday, 25/3/04.

Lady  
Wolseley.

My York expedition yesterday was wholly satisfactory. It was a cold day, but the carriages are excellently warmed, and with a foot-warmer, too; I might have been sitting by my own fireside! I thoroughly enjoyed even the journey. Such a large, bare country, not like our pretty wild downs and woodlands. We only stopped once, at Grantham. I longed to jump out and fly to the curio shop there. Mr. Green's little brougham met me. I had wired I would eat in the train, not to lose time at luncheon, and accordingly gnawed a chicken bone! The house is beautiful, and *sparsely* full of fine furniture. He is strongest in chairs and in Queen Anne mirrors, also has some good pieces of *my sort* of furniture. He was most deferential to my opinions!! I only hope he did not discover what an ignoramus I am! but I felt I learnt a good deal from his comments. I had two good hours with him, and, thanks to the furniture, they flew like ten minutes! I will detail it all to you. He has given me some nice photos. He had been hunting all the morning, and whisked back in his motor to receive me. He has an æolian organ; it sounded so well in his great hall.

S.Y. "IOLAIRE," MARSEILLES,  
Friday, 6th January 1905.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I have not yet been ashore to-day, but I shall go with Sir Donald by and by and see the trash in the curiosity shops which the Jews palm off on the Gentiles. Alongside of us lies an enormous yacht belonging to Mr. Gordon Bennett. He owns the *New York Herald*, and is, of course, enormously rich—but has his failings. I would sooner be poor W. with an empty purse and be a gentleman. His father became very rich during the War of Secession. Who said that God must set little store upon riches since He confers them upon such very undesirable people?

S.Y. "IOLAIRE," PORTO FRANCA,  
12/1/1905.

Very shortly after the anchor was dropped my host pointed to a little villa in front of which the Belgian flag was flying. He said, "The King of the Belgians is living there; you and I must go and pay him a visit." He assured me he knew him: I very much doubt if old Leopold ever heard, knew, or cared anything about either of us. However, I positively refused: I said the King would be, anyhow, an intolerable old bore, and that Sir Donald would most probably find a couple of little girls there to receive him.

Lord  
Wolseley.

At Toulon Sir Donald insisted we must pay a visit to the Admiral. He sent his secretary to arrange an hour, but there was some muddle, and we found ourselves calling on the fat, vulgar wife of the Préfet.

S.Y. "IOLAIRE," NAPLES,  
18th January 1905.

I have answered the lady's letter and written to the headmaster about her stupid son. I told her that it was a question whether it was worth while to make a soldier of a boy who could not pass the army examination, as the military profession would not now hold out any prospects to him. Of course she thinks the boy a Solon and a Cæsar rolled into one. The father is very clever; and it is the old story, children take after their mothers in brain power, and after their fathers in general appearance. How rare have been the instances in history where a very able father is followed by a very able son, and when it does occur I am always prepared to bet on the mother's ability also. I enjoyed the museum here yesterday beyond measure, and most of all the bronze statue of Julius Cæsar. That was "a man"!

Lord  
Wolseley.

FARM HOUSE, GLYNDE, LEWES,  
13/1/05.

I was much amused by your adventure with the Prefect's wife. Fancy your starting off here for the Mayor of Brighton's at-home day! Yesterday great excitement in the village as the Charlie Brands gave a servants' dance. Our dancers who went were *Tout est Perdu* and the kitchen-maid. He was as smart as smart could be when he waited at dinner. A better coat,

Lady  
Wolseley.

"bien rasé, frais, et dispos." Later on he had a *boutonnière*! and asked Mitchell to "spray him," which she did with "White Lilac," very strong. He hoped there would be "mistletoe to kiss the girls under"! I had forbidden my favourite "Sweet Pea" being used, and so he started *embaumé*, as the French novels say. The butler and party from Glynde Place called for our two, and *five* started in the Brand governess car and microscopic pony. I can see its little bending whalebone legs down the hill! It was a "beautiful ball!" in the Brand coach-house, supper cooked by a chef, champagne cup and flags—chandeliers. Our old boy danced the first dance, "The Triumph," with a Brand daughter (not knowing who she was); he made the *faux pas* of *falling down*, but I trust no conversational ones. He says it was the parquet floor, but I suspect the buffet. They kept it up till 5 a.m.! *He* (old *Tout est P.*) was as excited as a boy at his first dance! He had to bind his *ankles* up before he went! Mitchell said she nearly offered him her elastic stocking!

Well, yesterday we had our luncheon with our neighbours. I said going, "We shall have roast pheasant (*un plat fin*)," and roast pheasant we had! Madame *mère* is a very mysterious person, huge, with a nice face. Head, with a sort of Cenci, mummy, Madonna (I can't say *what* it is) wrapping up of white thin silk, draped black garment strangely pinned about with little brooches. A *gigantic* spa or marble *heart* pendant on her *bosom* (very ample that, too). If it was all meant for simplicity it was marvellously laboured. The parlour-maids, too, were most extraordinary. They might have been odalisques, or nautch girls, or *vivandières*, or anything except parlour-maids. She sits in back drawing-room, so dark you could scarcely see. Then we were hurried into lunch (front drawing-room) with *him*, and she followed after a *long* pause. He *stood* all the time till she came, instead of *flumping* and getting up again. I can't say I succeeded in *sampling* her mentally, but she is opposed to all present fashions, motors, bridge, and American wives, and said she hated to hear of an American peeress.

FARM HOUSE, GLYNDE, LEWES,

22/1/05.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Yesterday Frances' "school treat" of a conjurer and "animated pictures" came off, and was a great success. The

conjurer was a queer little person, dressed in an Eton jacket, a collar, with a large nose (his *own*, not false), and, I think, a wig. However, he made the children roar with laughter.

I have no recollection of your having a Canadian medal unless it is the "Red River" medal. That, I seem to fancy, you got thirty years after the expedition. I will look through your medals when I am next in town.

Fancy two chairs which were used at Apsley House at the lying-in-state of the Great Duke sold at the sale of *Elizabeth* Duchess, his daughter-in-law, last week for £3, 10s. the pair! It is very sad a nation should value their great men so little.

## HAMPTON COURT PALACE, MIDDLESEX,

15/2/05.

Frances has just been here to luncheon, and evidently enjoyed her Ireland. Lord Roberts was unfortunate at the Investiture and offended the Knights, as he put on his Garter riband, instead of his Patrick. The Prince of Wales asked him to take it off, and as he was clad in his mantle it led to delay.

Lady  
Wolseley.

She told me many delightful things of her fellow-guests. The Iveaghs were so kind and anxious their guests should be happy, but Lady Iveagh herself never appears till 2, and retires to rest 3 to 5—so they did not see much of her.

The Castle party was a fine show of Duchesses and diamonds, but the real Irish do not seem to affect the Viceregal Court, where they are apt to be unnoticed.

How nice it is that you and I don't go *dans le monde*. I am perfectly happy in my quiet life, and our little foreign trip will be delightful.

## HAMPTON COURT PALACE, MIDDLESEX,

18/2/05.

I am rather surprised that the King and Queen held their Court last night notwithstanding "Sergius'" assassination, but I suppose they did not like to put it off at the eleventh hour. What a dreadful state Russia seems in! There has been a semi-military funeral here to-day. Lady Warburton's son was killed on the railway last Saturday, coming back from a *matinée*. The Lancers lined the road to the gate, looking very smart.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Be sure you do not send *warm* clothes home to England,

as I believe it is often quite cold at Menton, and may be more so even if we go to Florence and Rouen.

I really think what your memory wants is to lie fallow. You have overstrained it for so many years—you must let it quite rest. When we are together I will try to remember everything, but mine, in many ways, is not so good as yours. And your *judgment* always so extraordinarily good. You go so *straight* to a point, I would rather have your advice than any one's.

Will it not be nice to be *together*, and to be abroad together, and poke about? I have had a clever little Dutch dealer here to-day and enjoyed a great deal of chair-leg chat!

I have just come across a little sentence by Emerson which might be made for you. "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." It exactly describes *you*. It makes me feel what a poor, petty nature I have, for I *don't* forget wrongs, and you put them quite aside.

1906-1907

CHAPTER XXXVI

S.Y. "IOLAIRE," VILLA FRANCHE,  
28th January.

I have been nervous about Gold Stick duties this month, but now there are only three more days before the 1st February, so I regard myself as free for another two months. That dreadful old King of the Belgians came to-day to this yacht and inspected her, and we had to listen to his prosy stories. Sir Donald in the seventh heaven, Lady Currie looking upon the event from a more rational point of view. Do tell me in your next letter what was the name of the Count who used always to go about with the King. He is not with him at present, and as I don't know his name I did not like to ask about him.

Lord  
Wolseley.

If you were here we might have pleasant walks together, but I go for drives which are so dull that I long to knock off the coachman's hat for a diversion.!

S.Y. "IOLAIRE," VILLA FRANCHE,  
1st February 1906.

We have now the Admiral of a Yankee squadron coming to lunch to meet old King Leopold. That squadron anchored here the night before last, and the moment it arrived I knew we should have its Admiral or its Commodore to lunch. Well, I do wish I might dare to go ashore for a walk during this reception. Poor Leopold, whose French cook is simply superb, will be sorely nonplussed by the Anglo-Saxon cooking here, rather suggestive of Hengist and Horsa. However, the sun

Lord  
Wolseley.



shines, the sky is clear; thank God I am strong and as lusty as the aged eagle, and if I could only be with you, I should be supremely happy. Yesterday we went in our floating palace to Nice, and thence by carriage to Grasse, where the everything else but beautiful Miss Rothschild has that most charming villa.

9th February.—We have not seen the sun for several days, and to-day is positively cold. We have a fire in the "Saloon"—~~terrible~~ word?—every day. Yesterday a fête on board the American Admiral's ship. I was hauled there, but as soon as I had said "How do you do?" to the Admiral, I came away. The ship was so crowded with Americans from Nice, that I wonder the tons weight of "Oh mys" did not sink her. I hate to write a depreciative word of that splendid nation, but when I am close up with them I thank Heaven I am not one of them.

I GORE STREET, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.,  
2nd February 1906.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I have had a visit from Lady H., who wanted to see this house, as she is employing Davenport. She is a *rough* "wench"—that word describes her best—with a pleasant smile, and with apparently a strange taste for Charles I. and II. furniture. She looks as if *Maple* would suit her better. *Elle ne s'est pas gênée* to ask the price of most things, but I was a sphinx! People are funny nowadays! I had tea with the Percy Macquoids, and much pleasant furniture talk.

Madeleine came, and we went out together to the old masters, which are beautiful. Like the furniture, I now have retreated to seventeenth century, and even Sir Joshua does not move me much. I went on to see dear Sir Edward Bulwer. He was very nice and bright, and seems decidedly in better health. He had a funny little meal of hot milk and oranges.

I have seen an amusing farce, *La petite fonctionnaire*—a pretty post-mistress who turned all the men's heads in a provincial town. One infatuated old man handed her in a telegram addressed to herself—"Ardent amour, acceptez superbe installation Paris, chevaux, diamants, dentelle." She never turned a hair or winked an eyelash, but said, "Deux francs cinquante, monsieur, s'il vous plait, pour votre dépêche." It caused roars of laughter. You can tell that to your wicked old Leopold. It would be just what he would do!

I GORE STREET, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.,  
9/2/06.

DEAREST DARNY,—I had a "day out" to-day with Mr. Brooke—commonly called *Brookey*. We met at Christie's, where there was much rubbish, then we went to haunts he knew of round Golden Square. One rather nice club-footed dealer, a gentleman, Mr. Kinderman, might be useful, I think. He seemed a real expert. Brookey says he is so. He is a nephew of the Louis Huths—so he must have seen good things. We then lunched at Mr. Leveson-Gower's restaurant, or rather the restaurant started by his late chef. It is near Soho Square, and rather a pot-house-y little place. We wound up with the great *Letts*, as B. had never been there. He had one good seaweed inlay Queen Anne's cabinet, £480! Finally we *bussed* home—that is, to our respective homes. Then I had General Swaine to tea. He is a nice, kind, domestic creature, as well as a good soldier. I wish I felt you were having happy days—not dragged to parties and to see Kings. But I hope *soon*, when we are together, you will be *very* happy, and then you shall never go yachting again, unless you *ardently* wish to. I *long* to be with you.—Yours always, dearest.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I GORE STREET, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.,  
18/2/06.

Yesterday (as I keep my diary!) Frances and I went to see Mr. Tree's play *Nero*. As a spectacle it was gorgeous—scenery, dresses, everything wonderful. Mr. Percy Macquoid had dressed and furnished, so we saw what was worn and sat upon, A.D. 59. *Nero* (Mr. Tree) looked like a battered Belgravian Dowager, with a wig and golden wreath, fat, flabby cheeks, and a *stomach*. No sign of a *youth* about him. Agrippina, his mother (Mrs. Tree), looked about thirty. The acting was stagey; they arched their backs, and puffed out their cheeks, and stretched their arms to heaven, with monotonous repetition. If they would have simply put themselves into graceful *tableaux* and said *nothing*, it would have been much better, and would not have kept us there for three and a half hours! Rome burning was wonderfully done, and *Nero* played

Lady  
Wolseley.

away on his lyre. I would, however, have rather had five minutes of great acting.

1 GORE STREET, QUEEN'S GATE, S.W.,

25/2/06.

Lady  
Wolseley.

DEAREST DEAREST,—This will, I think, be my last letter, as I hope to follow so quickly on its heels. How I hope to see your dear smiling little face at the Mentone Station, or if not at the station, then at the Hôtel d'Italie. To-day I took Grove-y to tea at the Macquoids, which I think he enjoyed. He seems quite keen on furniture. I went to see the Halsburys. The old boy is as hale and jolly as ever. The only son very ill with typhoid, and two nurses, but doing well.

I sat a long time on Friday with Lady Sligo, who was delightful—*young*, bright, and gay, though still in bed after her two operations. How old and *dry* the young-*ish* (I am thinking of *thirty-three*) are compared to sixty-three! Perhaps they will get young; but you at seventy-two are a light-hearted *boy*.—Yours always, dearest.

S.Y. "IOLAIRE," MESSINA,

19th February 1907.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I believe we go to sea to-day, so this may be my last letter from Messina, and my next will be from detestable Malta. I should enjoy Malta for a few days very much, were I not compelled to go ashore and pay visits. But you know I hate all ceremonies, for I have had enough of them throughout my long life, and want, for the rest of my days, peace and quiet with you.

Do you know, I can remember in the first Latin book I ever read there was a list of all the Roman Kings, beginning with Romulus, and I can repeat their names even now. So you see that although I cannot remember what I did yesterday I recall all the events of my youth still.

MENTONE, 9/2/07.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I am afraid you are *rather tried*, but remember one week has already gone. You left 2nd February, a week to-day.

I am glad the valet is a success. He is a very nice man, I think—far above the usual servant average. Now I must tell you of my doings. I am *thankful* you were not entangled in what I went through. The other day I arranged to lunch at *the Villa*. At the door I was met by the owner. The moment I saw him I knew what the place would be like. My dear, he is shorter than me, an enormous shapeless mass, with stomachs (not one, *three*) hanging in folds upon folds down to where his knees are—if one could see them. Among his guests were a very estimable, dull, and dreary third-rate soldier, with an equally dowdy, estimable wife, to whom I was introduced as “the Viscountess Wolseley.” We went into the house. Magnificence everywhere. A marble hall, immense and rather fine; *alabaster* chairs, monumental chimney-piece, etc. etc. Architecture good. Then several drawing-rooms. Poor imitation French furniture, Aubusson (modern) carpets. Then we went into luncheon. A large table, an *ocean* indeed, laid for twelve or more. Other guests—staying or paying?—came in and were introduced. I was so agitated at finding myself in such a *galère* that I did not catch their names. Luckily Sir Thomas was on the same side of the table as me, so that we could not see one another, which was just as well. A vile luncheon. After which we were taken over the palatial mansion. It seemed chiefly to contain *bath-rooms*, six on one floor! The terraces and gardens and lemon groves were nice, because, try as one may, one cannot vulgarise the sea and the mountain outlines.

Constable has at last sent in his account for sale of book to 31/12/06. For six months all you *trouser* is £2, 18s.!

HÔTEL D'ITALIE, MENTONE,  
ALPES MARITIMES, FRANCE,  
12/2/07.

MY DEAREST DEAR,—To-day has been a dull, dreary, rainy day. I lunched with Mrs. Hay Drummond (Balcony Belle) at the Bellevue to meet Lord Dundonald and his sister, Lady Elizabeth Cochrane. Then I had the Hanbury-Tracys to tea. She was a widow, and is young and nice-looking. He looks about nineteen and is about thirty-six. He is a Major in the Blues and was full of regret at not seeing “his Colonel,” and

Lady  
Wolseley.

said many nice things of how proud they are to have you for their Colonel. He also said, "It is very cool to talk of a Field-Marshal as my Colonel." Lord Dundonald, full of ideas from galloping guns to gipsy vans, sent you many messages and spoke delightfully about all you had done for the Army. If you continue to have cold weather, which I see prevails at Tunis and Algiers, don't stay to take a chill on the yacht, but take ship at some port back to me.

HÔTEL D'ITALIE, MENTONE,  
ALPES MARITIMES, FRANCE,  
25/2/07.

Lady  
Wolseley.

Lovely weather here now. Mlle de la Chère has been to see me. She is nice, but a *flatterer*, which (when laid on too thick to swallow) I dislike. She counts it "an epoch in her life to have known me," etc. etc. Finally, Lady MacDougal and I went to tea with Miss Saurin to meet some very pleasant Farquhar cousins (Sir Walter's daughters) and Lady Poltimore. The latter was a Sheridan, so has to live up to good looks. I must say she does it admirably. She was *married*, I see, in '51, so, saying she was then seventeen, she must be seventy-two at least. She is tall, very slight, very good features, white hair very well arranged, and very picturesque clothes. Her face without a line or wrinkle—I should think it must be a triumph of face massage. A very *observed* manner. I thought I saw a twinkle of humour, but "face massage" (I fancy) has obliterated every line life has made on her features. I am deep in Baedeker's *Rome*, and revel in the maps and plans. I am getting the localities of Esquiline, Viminale, Quirinale, Forum, etc. etc., into my brain. My first visit will be to "St. Antoine's Church," patron saint of domestic animals, where I shall burn four little *cierges* to his glory for Fritz, Boy, Rover, and even poor Prinny.

HÔTEL D'ITALIE, MENTONE,  
5/3/07.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I have been running round this last week to look at villas, and it has done good, as it has frightened old Boss, who yester-

day of his own accord approached me about Tourettes.<sup>1</sup> He is going to-day to interview the old Ladies and see if they will vacate it for next year. Yesterday in a villa I went to see, I came across an old lady, Mrs. Griffiths, daughter of the old Lord Saye and Sele. She was full of the Fiennes and Wolseley intermarriages and insisted on seeing me to talk about it. She said her father had been so proud of being connected with you. She has edited a book (now rare) called *Through England on a Side Saddle*, being the diary of one Celia Fiennes, who lived *tempo* William and Mary, and who mentions the Wolseley "alliances." General Meade sends friendly messages to "my Bazandand." Every one here asks constantly after you. They are all so fond of you and so proud of you.

I GORE STREET,  
Friday Evening.

I had your little wire—dear little affectionate soul! I shall be back *to-morrow*, Saturday, afternoon. I have done a great deal of business, and have harpooned a footman and hope he will turn out well. I feel all the better for my outing. It has brisked me up—and it will brisk you up to hear of it. I have seen Sir H. Bulwer and Sir C. Grove, so you see I have my *adorateurs*—but it is *you*, not me, that they adore.

<sup>1</sup> Lord and Lady Wolseley spent several winters at this villa, where Lord Wolseley died.

1911

## CHAPTER XXXVII

HÔTEL DU PARC, VICHY,  
30/4/11.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

I got three letters to-day from you. But they made me rather sad—because I see you are not happy. But, dearest, the time will quickly pass—and if I get quite well here, I need not go away again—and we can do all kinds of pleasant things when I am myself again. I am sure it is best for you to stay till my cure is over. It is such a long, tedious journey from Mentone ~~here~~, and at present this place is chill and desolate, and constant showers. Rooms very comfortable, but food indifferent. It would worry me to know you were eating it. My room looks out into a sort of Tuileries gardens, the lime trees scarcely out yet. A military band playing (very old-fashioned tunes) and a few stragglers walking about, and showers of rain every half-hour. Very funny people in the hotel, just the usual frumps, with a few harum-scarum thrown in. Luckily not a creature I ever saw before.

This is all for to-day, except that I love your letters, so write as often as possible.

HÔTEL DU PARC, VICHY,  
2/5/1911.

*Lady  
Wolseley.*

Be sure you put a distinct "a" in Parc or it looks like "Hôtel du *Porc*"—Pig's Hotel! I have just been out for my two first drinks, 10.30 and 11.15. I am glad you find Mr. Fearon good company. He certainly is that, and very kind, too. The time will soon pass now before we are together

again. I feel very tired to-day after the pummelling of the massage bath yesterday, and shall rest this afternoon except going out to drink at 3 and 4.

A great many people with motors at this hotel. Brown says there are no end of chauffeurs where she dines. They stay a few days and then go on elsewhere.

I remember an anecdote of an old Lord Ravensworth which reminds me of you. When a new guest arrived he used to say, "Oh dear, very glad to see you—when do you go away?"

HÔTEL DU PARC, VICHY,  
5/5/1911.

I usually get your letters with my eight o'clock breakfast, in bed. By 10.30 I am out drinking at the spring close by; again at 11—again at 3 and at 4. This varied by baths every other day. Yesterday at the Baths I could not find my way, so the woman called, "*Chasseur*," montez le bain à cette dame." I expected to see a man 6 feet high, but a tiny boy in knickerbockers was the "*Chasseur*." How grand the French phraseology is. The douche is like large warm hailstones smiting one all over. You ask when and where we are to meet. I *think* Fontainebleau or Versailles—and date about 20th of this month. You have *no* arrangements to make, my little darling. I shall do it all for you, and you will find me waiting, and smiling, with my arms wide open, for you.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I think if we meet at Fontainebleau, we shall find much to interest us there. You will see the very table upon which Napoleon signed his abdication, and the stairs *Fée à Cheval* shape, where he bade his *vieille garde* good-bye. Oh, what a sad moment that was!

The horrid American tongue is prevalent here, and there are Brazilians, the women with *thick* black moustaches—horrible! I had a nice letter from Lord Mount Stephen, to whom I had written.

I am reading Lord Goschen's life. It is too political for me. Too much of the "party" and not enough of the man. No one reading it would guess what a witty, amusing companion he was—but it shows him to have been a statesman, not merely a politician.



HÔTEL DU PARC, VICHY,  
10/5/II.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I think by the time I rejoin you I shall be massaged and douched into a transparency.

We have here H.H. the Gwaekwar (?) of Baroda, his Maharanee, and the Princess Elvina. They sit close to me at meals. They are in native dress, in the evening rather pretty transparent silver bordered scarves of pink and grey. The Maharanee is much bejewelled, bangles and chains of diamonds, but no fire in the stones. She has a hole in her forehead as if she had had a diamond set in it, she has large *oily* black eyes, and looks apathetic. Another little Indian man sits near, and the Gwaekwar gets up every now and then and whispers into his ear, and *looks* as if he were abusing or scolding him. The little man is quite meek and seems to deprecate H.H.'s wrath. It amuses me to watch them, which I can do easily as they are just opposite me. There are heaps of frumps, and a few bold, bad ones, with protruded busts and hobble skirts.

HÔTEL DU PARC, VICHY,  
24/5/II.

Lady  
Wolseley.

I saw in some paper Alfred Austin mentioned as "*Sir* Alfred." I wrote and asked Mrs. A. Lang if she had heard of it, and Andrew Lang wrote to me :

"DEAR LADY WOLSELEY,—As an unbought poet and loyalist, I am wholly unaware, and so is my wife, that the gaolers of the last of the Hanoverians have wrung from him a tithe of any kind for the Poet Laureate. Would he accept a coronet from the soapless hands of these sons of toil? When a man *is* a son of toil he can't (or *I* would not) lay out a penny on soap. I'd put it in beer or tobacco, but, *enfin*, we do not know that Mr. Asquith has created a Sir Austin of any species—and I don't think Mr. Austin would submit to it. The papers would have been *wringing*<sup>1</sup> with it.

Je suis, Madame la Maréchale,  
Votre très obeissant serviteur,  
ANDRÉ LANG DE LANG  
(pas encore Chevalier)."

<sup>1</sup> Please observe spelling.—L. W.

I can see you from here packing the dispatch box with infinite care and method! Sir Henry wrote me a charming farewell letter full of affection and admiration and reverence, I may say, for you. Nothing could be nicer. I think he enjoyed his stay.

On Monday, dearest, quite early, we shall, I trust, meet in Paris. I hope rooms will be nice—but we shall be together, and I know you are so kind and considerate you will put up with anything. Good-bye now, dearest.

VILLA LA TOURETTE, MENTONE,  
27th April 1911.

I have had my solitary walk on the Boulevard: I prefer being alone, for then I can think of you and say to myself, "I wonder what Loo is doing now?" Every one in this house is most kind, and when with any of our guests I laugh as loud as the noisiest of them; but the laugh is a *sham*, and I think I act the part I have chosen for myself so well, that none of those around me have the least notion that I am acting a part. I have thus allowed my pen to run away with my discretion here, but I shall not in future letters "*gush*" about my feelings or even bemoan your absence.

Lord  
Wolseley.

I shall write to you to-morrow, when I shall be in a calmer mood. I am sure your visit to the South will do you much good, so do not upon any account hurry back—think of your health and make it your chief object until we shall happily meet again. May God bless you with health and good spirits and contentment. Adieu, dearest, and when you pray at night offer up a little prayer for your loving and devoted husband.

3rd May 1911.

I hang upon your letters, for upon you "hangs all the light that shines on earth for me." As you well know that to be the case, I hang upon your kind words the older I grow. I have just come in from a short walk with the womenkind staying here with us. Beauty is not any strong characteristic amongst them, but they are very nice, quiet people who suffer somewhat from the heat. Are you very hot in "your diggings," and how

Lord  
Wolseley.

do you get through the day? Do you really believe the squirting of water and rubbing of skin is having the desired effect on you? Have you laid any plans for the future? That being literally translated means, when are you and I to "Upstick" and away to our old haunts at home and the pleasant warmth and brightness of an English summer? The sun here begins to be a little too strong for the Britisher between 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. I sit at my window and look over a shipless sea—shipless, and therefore comparatively uninteresting. No craft, great or small, ever seems to come near the shore to gladden one's eyes. I hope the empty harbour is not silent evidence of some job being perpetrated for political reasons.

I am very sorry to say that my memory becomes worse day by day, so much so, that I shirk written correspondence with any but those whom I feel will make due allowance for this terrible infliction due to the hard work which overstrained my mental capacity when I was young. I won the game I played at, but it cost me dear." But I say with all my heart, "God's will be done." I have been greatly favoured by the Almighty, and I should indeed be ungrateful were I now to cavil at my small misfortunes.

VILLA LA TOURETTE, MENTONE,

14th May 1911.

Lord  
Wolsley.

I have risen very early, being tired of bed, where I remained awake for some time thinking of you. I felt sure that you were still abed unless pulled from thence to be semi-boiled in hot water that came from the house pump, but was declared by the hotel-keeper to have been drawn from a neighbouring spring that was, day and night, of a fizzing, boiling temperature. There is an ugly mist over the sea that hides the horizon so that the murky clouds around us seem to stretch from heaven to this house-covered shore. An old cock is faintly crowing somewhere near the palace of La Tourette. I feel tolerably certain he has just received his death-warrant, hence his monotonous music!

As I lifted my eyes from this paper at the word "music" I saw a poor little boy—scant of clothing—trundle a heavily-laden wheelbarrow along the road beneath me. I wondered to myself if the poor little fellow has had any breakfast yet. How

terrible, very terrible, must be the lives of the poor of all ages, but for the growing little urchin, trudging with bare feet along a muddy road at this early, cock-crowing hour of the morning, how terrible! And yet God so tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, that even this poor little fellow swings along as if the best of breakfasts awaits his return to a home in which—probably—there may not be a loaf of bread or a sixpence to buy one.

Such-like thoughts often come over me unbidden, and I feel inclined to hate myself for being so much better off than this poorly-clad, underfed little chap.

We went yesterday to Monaco, that seat of gambling which disgraces the Prince who is content to live upon the gain derived from gamblers. I too have risked and lost some of my slender capital.

Miss Trotter is so kind to me, and Henry Bulwer is the best of companions. So well read, and a gentleman in every thought and word and deed.

VILLA LA TOURETTE, MENTONE,  
16th May. 1911.

The sun becomes daily hotter, and will very soon be a disagreeable heavenly visitor. But I can always "run away": though you know I have not been successful in that exercise in previous years.

Lord  
Wolseley

According to my view it is high time for us to make for our Palace on the Thames. But, as you know from experience, I leave these things to you, for your decision always proves to be best. My only wish is to do what would afford you the most pleasure, so tell me exactly what you would like. You have been such a very good correspondent these weeks. I thank you from my heart.

My memory, that has been "backing and filling" like some small yacht in a sailing race, has now so far left me that I cannot comfortably converse with any one about quite recent events.

I don't talk about this, but accept it as an edict from God, perhaps to punish me for neglect of Him, or for some selfishness in dealing with men who deserved better treatment from me.—  
Always your loving and devoted servant,

GARNET.

VILLA LA TOURETTE, MENTONE,  
23rd May 1911.

Lord  
Wolseley.

MY DEAREST OF DEAR WOMEN,—I love you as of yore, and I feel sure that the last *earthly* thought that will pass through my brain whilst dying will be of you and for you. I *pray* that God will admit me into heaven, and when I get there—if I am permitted to do so—I shall take up a commanding position past which all spirits and souls coming from our country must pass, so that I may be sure of meeting you there. I don't for a moment think that any one of the comrades amidst whom I have lived has had any conception of how deep is the love I bear you. Indeed, there have been moments when I did not think that even you quite realised it.

I had no intention to write like this, but absence makes my heart grow fonder." Please pardon the selfishness that seems to pervade this little note; perhaps that quality has its root in the rich deep soil of love that surrounds you.—Always your loving husband,

GARNET.

On March 31, 1913, Lord Wolseley was borne, with every mark of honour, through the crowded aisles of St. Paul's to the space in the crypt where Nelson and Wellington are also at rest. Here, in the very heart of the land he served and loved, a faithful soldier awaits the final Court of Inquiry.

Seven years later, in the presence of a group of close friends, his tomb was opened to admit the entrance of a little casket.

So, dust to dust, but surely in joyful expectation, husband and wife sleep the Great Sleep together.

*Requiescat in pace.*











